Sea Breezes

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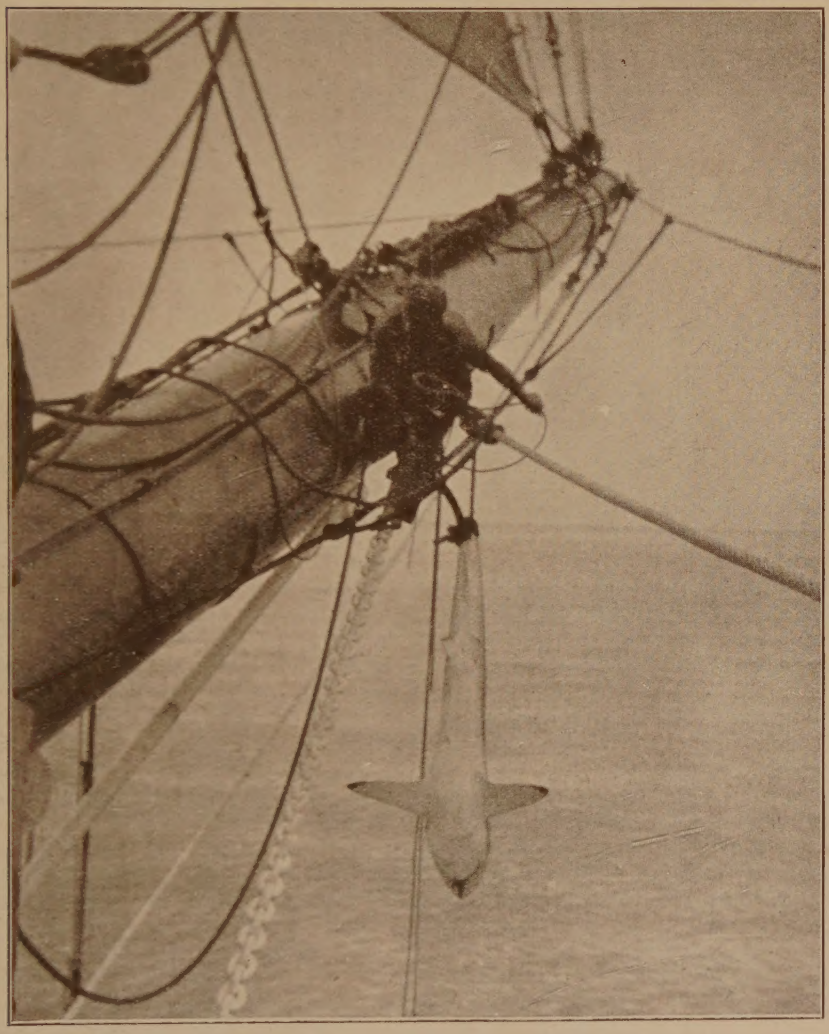

A good catch hoisted to the bowsprit of the *Tusitala*. This picture will bring back memories to many old seafarers.

Western Ocean Schooners

Some interesting facts about them

PART I.

Although the days of the packet rat are gone, there still exists an Atlantic fleet of sailers, which is of extreme interest to the lover of sailing ships. It is a sad but a hard fact, that the days of the square-rigger are over; and the few sailing vessels which still wash about are practically of no account. They are relics of a beautiful past, but as to passage-making they put up a poor show. Occasionally a fast run is recorded, as, for instance, that of the *Herzogin Cecilie* from Australia in 88 days, but the fuss made about these proves that they are stray cases.

Smart work by small schooners.

There are only two instances left of good passages being made *regularly* by a certain class of ship. One is the splendid fleet of Laeisz' "P" Line, which keeps up a steady average of 80 days out and home to Chile around the Horn. These large carriers (all four-mast barques with the sole exception of the ship *Pinnas*) have been regularly mentioned in the Signal Station. The other seldom comes into the limelight, and very little fuss is made about the ships that belong to it, and yet to the man interested in present-day sailing craft they are at least as interesting as the "P" ships. I mean the Newfoundland fish traders: obscure little three-masted schooners, all under 300 tons, but as to smart work, keep up full swing with the old-time packets.

What is the secret of these gallant little ships making such excellent passages across the boisterous Western Ocean? They hardly can be called clippers; especially the Danish-built among them are rather tubby; they are meagrely sparred, low in the water, rather carelessly kept; in short, nothing much to look at. Lubbock ascribes it to their keeping a northerly route, thus profiting by the lee of the ice and the Arctic current on the passage out. I am not so sure of that. They very often are to be found as far south as 35° N., passing to the West of the Bermudas. I am inclined to think the solution of the riddle is more simple; they are good ships sailed by good men. Excellent sea-boats, they ride like ducks over the long swells of the North Atlantic, in which they are greatly helped by their small dimensions. I myself made three trips in those schooners, and though we were spared the usual North Atlantic dirt, I fully realised their extraordinary sea-going and sailing qualities. Another advantage they have over big ships is their low sail-plan. They very often stand the strain of the Atlantic gales successfully, where lofty ships are dismasted. There is always plenty of wind on the Western Ocean, and oft-times too much of it, so these ships, which almost exclusively sail that tough sheet of salt water, very wisely have done away with heavy rigs and flying kites.

Tribute to good seamen.

A curious instance of this is the following:—In December, 1926, the Newfoundland schooner *John Millett* was encountered in 36° N., 15° W., a few days out from Setubal, in a furious gale, with loss of her foretop-mast, but otherwise all well. This was the same gale in which the *Sharegrom* and the *Guarnien*, both full-rigged ships of nearly 2,000 tons gross, were completely dismasted. The latter ships even had to be abandoned. The *John Millett* came safely through and arrived at Fortune,

A beautiful ship in a beautiful setting. A sight rapidly becoming rarer as time goes on.

N.F., 38 days out. (She had crossed from Grand Bank in 24 days.) Another reason for their success is "the men in them." It is in these wooden ships that F. W. Wallace's iron men are still to be found, and a daring skipper and a hardy crew always made for success. Mainly as a tribute to these splendid seamen, who dare the stormiest of all oceans in their wooden cockleshells (the smallest of the fleet, a Danish schooner, is 65 tons net), these lines are written.

And now I must come to facts, for these are the most eloquent to them who "love and understand," and the logbook is always better than the sea novel.

The schooners in the fish trade are mostly British (Canada-owned), Danish and French. The Newfoundlanders and Danes are, with a very few exceptions, pure schooners and pure traders; the Frenchmen cherish the barquentine rig, and go catching their cargoes themselves on the Banks. Bluenose often make a trip to the fish-eating districts of South America, and on the return trip load salt at Turk's Island or molasses at Barbados. Many of them are exclusively engaged in this trade, and all do very well, such as the *Netherton*, which in 1922 was 36 days from St. John's to Pernambuco and 39 days from Bahia to St. John's, and the *Isobel Moore*, which in 1922 went in 29 days from St. John's to Barbados. In the same year the *Ena A. Moulton* was 17 days from Barbados to Newfoundland. *Olive Moore* 21 days, *Sunset Glow* 25 days, *Dazzle* 17 days, *Nancy Lee* 22 days, *Cape Race* 24 days, *Roy Bruce* 19 days. *Ida M. Zinck* 22 days, and *Gordon A. Moulton* only 14 days. But it is on the Atlantic route that they shine most. As a general rule the three nations mentioned are holding their own excellently, with perhaps a shade in favour of the Union Jack.

The record for the past six years on the westward passage under the British flag is, as far as I know, held by the *Spencer Lake*. She was a typical fish trader, being a three-masted schooner of 188 tons gross, built in 1920 in Nova Scotia (with the exception of *Lady St. John's*, one of the smallest in the fleet and by far the oldest, all those Bluenose schooners have been built right up in Nova Scotia in recent years). In 1922, she made a very long trip from Trapani (Sicily) to Fortune, N.F., of 73 days. She probably got caught in the ice off Newfoundland, which is a common experience in the trade. Sometimes the trip across takes three or four

weeks, and then the ships get caught in the ice almost within sight of land, where they sometimes remain chafing and crunching for six weeks or more. In 1924 the *Spencer Lake* reached Fortune 40 days out from Gibraltar, after which she crossed east in 28 days, arriving at Oporto on 27th December. On 16th January, 1925, she set sail once more for Newfoundland, and it was then she made her record passage, arriving at St. John's on 31st January, thus crossing in only 15 days, which certainly is a wonderful performance. Her next eastward run was 45 days to Alicante, nothing to boast of, but she probably called at Oporto on the way. She proceeded to Santa Pola, from which place she reached Fortune 45 days out. Next she went to Oporto in 32 days, and then sailed for her last voyage. On 15th December, 1925, she left Oporto for St. John's. She met with terrific weather, which proved too much for her. After being dismasted, she started her seams and leaked heavily. The rudder and part of the stern were bodily torn away by a tremendous sea, and ultimately she was abandoned on 15th January, 1926, in 36°.37′ N., 40° W. The crew were taken off by a steamer.

Still trading after thirty years.

The *Lady St. John's*, a formerly British-owned two-masted schooner, of 114 tons gross, was built in 1898 at Kingsbridge, by W. Dale & Sons. Her measurements are : Length 84ft., breadth 21.9ft., depth 10.8ft. She is one of the smallest, but has kept up a very good average, as is shown by the following :—

1924—Recontre, N.F., to Oporto	26 days.
1925—Recontre, N.F., to Oporto	33 days.
1925/6—Recontre, N.F., to Oporto ...	36 days.
(Jettisoned part cargo.)	
1926—Recontre, N.F., to Oporto	18 days.
1926—Oporto to St. John's	27 days.
1926—St. John's to Oporto	14 days.

She is still trading after thirty years of buffeting, and on 4th April, 1927, left Cadiz for St. John's.

The *Sunset Glow*, 297 tons gross, built 1916 at Shellbourne, N.S., has a passage of 18 days from Belloram to Oporto to her credit (1922). She favours the South American trade, and in February, 1927, when homeward bound from Bahia, got caught in the ice off Renewse, and was rescued out of a very dangerous position by the steamer *Verissa*.

The *Ena A. Moulton*, 227 tons gross, also puts up very steady passages. In 1926 her eastward trips were 24 and 23 days, while her westward passages were 34, 23 and 40 days. In 1927 she made an eastward passage of 28 days.

The *Isobel Moore*, in 1925, went from St. John's to Alicante in 21 days, an excellent performance. Going home she was 40 days from Gibraltar. On her next trip, she passed Sagres 30 days out, and reached Seville five days afterwards.

Very smart work is shown by the *General Plumer*, 177 tons gross. Her best eastward passage is 14 days from Grand Bank to Oporto in 1922. In 1924 she was 19 days on the same traject, after which she went back to Grand Bank in 34 days. In August, 1925, she was only 25 days on the westward passage. She then repeated her 1924 performance by running from Grand Bank to Oporto in 19 days. On 18th January, 1926, she came into Spanish Room, N.F., with loss of jib, fore-end mainsail, 47 days out. The last three passages I have been able to make sure of are 25 and 35 days eastward and 32 days westward.

(To be continued.)

Whaling Stories

Home Trade

The writer who went to sea in 1872 at the age of 13, began with his father as "boy" in various small vessels. He sailed in the brigantine *Fortitude*, 87 tons, the brig *Albert*, 198 tons, and the schooners *Ino*, 116 tons, *Meaburn*, 71 tons, in which he was A.B. and later mate, and the *Jane and Maria*, in which he was mate in 1876, his father being master. He held a certificate of servitude, and supplied the crew and food, plus some small stores, and received a third of the net freight. The owner provided stores, repairs, insurance, brokerages, and other expenses. In other words, he "sailed her by the thirds."

The *Jane and Maria* was a sturdily built little vessel, and could stand a lot of knocking about. We often took coal from Hartlepool, where she was owned, and "ran her up" on Cromer, Sherringham, Clacton, or other sea beaches, and as there was a guarantee to discharge her between her grounding and the next flood, and the freight was seldom less than 12/6 a ton, our wages were good; as mate, I got £4 per voyage. To London £5, English Channel and French ports £6 10s., Elbe £6, Weser £5 10s. These were A.B.'s wages per voyage. As an example of the possibilities, the brig *Albert*, about this date, made three voyages to London from the Tyne (and her crew jumped her cargoes out) in 32 days —the four A.B.'s each being paid £6 per voyage.

Two of one name.

In those days all small vessels were "sailed by the thirds," from all East Coast ports, and the crew paid by the voyage. The foregoing leads up to the circumstances that found the writer looking for a job, after being discharged by his father for disobeying orders, and thereby losing some light spars and canvas.

The *Jane and Maria* was in ballast, bound north from Lowestoft to load, and was in company with a brigantine, also named *Jane and Maria*, belonging to Greenwich. She was a smart, well-manned, and very well-

Balasare, mentioned with others, on page 20 of this issue.

known vessel, and mostly ran coals to Deptford Creek, London. The two crews had often met, and after a drink or two could be quite candid as to their opinions of each other, and it was accounted one of my failings that I was a total abstainer.

Anyhow we were close in to the Yorkshire coast, and a very strong westerly breeze blowing, with squalls; my orders were to reduce sail before opening the South-Cheek of Robin Hood's Bay. The Greenwich vessel did so before coming up to the wind-swept area, but as we were now leaving him astern, I "carried on" and took my chances, with the result that, as soon as we opened out the bay we caught the full blast of Robin Hood's "Horn" and the little ship heeled over, and I found that I had lost control of the tiller, although it was rigged with tiller ropes. Luckily the main topmast "went," which relieved her somewhat; the flying jib blew away, etc. The "laying down" of the vessel, and the splintering of spars, and thrashing of the canvas, and so our fellows, including the "ship's husband," just got on deck to see the other *Jane and Maria* luff into our wind, and hear the expected ribald enquiries about, "Stopping out all night?"

Ordered to "get out."

I was ordered from the tiller, and sent to get the "mess cleared up," after being informed that when we "got in" I was to "get out" and go hunting for a job. Dear old dad. How well he husbanded his craft. How he "lovingly chided" them, and "watched their whimsies," too, and what allowances he made for the "plug uglies" amongst them. Anyhow, the result was that with the aid of an uncle in Dundee, and a father, who had both been whaling, I was able to satisfy—"My longing to go—just why—I don't know, and lance the Greenland whale amongst the floes." Well, it was the call of the blubber, and so I signed articles to serve as line manager in the *Victor*, 278 tons, and 50 horse power, owned by the Dundee Whale and Seal Fishing Company. My wages were to be £1 10s. 0d. a month, 2s. 6d. per ton for oil, 4s. per ton for whalebone, and certain sums for seal skins, etc. In case of the ship being lost, the owners insured the voyage to the amount of £20. I found that we were bound for the West Ice Seal Fishery, and I had time to admire the Dundee whale fleet still in port.

Reason for vessels ship-rigged.

If my memory serves me, all the vessels were ship rigged, except the *Intrepid* and *Active*, which were barque rigged, and less than 200 tons register. Most of the ships did not carry a mizzen topgallant sail, and none of them went above the topgallant sail on the fore, or main, mast. There was no attempt to make any spread of canvas, or fly any kites. At first sight this appeared to be strange, having regard to the number of crew, but after I had come to grips with the practical side of whaling, and seen five or six boats away, and perhaps six or eight hands left to work the ship under sail, rig up flenshing gear, etc.—and these few being in the nature of things the less active members of the crew, some of them on the sick list—one gets a good reason for them being square, and lightly rigged. Monkey poops (or none at all), and a want of sheer, gave the older vessels a heavy, massive appearance, which was also helped by 3in. greenheart doubling outside, and 1in. iron plating round the stem and over the doubling.

The S.S. *Vanguard*, a sealer. Built in 1872, and, when launched, considered the finest ship of her type afloat. She was lost at Seal Fishery, in 1912.

List of Dundee Vessels.

Fitting out for the Fishery of 1877.

s.s. *Arctic*—Captain Wm. Adams.
s.s. *Active*—Captain Alec Fairwhether.
ss. *Aurora*—Captain Bannerman.
s.s. *Camperdown*—Captain Gravell.
s.s. *Esquimeaux*—Captain Charles Yule.
s.s. *Erik*—Captain J. Walker.
s.s. *Intrepid*—Captain Kilgour.
s.s. *Jan Mayen*—Captain Duchers.
s.s. *Narwhale*—Captain McLellen.
s.s. *Victor*—Captain J. Nicoll.
s.s. *Nova Zembla*—Captain Loffly.

Referring to your picture of the *Hope*, of Peterhead, none of the above showed painted ports, or had iron boats' davits, otherwise the *Esquimeaux* and *Erik* were most like the *Hope* and *Eclipse*. The *Arctic*, *Aurora* and *Jan Mayen* were built with a good deal of sheer, which, with a good freeboard, gave them an almost yacht-like appearance; all with the funnel aft, except the *Arctic*, a large powerful vessel, which had her funnel amidship. She had a forecastle head, and an Eskimo with a spear for a figurehead, also a scroll motto in gold, "Do or die," on her stern. Each ship had whole sides of fresh beef lashed up in the three tops. All yards were squared by lifts and braces, and the *Arctic's* yards and masts were "bright varnished."

The *Aurora*, a new ship, and like the *Arctic*, built and owned by Stephens of Dundee, was a fine model. It had, however, early been found that length was a handicap in handling amongst the ice, also that powerful engines meant a large vessel to carry more coal. Stephens also built, in 1859, the first steam whaler fishing out of Dundee; she was named *Dundee*, and the writer's father and uncle sailed in her during

that year. In 1857, the first steam whaler from Hull, *Diana*, went to the whale fishery, and during that year, 1857, uncle and father were at the fishing in the ship *Jumna*, a sailing vessel with three royals and a main skysail, belonging to Dundee.

In 1860, the writer's father lost the *Princess Charlotte*, she being nipped in the ice in Melville Bay. The crew reached East Greenland, and came to Iceland in a Danish Government brig from Upper Navik.

Active, of Dundee.—Lost off Orkneys 1916 (block ship Scapa Flow).

Scotia, of Dundee.—Took fire at sea, 1916, beached and burnt in Barry Roads (total loss). In April, 1912, *Scotia* acted for some time as ice patrol after *Titanic* was lost.

Arctic, of Dundee.—Was one of the four ships for U.S. Greely expedition in 1884; they rescued seven survivors at Cape Sabini (out of 25 men), June 21st. She was, in 1887, abandoned after being nipped by the ice in Melville Sound.

Balaena.—Made several voyages to Antarctic in search of right whales unsuccessfully; in 1893 brought 5,000 Woddell seal pelts from Falklands, and in 1909 killed four whales in an expedition in Arctic Sea. She is now working as salvage lifter in Mersey and Holyhead. Registered at Liverpool.

Camperdown.—Vessel abandoned and sunk in Davis Straits, October 10th, 1878.

Esquimeaux.—Sold to U.S.A. for hulk.

Intrepid.—Foundered off Greenland, 21st July, 1885.

Resolute.—Vessel lost. Registry closed 1886.

Victor.—Crushed by ice on 17th July, 1881, eight miles south from Elwin Inlet, Davis Straits.

Narwhal.—Abandoned off Cape Searle, Davis Straits, 2nd September, 1884.

Jan Mayen.—Lost 1886. Registry closed November 12th, 1886.

Erik, of Peterhead.—Sold to Sealing Company, St. John's, 1900; sunk by enemy, 24th August, 1918.

Nova Zembla.—Abandoned 1902.

Maud.—Stranded 1892.

Aurora.—Was one of the four ships who searched for U.S. Greely expedition in 1884. She was badly nipped in the ice between Cape York and Cary Island; for some hours the ship was in danger of being crushed by the pressure, then the ice opened by degrees and the vessel was let down into the water.

This ship had 34 years' service in Arctic waters, and was then purchased as the exploring vessel of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition in 1911. She was by them registered in Liverpool. A picture of her in dry-dock at Sydney shows Liverpool on her stern. During the Mawson Expedition she was rigged as a barquentine. The propellor was changed from two bladed to one of four blades, etc. J. K. Davis in "With the *Aurora* in the Antarctic," writes :—"A sailor cannot but regard with affection the good ship which has carried her living freights, in perfect safety, over many miles of tempestuous ocean, and through the berg-strewn seas of the Southern Ocean. After five voyages the *Aurora*, though somewhat scarred and weather-beaten, was still sound and serviceable in February, 1914."

Since then the ship sailed from Sydney, N.S.W., on June 20th, 1917, bound for Iquique, Chili, but failed to arrive. She was carrying coal, and was finally posted as "Missing" at Lloyd's on January 2nd, 1918.

I have heard of baleen (whalebone) being as low as £800 per ton, and as high as £1,500. The Dundee ships could not make the oil alone a payable business. They depended on the bone; it was understood that it could be used in the jute manufacture. So when it was low in price, it was hoarded and held for a rise. As the fish became scarcer, the price of bone should have risen, and it did not. Expeditions were fitted out to the Antarctic to look out for the right whale or the "bowhead."

F. Bullen, in "Creatures of the Sea," asks: "What is the secret of the right whale of the Arctic Sea? Where does he go in the winter—when his usual haunts are covered by Polar ice?"

The right whale guards his secret well, and refuses to be found in either Arctic or Antarctic Sea in August or September, and as the price of whalebone fell to £100 per ton, the shipping and whaling of Dundee have fallen on bad tmes. Shipowners have sold out, and invested in jute mills. I am not sure if Dundee can boast that it owns a single foreign-going ship at present.

R. N. Rudmose Brown, in "The Polar Regions," 1927, says; "Dundee had twelve whalers in 1867, ten in 1905, and by 1914 the Dundee whaling was dead and the last of the ships, the *Baleana* and *Scotia*, were idle and forlorn awaiting an improbable purchaser. In 1915 only five whalers vsited the Alaskan coasts, from United States, and now there are *none*."

So "men are the sport of circumstances—and, etc.," and in this connection I would like to say that in four seasons, at Davis Straits, with three different captains, I have never seen "Bullen's" red bands of whale food or heard of it. Never saw a trawl or any receptacle used to capture the "almost unseen" organisms.

The dictum of the most successful whaling captains of 1860 to 1880 was, "If there is no fish where you are, make what haste you may, to go somewhere else."

(To be continued.)

The old Aberdeen wool-clipper, *Yalaroi*. Taken at Sydney, in the '90's. She was later sold to Italians. Photo sent by Mr. G. Irvine.

Wrecks on the Oregon Coast

Treasure Island at Point Adams?

Thoughts of the fascinating buccaneers of Treasure Island and of intriguing mysteries of the sea are brought to mind by the planks of an aged wreck which lie bleaching on the white sands of the beach near Point Adams, just above Seaside. This wreck is always a point of interest for seashore visitors, yet of the many who drive to it every summer few know the story of the tragedy that sent the ship to her last harbour in the shifting sands.

According to Captain C. S. Gunderson, who was pilot at the entrance of the Columbia river about 37 years, the wreck is that of the *Peter Iredale*, and occurred in 1906. She was a British barque, loaded with sand and gravel ballast, and was manned by an unusually young crew of men, most of whom were little more than boys.

The vessel ran into dense fog and a strong gale as it was beating about off the Columbia river, and in trying to keep close to the mouth of the river manoeuvred too close to shore and was stranded on the beach, a short distance south of Port Adams and near Fort Stevens.

All the crew rescued.

When the life-saving crew at Pont Adams heard the alarm they loaded a boat on a wagon, hauled it along the beach until opposite the wreck and then, launching the boat through the breakers, pulled out to the ship, an undertaking which was considered extremely dangerous, as the surf was running high. All the crew were rescued by the life savers and taken to Fort Stevens, suffering from the wet and cold. There they were fed and clothed by the soldiers, and were soon none the worse for their experience.

The old barque stood upright in the sand for years, gradually breaking up. The hull now has settled deep in the sands, and the upper works have been washed away by the pounding breakers.

The crews of other ships have not escaped so luckily, however, as did that of the *Peter Iredale*. The graves of 12 sailors near Seaside are a grim reminder of one tragedy of the sea. This tragedy was that of the ill-fated *Lupatia*, wrecked January 3rd, 1881, almost opposite Tillamook lighthouse. It happened on a night of dense fog.

Shout of terror heard.

Tillamook lighthouse was just being built at the time, and Captain Wheeler, who had charge of the construction of the lighthouse, suddenly heard voices close by, and sighted the red light of a ship. Then the men on Tillamook rock heard a terror-stricken shout of "Hard aport" out of the blackness of the night. They immediately built a huge bonfire and lit lanterns for signals. But they could see nothing of the ship they had heard in the darkness, so concluded that she had not struck the rocks.

In the morning, however, they sighted the top of a mast sticking up among the rocks near shore. The following day a half-grown shepherd dog reached the beach, the only survivor of the ill-fated ship.

Another luckless vessel was the *Brother Jonathan*, which carried a large amount of money, estimated to have been between $250,000 and $1,000,000, destined for Vancouver, Wash., for the payroll of the soldiers and Government officials there. The *Brother Jonathan* came to grief in 1865 on a rock now called Jonathan Rock, and of the hundreds on the ship, only one lifeboat load of 19 men was saved.

The *Peter Iredale* mentioned in this article. As she appeared on the sands of Clatsop Beach, in 1926. Photo sent by Mr. J. P. Graham.

The money has been sought by adventurers ever since, but as far as is known has never been recovered. One deep-sea diver tried to find the wreck under water, but after one trip to the ocean's bottom in search of it, refused to tell what he saw under water, and could not be persuaded to dive again. So the money probably still lies there in its watery grave, baffling the efforts of goldseekers.

One of the most spectacular wrecks on the Oregon coast was that of the *Glenesslin*, which, with all sails set, passed through the breakers at the foot of the Neah-Kah-Nie mountain on a bright, sunny day in 1913, and was wrecked on the rocks. Only one man lost his life, the rest of the crew escaping to shore.

E. W. Wright, formerly marine editor of *The Oregonian*, says that another of the unsolved mysteries of the Oregon coast is the fate of the *Cadzow Forrest*, which was lost, with all hands, years ago at the mouth of the Columbia river. No trace was ever found of either crew or boat.

The Neah-Kah-Nie treasure ship, the romantic story of which rivals that of Captain Kidd, also is a mystery of the Oregon coast, which comes out of the dim past and refuses to be solved. According to the story handed down by the Indians from father to son, this ship was wrecked in about 1679, and the inscriptions on pieces of beeswax which came off the vessel bear this same date. The boat was believed to be a pirate ship, laden with treasure stolen from churches in Mexico, South America, and oriental countries, and was wrecked on the beach near Neah-Kah-Nie mountain.

The Indians say that they hid and watched the crew of the ship carry a heavy chest up on the mountain side, where it was buried. A negro member of the crew was killed and buried on top of the chest, which assured the safety of the treasure from the Indians, who had a superstituous fear of the dead. Rocks marked with mysterious hieroglyphics have been found near the place of the wreck, but though hundreds of men have honeycombed the mountain with holes in digging for the treasure, it has never been found.

[Re-printed from *The Portland Oregonian*, of the 2nd October, 1927.]

More about Old Timers

Fates of well-known Ships

In compliance with your request for data, etc., concerning old-time sailing ships, I will be pleased to assist in your splendid and noble task of attempting to stimulate interest in the old-timers, having sailed in them myself. Having lived in the Port Adelaide district for the past ten years, I find that there is quite a wealth of information obtainable from this seaport. There are about a dozen old sailing ships doing good service in and around Port Adelaide in various capacities.

Ships well cared for.

At a later date I hope to be able to supply more evidence of the excellent service some are doing, and the way they are upkept, etc. I take my hat off to the South Australian owners for the way they look after their valuable possessions, which are painted and overhauled periodically and plates replaced as required, which evidence reveals the pride and desire of the owners to preserve these historical links with the past.

I spent an afternoon on the *Loch Tay*, and went all over her, accompanied by the shipkeeper, Mr. Manning, who lives on board and has very comfortable quarters in what was once the captain's cabin. I took with me a copy of *Sea Breezes*, dated November, 1927, which records extracts from Captain Martin's log, when she passed through a cyclone and was nearly lost. In company with Mr. Manning, I visited every part mentioned in the extract; and it was enough to excite the emotion of any old salt who understands what that short report *really meant* to the crew.

Many of her original parts are still intact and doing service; her fore, main and mizzen (lower) masts have never been touched, except to remove the gear that was not wanted, and the uprights between are the mizzen, main and foresail yards, respectively. Anchor, cable, rudder, steering gear and wheel are still in perfect order, although souvenir hunters have cut chunks out of some of the wheel spokes; the cabin skylight is also in good order, with the original glass, and the poop deck planks well preserved, considering. The original cabin bath, a very massive one of solid iron, is almost the same as when she was built, no sign of rust through the white paint, which is about half-an-inch thick—I wonder how many coats of paint has it had?

No rats on board.

The mate's cabin is now full of canvas, tarpulins, tar, ropes, paint, spare blocks and tackles, with gear of every description and litter usually associated with a bo'sun's locker. Strange to say there are no rats on board, although Mr. Manning has two cats, for company more than anything else; rats will not nest in a ship that offers nothing but coal to eat. The amidship deck-house, that was, has been unshipped, and is doing

duty as a carpenter's shop in the shore yards of her owners, Messrs. Huddart, Parker & Co., also the bell, which is rung at eight bells—dinner time—and two bells—knock-off time (noon and 5 p.m.), so the men working about yards and offices, still hear the old ring that rang round the Horn on many a wild night.

The for'c'stle head is in good condition, but several splits are noticeable in the capstan bar holes, of course it is never used now, the winch does all that is required in this regard. Inside the forecastle, which is marked, "Certified to accommodate 22 seamen," there is nothing except a few bags of coke, which are used for the donkey boiler, and spare coal baskets.

Always an even keel.

The light was not too good when I took this photograph of her, at the Sugar Company's wharf; she had about 500 tons of coal on board, and although it was all on the port side of her, there was no sign of a list, and Mr. Manning, who has been custodian of her for eight years, says no matter how or where the coal is stowed she never has a list, always an even keel; undoubtedly a heavily sparred and solid ship, a credit to her builders.

If you have not already published an account of her—as she is to-day—these notes may be of interest to old Loch Line readers, who may have sailed in her.

With the aid of a magnifying glass her name, painted white, is distinctly visible in the photograph.

Francis Rawlinson.

Loch Tay, photographed at Sugar Wharf, Port Adelaide, November, 1928.

My First Voyage

The loss of the Brig *Adamant*

Time flies fast, was the thought that passed through my mind the other day, as I walked through the street of Harbor Grace, and stood on the Point of Beach, and thought back.

Yes, it was here sixty years ago, that I received my first shipping paper from Ridley's office. I was shipped as a fisher boy and general servant "from the date hereof until the last of October, to do all in my power for the good of the voyage and my said master's interests, as shall from time to time be ordered, and in consideration of my services, being in all respects well and duly performed, without hindrance and neglect," I was to have as wages the sum of five pounds.

Primitive method of transport.

The month was May, the year 1868. Harbor Grace was in a bloom of prosperity—besides Ridley there were Munn and Donnelly and others carrying on large businesses, mostly interested in the seal and Labrador cod fisheries.

My skipper was a rough old character, as most of the old-timers were, and as soon as I took my agreement, he said in a bluff tone, "Now, my boy, you be in collar (meaning 'go to work') at six to-morrow morning." I was a bit scared, and answered dryly, "All right, sir," then trudged home—a six mile walk to Spaniard's Bay—to tell my old mother what I had done. My father had died two years previously, and she had done her best to keep me at school, where I picked up a meagre education; but though very small, I was fourteen years of age, and had to get started towards a livelihood. There were tears in her eyes, but she gave her consent, and promised to call me early so that I could go in collar.

Accordingly, I was there bright and early, but not before the other men, so the skipper spoke to me roughly, but he soon cooled down, and said, "Now, boy, get a move on and help in the work, because we have to get the whole outfit to Harbor Grace ready to sail in the *Adamant* in three days' time." Some of the men were making oars, some were tying up rinds, others were at the twine and barking fishing nets. I noticed the skipper was making a couple or three little houses, but was afraid to inquire what they were for; however, before long, I discovered that one was for the pigs, another for the goat, and the smaller one for the hens. The dog and the cat were also to go, but they were allowed their freedom. The time soon arrived to move; there were no railroads in those days, and all had to be conveyed by horses and carts, the family and fishermen walking behind.

Limited space for gear.

The *Adamant* was moored to the wharf in Harbor Grace. She was a tidy brig, 127 tons, big single topsails, and had white painted ports, and was a trim little packet. Captain Mark Alcock was her master. When we arrived we found everything in a bustle, scores of passengers were clamouring with their gear, all greedy to get as large a space as possible in her hold. We were allotted our space, about ten feet long and half the vessel across, and we had to place all our gear that we could get under deck in our quarters, then straighten our beds on top of our supplies, and make ourselves as comfortable as we could.

Four-masted barque *Olivebank* making heavy weather in the North Atlantic.

Such was the way the fishermen were carried from Newfoundland to Labrador. Such a sight—any old-time freighter leaving for Labrador with all the eager fishermen, their families and outfits, as well as goats, pigs, hens and dogs, would make a very graphic picture for the modern movies, but, alas, these times have long since gone.

Our flag was flying, and towards evening, Captain Alcock hauled her off to anchorage; here we lay for an hour or so trying to collect stragglers and clear the decks as much as possible. Mothers, who had four or five children, were running about to be sure that Jack and Harry were safe on board. When time was up and the Captain satisfied that everything was all right, he gave orders to hoist the last boat. The topsails were loosed, a crowd on the windlass, and as she came on the right sheer, up jibs, and anchor broke out; then a short reach across the harbour and a tack with the sun, as it would be considered a bad omen to start the voyage without fulfilling this time-honoured custom.

The brig appeared happy to be released from bondage, and soon began to show some life and spray herself in the waters of Conception Bay. All was quiet now, and as darkness fell, the Captain appointed his masters of watches, who selected their hands from the crowd on board, as the *Adamant* had no regular crew, all passengers being supposed to aid in the navigation of the vessel.

Things soon settled down for the night, everybody in good spirits, but, being only a boy and not used to strangers, it was quite a while before I got acquainted with the lads from Harbor Grace, but after that felt easier in my mind. A fire was soon started in an immense caboose, or open galley, which was lashed firmly to the deck, and there all had to cook for themselves. I can assure you that it was not before many a fight and bad words that all hands had their bite, as if you left your kettle or pot unattended for a minute or two, on returning you would find it carefully put aside and another put in your favourite spot; so it was up to us boys to watch our kettle and do most of the cooking.

One day it was a bit rough, yet most of my chums were enjoying themselves watching the seagulls as they flew round the ship. We were

then getting down North—ice-bergs in the neighbourhood were numerous and in hundreds, some like churches with their big spires, others low and flat, and it took a very careful watch to navigate along. Men were stationed on the forecastle head and more in the rigging to "scun" the best passage along. It was "Hard up!" now "Hard down!" now "Luff-along," then "S-t-e-a-d-y-," and hour after hour such commands were passed along to the men at the wheel; but we were bound North, and the old hands were used to it. Many a white-sided porpoise amused us lads as it jumped alongside and rushed ahead to cross our bows. The scene was attractive, but the water was choppy, and I could not enjoy it; my first seasickness was getting the better of me, and after many glances from side to side, I tried to get away unobserved to some dark place in the hold, and stayed there till the water got smooth again; the rough weather did not last long, and I was soon on deck nothing the worse. Our passage to Labrador lasted eight days; nothing of importance happened and we got along without much more trouble than is incidental, and finally dropped our anchor at American Tickle in the the Seal Islands.

Then the reverse of the embarking took place; everybody wanted to get away first, and when you remember that we had 170 people on board you will easily imagine that there was some pulling and dragging. Our boats were got out and larger ones launched from the shore, and we made our way to the coves and houses that were to be our homes until October.

Flour barrels in demand.

The shore line was covered with ice that we called "balacarder." Many of the houses had to have the snow shovelled out of them, but a big fire which was soon started altered the state of things, and the women and girls began their work to make things more cheerful. I was now pretty well over the frightened feeling, as I did not have much time to think, being at every man's beck and call. Some queer remarks were made as the house was being repaired; it was built chiefly of sods and the roof thatched with rinds, the floor being covered with nice white sand. Flour barrels seemed to be the most useful articles wanted; they were used as a chimney-top, the baby-cot took another, and the mistress had to have one sawed off for a chair. But time and space forbid me to give but a bare outline of my first voyage, besides, after sixty years I must be excused if anything but the outstanding points be omitted.

A wonderful lot of work is done the first days we land; everybody is eager. The dawn is at 4 o'clock, and daylight continues until 9 p.m., so it was not long before we were settled away and ready for fishing. Our big open fireplace in the house, with its pothooks and cross bars, unknown to the present generation, would certainly be a curiosity to-day.

Nothing extraordinary happened during the summer's work; we made a fair catch with the cod-seine and shipped it in the little chartered schooners for Spain and Italy. The summer soon passed, the weather getting stormy and the days drawing in very short; the *Adamant* lay all summer in the cove where we first anchored and we were now thinking of her again to bring us home.

It was toward the middle of October that Captain Alcock gave the word for all freighters to lend a hand—first the ballast had to be attended to, then our cod-oil had to be taken on board and stowed securely with rocks jammed in between the casks to prevent any shifting. Casks of water had to be filled and placed on board sufficient for all; the sails which had been stored all summer were then bent and one day the flag was hoisted for us all to get on board with our boxes and beds. No

stragglers now—home was in the air, but the Captain ordered all to be done quietly as a mark of respect for one of our sharemen who had passed away a little time previously, and whose body was on board. The order was carried out and the anchor weighed without the usual song; the fore and main topsails were sheeted home and the brig *Adamant* was gliding towards the open sea.

The day was fine and we had a good run up the shore, the wind about east-north-east, and I was delighted to hear we were making about eight knots. There was a heavy sea running but she proudly held her course, sometimes plunging and throwing great foams of spray over her bows. No seasickness now, as I had spent a long summer in the boats, but as it got rough all we youngsters were ordered below out of the way, and only competent seamen allowed on deck. Very little I knew of the voyage until one morning, about three days later, I was called to get up and instantly sensed trouble. Poking my head through the scuttle, what a sight met my gaze! A blinding hurricane was raging, mountainous seas frequently boarded the vessel and swept the decks; there was land visible and we were quickly running in on it; the Captain called for any man to speak out who recognised it, as he did not know it.

The brig was under very small canvas, and death seemed to threaten us at any moment as we were now constantly seeing breakers and island rocks. There were twenty men or more in the rigging and at last one came down; he was a young man, and said to his brother on deck, "I know it! I know where we are!" but he hesitated to tell the Captain, as he was only a young man and there were many older who should know it better than he.

However, it quickly got to Captain Alcock and he called him aft. "Yes, I give it as Cat Harbor Norther Island," was his reply. "Can you pilot us in?" the Captain asked; "Yes, but it has no holding ground, the ship won't hold after she is in," was his answer. As we were on a lee shore in a blinding hurricane, and we could not weather Cape Freels, which was three miles distant, there was nothing else to do, so the Captain gave her in charge of this young man who had first recognised the land, trusting the ship would hold after she was in.

Archibald Russell, sister of *Hougomont*, which ship beat her by four days on the run home among the grain fleet last year.

(This was Sunday, the 18th day of October, 1868.) Accordingly, the *Adamant* was placed towards the harbour (which was really only a cove between two small islands, on a straight shore) and brought safely in; the two anchors were let go, but there was no hold and they quickly dragged together. The Vessel was going towards a cliff—a line was floated ashore, but it went to the wrong place, and was no good. The two masts were cut overboard to break the sea on the vessel, then a boat was launched with the hope of getting another line ashore; five of our ablest and bravest men jumped on board and shoved off, but she got across the first line and in a moment capsized. Rescue for them was impossible—they were all lost, being swept out of sight.

No time to lose.

Panic was now supreme—with 176 people on board, many of them women and children, I am unable to put it into words, and it is impossible to describe the scenes. We all felt that if we weren't drowned to-day we never would be drowned. Some men wanted to slip the chains and let her run on the cliff, and—every man for himself. Whatever was going to be done had to be done quickly; there is no question but that Captain Alcock kept his head. He got another crew together; the spars and rigging had now washed round the bow of the vessel and made a slight breakwater; he got a line forward on the anchor chains, drew it up tight aft, then slacked away, and slipped chains, her head fell off for an instant and she slewed on her heel; then one chop with an axe severed the stern line and she rushed forward. In a moment we were all buried in sea; it ran over everything, but everyone held on and as the sea rushed back it left us on a sandy beach, only missing the upright cliff by a few yards.

We were now in comparative safety and people on shore came to our assistance; the water in the hold was by this time up to the bunks where the women and children lay and my master called me to help him get his children up, which I did. Then he told me to do the best I could for myself, as he had six children and two women to look after. I could not blame him, but thought it hard, being a mere boy; but I was not quite forsaken, as a stranger asked me my name and where my skipper was; I told him they had gone on shore. He told me to stay with him and he would see me safe. I did not know him but can assure you I kept right near, and when he saw a good chance he took me by the shoulder and dropped me into a boat, and looked after me till we were on shore. I don't know who he was and have never seen him since, that I know of.

All survivors safely landed.

Ere night closed we were all on shore, except those five able men who were drowned in the boat. The settlers who helped us land treated us with every kindness possible, and a few days later the *Ariel*, a small coasting steamer, took us back to Harbor Grace, where we landed none the worse for our thrilling experience.

Such is the story of the brig *Adamant* as related by Joseph Gosse, a retired and respectable planter of Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland. The old Pilot Book says: "Cat Harbour—Lat. 49.18 N., Long. 53.35 W., formed by two small islands. It is small and dangerous, only available for craft in fine weather." This place will not be found on the latest charts, as it now rejoices in the more enphonious name of "Lumsden."

A Mixed Crew

A voyage in the Barque *Mozambique*

In your "Notes from Everywhere and Everybody," I notice a mention of my old ship, "the four-masted barque *Mozambique*," belonging to Alexander Boyd & Co., Glasgow. Your correspondent, "R.S.M." stated that he had never seen either of these vessels mentioned in your paper, and that there should be many who remembered them, as they were sailing about the middle '90's. I also have been patiently waiting for mention of my old ship, and for the benefit of your correspondent, "R.S.M.," I will give you the particulars of a voyage from Vancouver, B.C., to South Shields that I made in her in 1906.

Many nationalities.

We loaded lumber at the Hastings Lumber Mill, Vancouver, and alongside of us, loading about the same time, were the Glasgow ships, *Black Prince* and *Arctic Stream*, and also the four-masted Liverpool barque *Silberhorn*. The *Mozambique* had double t'gallant-sails and royal, and was 2,306 tons register. She was commanded by a Norwegian. Her first officer was a Welshman, her second officer a Scotsman, her third officer an Englishman, an apprentice, who had just come out of his time, and was going home as third mate. Her sailmaker was a Scotsman, her carpenter was a Dutchman, and in the crew "for'rard" we had the following nationalties :— English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Norwegian, Dane, Negro, Japanese, and Australian, in fact, the most cosmopolitan crew that could have possibly been assembled. If I am not mistaken, we had six A.B.'s and two ordinary seamen in each watch. We were loaded with 2,500,000 feet of lumber, and had bow ports cut in to her to take care of the loading of large logs.

We left Vancouver about the 28th of May, 1906, and when 42 days out, we sighted the four-masted barque *Balasore*, bound from San Francisco to Liverpool. The *Balasore* was 29 days out of San Francisco, and at the time we sighted her, we were both in the vicinity of the "Line."

Both docked the same day.

A remarkable coincidence in the sighting of the *Balasore* was the following fact : We never sighted her again during the entire voyage, and on my arrival home in Liverpool, I found that the *Balasore* docked at Liverpool the same day as the *Mozambique* docked at South Shields, which was quite extraordinary, when you consider the lengthy distance of the voyage. We were about 90 days to the "Horn," and slightly over 80 days from the Horn to South Shields. I believe that we sighted the "Wolf" light on a Sunday night, approximately 150 days after we left Vancouver, and we were pretty nearly three weeks from the time we sighted the "Wolf" until we were safely docked at South Shields.

Another coincidence in connection with this particular voyage is the fact that I am now traffic manager of one of the largest retail stores on the Pacific Coast. The treasurer of our company is a brother-in-law of David Boyd, who is a son of the late Alexander Boyd, and one day this gentleman, whose name is Mr. Lamb, walked into my office and saw a picture of the *Mozambique* on the wall. He inquired of me as to the name of this particular vessel, and on my informing him that it was the four-masted Glasgow barque *Mozambique*, he gave me the information that

Four-masted barque *Mozambique*, mentioned in accompanying article.

David Boyd, his brother-in-law, was the son of Alexander Boyd, who was the owner of the vessel at the time I was in her.

I left the sea in 1909, so you can see that I "swallowed the anchor" in good time, because I was only 23 years old, and while I do not in any way regret my step, the old "briny" still retains its fascination, and ships are still my "first love."

My traffic work keeps me intimately connected with ships, railroads, and all forms of transportation, and I believe that what success I have obtained in my chosen profession, I owe not a little of it to my ground-work training in the British Mercantile Marine.

I was born in Liverpool, England, and a lot of my spare time after school and on Sunday afternoon, was spent in prowling around the Liverpool docks, especially those south of the Pierhead.

My memory goes back to being aboard such splendid ships as the *Dalgonar*, *Kilmallie*, *Afghanistan*, *Austrasia*, *Balasore*, *Barcore*, *Sierra Estrella*, *Marion*, *Lightbody*, *Angerona*, *Silberhorn*, *Matterhorn*, *Shakespeare*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Wanderer*, *Speke*, *Liverpool*, *Didton*, and many others, so you see that being born in Liverpool in 1886, I still can recollect very vividly the glory of the clipper ship days.

I visited Liverpool in 1914 and again in 1925, and I assure you that I was shocked to see the difference when I recollect my school days, and remember my many excursions to the Dock Road, where there would be from early morning to late at night an endless procession of lorries, almost end to end, loaded with merchandise going to and from the Seven Seas. Never again will such a sight be seen, because motor transportation has speeded up the conveying of merchandise, and much of Liverpool's trade has digressed elsewhere.

FREDERICK SIMPSON.

More about *Benmore*

Her fine sailing qualities

I have followed Captain Vyvyan's serial, "Five Years in Liverpool Ships," with great interest, the more so as I seem to have been shipmates in later years with several of the characters mentioned in the story.

Even without mentioning names, when Captain Vyvyan speaks of "a red-headed Scotsman with fury in his eyes," to the writer that could only mean Captain John Scott, who commanded Nicholson & McGill's ships for over thirty years, and who died on board the *Benmore* in the Tasman Sea. His remains were sealed up in a coffin on board the ship, and brought to Brisbane to be buried.

Captain a "speed merchant."

I wonder if any of your readers can oblige *Sea Breezes* with a photo of the *Benmore*. I made a long voyage in her, the same on which Captain Scott died. She was a magnificent vessel, and worthy of a place in any anthology of the sea.

The *Benmore* came out with double t'gallant yards, but for some reason for which I am at a loss to account (she was not a cranky ship), they were sent down, and single yards substituted.

This no doubt increased her speed, and suited Captain Scott down to the ground, but during a voyage of two years I never once saw the main t'gallant sail taken in without calling all hands, and the *Benmore* carried sixteen A.B.'s and seven apprentices.

It was certainly some sail, and the furling of it running easting down or in cold weather was responsible for more bleeding nails and blasphemous oaths than any sail ever hoisted. However, it drove the ship, for Scott was like the clipper ship captain mentioned by Conrad, "Give him the wind two points abaft the beam, and he became constitutionally incapable of giving an order to shorten sail." As Captain Vyvyan says, "He would carry sail to the point of madness," but this does not mean reckless dare devilry. Few sailing ship masters made less mistakes in handling or driving their charges.

Strain too much.

One passage, from Dunedin to Brisbane, we arrived off Cook's Straits, to find a dead muzzler in the shape of a north-west gale blowing. Most men would have backed the main topsail and awaited more favourable conditions. Not so Captain Scott.

Our sailing trim was excellent, about half cargo, and with wind between force 7 and 8, and under whole topsails, and reefed courses and fore main and mizzen topmast staysails, the *Benmore* beat the whole length of Cook's Straits, in thirty-six hours.

It was a splendid feat of seamanship, but the strain hastened Captain Scott's end, for about a week later he died.

But he had a worthy successor in the shape of Mr. Joys, Chief Officer, who took the ship to Brisbane and thence to London with wool. Joys could carry sail, too. Off Campbell Island, and logging 16 knots, we passed the famous *Black Adder*, and between Cape Horn and the Falklands we passed the Shaw, Savill liner *Pakeha*, the latter doing twelve knots, and left her hull down in four hours. Joys had gone through the mill in Carmichael's Golden Fleece ships. But fine vessels though the latter were, none, in his opinion, could touch the *Benmore*.

Steamer that went ashore.

Joys' pet seaman's description of the *Benmore's* sea qualities was, "She would sail like the wind, heave-to like a duck, and run till all was blue." Poor fellow, he came to an untimely end. Going in steam, much against his will, he soon obtained command in Moss's, and was master of the *Edith Cavell*, when that steamer went ashore in French Guiana, and the Master and Chief Engineer were imprisoned for stranding the ship.

Readers of *Sea Breezes* will, no doubt, remember that in the end the French authorities paid handsome compensation, but Captain Joys only survived his experience by a few months; the end being, no doubt, brought on by what he had gone through. A. Halcrow.

Barque *Rothesay Bay*, timber laden, New Zealand to Sydney, 1919. Photo lent by Mr. A. E. Postlethwaite.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

I note in one of your magazines that you would be very pleased to receive any particulars of the different voyages made in the good old sailing ships. I wonder whether you have heard of the ill-fated *Earl of Jersey*, a four-masted barque, of Messrs. David Brown & Sons, London, I served my apprenticeship in that company and worked up to second officer.

This is an account of one of the voyages. We sailed from Cardiff with a cargo of coal for Singapore; we started with a strong N.W. gale, being obliged to overcarry the pilot, until we reached a few degrees north of the equator, when we sighted a steamer and placed him on board.

All went well until we reached the latitude of about 40° south, running our easting down, about 40 miles off Gough Island, when the wind freshened to a strong gale; we were obliged to heave to. The captain gave orders for all hands on deck to reef the mizzen topsail. At noon on Friday another apprentice and myself were going out to the yard when my companion missed his hold and fell overboard; we hove her to, put out our best lifeboat with eight of the crew, who sacrificed their lives in trying to save him. I had a miraculous escape, being sent for the tiller, but it was decided to steer with an oar, such a high sea running.

The weather was much worse that night with squalls, hurricane force. We dodged about the Head, searching when circumstances permitted, burning and showing distress signals; at last after three days we had to abandon the search. The ship grounded in the Straits of Tunda that voyage, but we hove her off, and reached Singapore after a strenuous voyage, being so short handed. W. G. B. Stretton.

Zenobia broken up.

Your correspondent asks for information as to the *Zenobia*. I sailed in a full-rigged ship of that name, teak built, and ex Indian Navy, of about 1,200 tons. The *Zenobia* was owned by Mr. John Willis, of London.

About 1873 we left London for Sydney, from thence to Yokohama with coal, and from there proceeded to Osaka and loaded rice for Holland, calling at Falmouth for orders. The *Zenobia* was then commanded by Captain Hutchings. She was later turned into a barque, and eventually broken up. Edw. B. Backhouse.

The *Solano*.

In the November issue, particulars are asked for in regard to the above vessel.

She was a wooden schooner of 728 tons, built at Benicia, Cal., in 1901, for M. Turner, San Francisco. The vessel ran ashore on the beach opposite the village of Oysterville, at the mouth of the Columbia River, U.S.A., in 1906. The wreck was sold by auction, and Captain A. T. Stream undertook to refloat her. A long struggle with the sands ensued, and Captain Stream was so sanguine of success that he engaged a tug to be on hand at a specified time. Within fifteen minutes of the specified time the *Solano* was afloat, but the tug failed to put in an appearance. For two hours the vessel was kept clear of the dreaded Clatsop Sands,

but she then got in the grip of the relentless sands, and lay there for many years. She has probably disappeared by this time. G.I.

News welcomed of *Philip Nelson*.

In reading your notes in a former issue of *Sea Breezes*, of which, by the way, I have been a regular reader from the first copy, I note you ask for any particulars of old sailing vessels.

Of all the ships you have mentioned, I have never yet found reference to a fine barque, in which I made a voyage during the latter part of 1878 to 1879; she was a Liverpool ship called the *Philip Nelson*. Iron ship, main sky-sailyarder, and went from Bramley Moore Dock to Antofagasta then to Hamburg, where I left her.

I think they called the Captain "Frost," he was an old man then, so must presumably be dead, but I would very much like to hear if the two apprentices made good. One belonged to Cape Town, and the other lad, I think, came from Huddersfield.

Owing to the wide range which *Sea Breezes* now covers, it might reach the eye of someone that knows, as I should like to see this mentioned in some future number of your very excellent little magazine.

Albert A. Murray.

Kurt interned.

In a previous issue of *Sea Breezes*, I note a picture of the *Moshulu*, ex German barque *Kurt*, and that you ask if anyone can give her history?

At the outbreak of the war, she was interned at the Port of Astoria, Oregon, with a number of other German ships, and when war was declared betweeen the United States and Germany, I was appointed by the United States Government to look after the repairs to all German sailing ships interned in the various ports in the northwest, and among them was the *Kurt*.

She was a beautiful model with fine lines, and, no doubt, was a splendid sailer. The master and first officer told me that during the time they had been in the vessel, she had never been beaten. They also stated she was originally a training ship for boys, and was built for speed, not profit, but subsequently passed into hands of private owners. On account of her fine lines, she was not a big carrier. After being operated by the Government during the war, she was finally sold to the Charles Nelson Company, of San Francisco, for $40,000, and has been engaged in the lumber trade ever since.

E. R. Sterling.—Note your remarks concerning the dis-masting of this vessel, and would say that she put into St. Thomas under jury rig, and the master reported he was only able to make one or two knots per hour. It has not yet been determined what disposition will be made of the ship and cargo. This information was given to me by the master's wife, who resides in Seattle.

This vessel was formerly the *Lord Wolseley*, then sold to Germans, who renamed her *Columbia*. At that time she was rigged as a four-masted barque. About seventeen years ago she was bound from Japan to Puget Sound in ballast with 1,200 tons of sand in the hold, and rolled so badly that she was dis-masted. The master worked her up to the coast of Vancouver Island under jury rig, where she was picked up by the *Hyades* and towed in to Royal Roads. I made the survey on the vessel at that time and called for tenders for repairs. The lowest bid received was

Schooner *Rippling Wave*, a note on which appears below.

$50,000 from the Bullen Shipyards of Victoria, B.C. This bid contemplated shipping the spars and rigging from England.

It was not deemed advisable to make repairs, and the underwriters settled with the owners, and the vessel was eventually sold to Seattle parties for $12,000, and rigged with wooden spars as a six-masted barquentine at a cost of approximately $60,000. She made considerable money during the war, and the owners refused an offer of $400,000.

For the past eighteen months she was laid up at Adelaide, Australia, and finally was chartered to load a cargo of grain for Liverpool.

S. B. Gibbs.

Careers of small vessels.

I note in a previous nnmber of *Sea Breezes* a picture of the brigantine *Brocklesby*, and that you get very little information of the career of small vessels.

This photo of the schooner *Rippling Wave* is from a picture painted at Naples in 1870. She was launched at Fowey, April 1869, and loaded the first cargo of china clay shipped at Fowey (May 1869), and sailed for Genoa, then on to Leghorn and loaded a cargo of marble for Bristol, arriving 5th September at the latter port. I made my first voyage in her, also several others in the Mediterranean and St. Michael's trade (with my father as master), I afterwards having command of her myself, from July, 1882, till June, 1887. She was lost on the Maidens some years ago.

During 1886, I made two passages from Fowey to Genoa with china clay, January 14 days, and November-December 15 days—not bad passages during the depth of winter. In March, 1887, I was 21 days from Marathonisi (Gytheion) to Fowey (of course, I also made a few long passages).

I also note pictures of *Cambuskenneth* and *Cambusdoon* mentioned in a former number; I also commanded both these ships. Many ships, including *Lodore* and *Gladova*, both Liverpool vessels, were in distress at Port Stanley in 1908-1909. All had a very rough time off the Horn before putting back to Port Stanley. T. J. Roberts.

Re the inquiry by Mr. Glen O. Lendell in the October number of *Sea Breezes* about *Glen Osmond* and *Avenger*.

Glen Osmond was built in 1867 by J. Laing, of Sunderland, for A. L. Elder of London. She was of 780 gross tonnage. A composite barque, she was out of the Register before 1900.

Avenger was an iron ship, of 1,360 gross tonnage. Built in 1879 by the Whitehaven S.B. Co., at Whitehaven, she was owned by Messrs W. Grice & Co., of London. She was wrecked January, 1904.

Mr. W. Ford Wells asks about the *Zenobia*. She was built as the *Lady Frere* in Bombay, in 1851. Of 1,161 tons gross, she was owned in 1882 by J. Willis, of London, being renamed *Zenobia* about that time. I can find nothing about her after 1886.

Ships of the '80's.

Could any of your correspondents say what became of the vessels owned by Messrs. John Allan & Sons, London, viz. :—*Mars*, *Mojussilite*, *John Allan*, etc., also Rennies' little ship *Quathlamba*, and John Wilson's *Helena*, *Mena*, *Queen*, and *Lady Elizabeth*?—all going strong in the 80.'s.

With every good wish for the continued success of *Sea Breezes*, the arrival of which is eagerly looked forward to as it brings back memories of boyhood days. MATTHEW E. MABBITT.

News for two enquirers.

"Captain Shakings," in the November issue, asks about several ships; here are a few notes which I hope will be of interest.

J. T. North was an iron barque, built in 1883 by Russell. Of 803 tons, she was owned by Messrs. V. & J. Lockett, of Liverpool. She was torpedoed in 1916.

Amulree, built in 1892 by Russell, was a steel barque of 1,433 tons, owned by Messrs. J. Stewart, of London. She was out of Register 1922. *Lorton* was a steel barque built by Workman, Clark in 1888. She was of 1,419 tons, and was owned by Messrs. J. Stewart. In 1917 she was owned in Callao. Out of Register for 1918. *Carmoney*, an iron barque of 1,255 tons, was built by Workman, Clark in 1884. She was owned by Messrs. W. Porter & Sons. In 1920 she was owned in Montreal by the Marine Navigation Co., and was out of the 1922 Register. I think that his *Cumbermere* should be *Cumberland*. She was built in Workington, of 1,849 tons, in 1884. She was an iron and steel ship, built and owned by T. Williamson. In 1905 owned by J. Stewart, in 1917 owned by J. Scott of Workington, and in 1922 by D. P. Barnett of Workington. She is still afloat, as far I know.

Chili was an iron barque of 678 tons, built at Kinghorn in 1877. In 1912 she was under the Italian flag. *Peru* was an iron barque of 683 tons, built at Kinghorn in 1876. She was sold about 1908 to J. J. Craig of Auckland, New Zealand, who renamed her *Louisa Craig*. About 1916 she was sold to Scales of Wellington, and was renamed *Raupo*. She was afloat in 1923. *Peri* was an iron barque, built at South Shields in 1868, of 897 tons. Sold about 1908 to Norway; she was out of Register for 1912.

Mr. A. R. Purdon asks about *Loch Shiel*. She was built in 1877 for the Glasgow Shipping Co. She was wrecked in Milford Haven in 1893.

E. A. WOODS.

I was in the fine ship *James Kerr*, of Liverpool, 2,227 tons net, for the latter part of my apprenticeship, running from May, 1905, to September, 1909. Previously to this, I made my first voyage in the ship *Cambrian Hills*. The latter vessel unfortunatey foundered in the Irish Channel on March 9th, 1905, during a gale—no lives lost.

To revert to the *James Kerr*, I cannot say she was a crack ship for speed, although she made one or two decent passages whilst I was in her, for example, Iquique to Hamburg, nitrate loaded, in 86 days (November, 1905, to February, 1906). At the latter port we loaded a general cargo, and left on Easter Sunday, April 15th, 1906, for Sydney, N.S.W. There was a break in the journey down the Elbe to load dynamite—consequently we didn't clear the river till the next day, Monday 16th.

After varying fortunes we left Lizard behind on night of 21st, and crossed the line 23 days later. Sydney was reached on 3rd July, 1906. 73 days from Lizard, 79 days from Hamburg. Discharged there, and towed round to Newcastle. Left September 1st, coal laden, and arrived at our destination, Valparaiso, on 19th October—49 days out.

I remember on this passage passing the barque *Cairnsmore*, bound also to Valparaiso. We sighted her ahead at 6-30 a.m. on the 3rd October, 1906, and by 10 a.m. we had her abaft our weather beam, and at 2-30 p.m. that same day she was dipping on the horizon astern. There was a fresh breeze blowing on port beam, anything and everything would draw, and we had every stitch on her. The *Cairnsmore* seemed to be making a very slow job of her passage, though she eventually arrived some few days after we did. I never remember overhauling any other ship as quickly as we did this one. From Valparaiso we went to Antofagasta, and loaded nitrate for Dunkirk.

G. C. A. Archer.

James Kerr, about to dock at Newport, Mon., September, 1909.

It was at Melbourne in May, 1908, that four of us finished our time, and signed on as A.B.'s at £3 5s. 0d. per month—a rank we had to hold for a further 16 months before we got home—a happy release!

The accompanying photo was taken when about to dock at Newport, Mon., in September, 1909. We were laden with large Oregon pine logs and a 3ft. deckload, and took 155 days on that passage. We were, however, over two years away from home when we eventually arrived, and did not drydock during that time. We tried one or two patent rigs for scraping her bottom at sea, but the results were far from commensurate with the labour involved.

I believe this ship was later sold to the Germans and named *Eilbek*, though I may have been misinformed here.

SAGITTARIUS.

Loss of the ship *Ben Venue*.

The following is a brief but authentic account of the loss of the British ship *Ben Venue* in 1891, off Sandgate, Kent, and the gallant rescue, against heavy odds, of 27 of her crew of 32, by the Sandgate Lifeboat.

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution has, as doubtless many readers are aware, been in existence now 104 years. This Institution and the men who serve it, have always commanded my greatest admiration and respect, and it is one that is worthy of the warmest support from sailor and "landlubber" alike.

I am indebted to the courtesy of the Secretary of the R.N.L.I. for the following account, and, although staying at Sandgate at the time of the wreck, I was too young to remember much about it. It was, however, a very severe gale and, owing partly to the direction of the wind, one that caused much damage to Sandgate. Lately I have met one man out East, a pilot, who was also at Sandgate at the time, and witnessed the attempted launch of the lifeboat. Another pilot lately in the same service, strange to say, was second mate of the *Ben Venue* at the time of the wreck, and was one of the crew of 27 saved.

The ship *Ben Venue*, of Glasgow, was driven ashore in a whole gale from the S.S.E., and a very heavy sea; the vessel soon afterwards foundered, and her crew took to the rigging.

The lifeboat put off from Sandgate to her assistance at 8 a.m., but encountered terrific seas, and was ultimately driven back to the shore. As it was considered impossible to launch again at Sandgate, the boat was taken on her carriage to Hythe, and at 9-30 a.m. was launched, manned by a crew of twenty men, in a heavier sea than that experienced at Sandgate. Before the boat could get clear of the surf she was struck by a heavy wave and capsized, the whole of her crew, with the exception of three men, being thrown into the water. Nineteen of the men succeeded in reaching the land, but the other man, unhappily, lost his life. The lifeboat was washed ashore, and was replaced on her carriage. At about 9-30 p.m. the seas had considerably moderated, and it was decided to make another attempt to rescue the shipwrecked crew. With considerable difficulty a launch was effected, the ship was reached, and the twenty-seven survivors of the crew of thirty-two persons were taken into the lifeboat and landed at Folkestone.

CAPTAIN "SHAKINGS."

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

Readers will remember my going into the question of all the buttons and buttonholes on a man's clothing, and "E.H.P." has written from the Argentine to help to solve the problem.

She writes: "Now this button question. I have been going through my husband's clothes, and can only make out 59 buttons and less holes, for on the sleeves of coat and overcoat there are buttons, but no buttonholes."

As far as I can remember, the gentleman I wrote about said he had 60 buttonholes but only 41 buttons. So you will see that "E.H.P.'s" husband has much to be thankful for.

The dead secret.

Continuing, "E.H.P." goes on to say: "Plus-fours are an improvement. I do admire them, and I have gained my point (what wife does not?), and my husband has adopted them for country walks. I have not whispered it yet, but when we go to the Riviera he will find that I have a sports suit of the same material, and his plus-fours and the hem of my skirt are exactly the same height from the ground. I have also smuggled in a pair of shoes with the lovely little heels, which were so much in evidence among the well-dressed men on the Promenade des Anglais last season.

"Men's appearance can be improved a whole lot, and it is up to us to encourage them in that direction. The papers are often saying how much more healthy and comfortable our dress is, and why should not men imitate us where practical; I would like to see kilts become fashionable."

All of which goes to prove how English sports suits are copied in South America.

Yes, I too, like men in kilts, but I own I am not in favour of any liberties being taken with a man's neckwear. Should the film "Annie Laurie" have reached the Argentine, "E.H.P." will realise exactly what I mean when she sees Norman Kerry in the hero's part.

He wears kilts and a tam and a shirt open at the neck, and he looks dreadful. So different from his smart appearance as the officer in "Merry-Go-Round." In London, at least, one tailor allows his customers to pay for their clothing by subscription. A tailor in Savile Row receives a fixed monthly sum, and in return he supplies his client with suits, overcoats, shirts and woollies. Another firm, with many branches in London, permits their customers to pay five guineas a month for the first year, which sum entitles them to dress clothes (with dinner jacket included), plus fours, ordinary suits and overcoats. The second year, customers only pay three guineas a month, and the clothing already supplied is replaced if necessary. Free valeting is, of course, given, and it adds to the life of the clothing.

In the matter of sports clothes, perhaps Spain holds the quaintest ideas. When out shooting, the men in that country wear a longish skirt of dark material with groups of very distinctive stripes, after the style adopted by the basket women in Liverpool. On the other hand, the

All that remains of the ship *Corbet Castle*, wrecked in Koombana Bay, West Australia, about 32 years ago.

women of Spain wear a species of " plus four." There are at least two kinds; the short ones, which reach just below the knee and are arranged in huge pleats (something like the bloomers our women wore for cycling in the 90's), and the long, rather narrow ones which fall to the calf of the leg.

But Spain has adopted the golf socks which are so popular in England at present. The socks were originally worn for tennis, usually by people who could only afford the cheaper kinds of tennis shoe, those with a canvas upper and a thin rubber sole. Later these socks were used for golf by girls who simply couldn't nerve themselves to wear the thick woollen stockings the game really requires. But now everybody wears the socks over silk stockings in the street. They are quite a good idea and look very smart, and I hope they will make our silk hose wear longer. Certainly they will prevent women cramping their feet into shoes too small for them.

Not long ago I wrote about the possibilities of rabbit-keeping for women. Great strides have been made in rabbit pelts, and it is now regarded by even people in society as a genuine fur. To make the skins more durable and useful the long guard hairs are removed by pulling, thus leaving only the thick under fur. It is hoped that in two years' time a really close-haired velvety pelt will be on sale. This skin is known as the chinchilla rex, and a single rabbit alive costs £15. Writing of pelts reminds me of quite an amusing incident. I have a blue racing greyhound, which I bought from a well-known baronet. Although technically known as blue, it is a sort of smoke colour, and its fur is quite unlike any ordinary dog's coat.

I often take it out shopping with me, and it never fails to find people who admire its colour and coat generally. The assistant in my greengrocers looked at it a long time, lost in admiration, and then said " Eh! Miss, but it would make a lovely fur! But quite apart from sentiment, I am afraid that the price of racing greyhounds will preclude their coats ever being used as fur.

GWEN.

The Last Trip of the Barque *Highfields*

Experiences of one of the crew

In June, 1902, I was discharged from a Danish brigantine *Elise Hay*, in Cardiff, after a two years' trip around the coast of Newfoundland and Baffin's Bay, and joined the four-masted barque *Highfields*, which was bound for Capetown, with a cargo of coals. The *Highfields* was under the command of Captain Dunham, Mr. Burke being first, and Mr. White second mate. The crew, 27 hands all told, were of various nationalities. In the forecastle were 17 A.B.'s, of which only three or four were British, the rest being different nationalities and colour. I remember we had one American, two Danes, one Russian, four Chilians, one Greek, and two Italians. The first and second boatswains were Americans; the carpenter and sailmaker both Norwegians, and the cook and steward being darkies from the West Indies.

Running into trouble.

We left Cardiff on the 15th of June, and our passage out was uneventful until a few days off the Cape, where we ran into a roaring Westerly gale. During the night, between the 12th and 13th of August, we lost all our heavy sails, except the fore lower topsail. The sea was running simply terrible, and it was impossible to go about the decks as the ship was continually taking breakers over. Next morning the storm moderated a little, and our gallant ship had stood the stress very well, only all our sails were in rags, and all our running gear in the most hopeless tangle, washing about on the deck. We worked all day to get it cleared—had to cut most of it and run new ropes. We had also main and mizzen upper topsail bended, and our anchors ready before it got dark.

After sundown the storm again increased, and we sighted a light on our lee beam. This must have been Bobbin Isle. At last when the captain was sure of his position, we squared the yards and made a run for the harbour. About midnight we entered the bay, running for fore lower topsail, and main and mizzen upper topsail; all hands were, of course, on deck, and we made everything clear for anchoring. The man at the lookout then repeatedly shouted out about the light right ahead. We at the time were giving up the fore lower topsail, and I was on the starboard side, when all at once I saw the huge stern from a steamer passing close to the side of us.

No hope for *Highfields*.

It at first seemed to me that we should get clear, but we were struck by the mizzen rigging, and so hard, that I thought the masts were coming down. The mate at once ordered, "Let go the topsail halliard." An apprentice, named Ansell, let go the mizzen, and I let go the main topsail halliard. "Get out the lifeboats," was the next order, and we rushed for the lee lifeboat. The *Highfields* was quickly heeling over, and I could see she would not last long. In a couple of minutes she turned over, and went down. I was caught by the rail around the poop, and went down with the ship, working frantically to get clear of the rail. At last I succeeded, and came to the surface more than half-drowned.

The first man I saw was the boatswain clinging to two planks, and next I noticed the master, chief mate, two apprentices and some more men

clinging to the handrail of the poop. I swam closer to, and got a life-bouy. I heard Mr. Burke saying, "Cheer up, there will soon be a boat here from the steamer."

Only four survivors.

But time passed and no boat appeared, so I decided to make a swim for the nearest boat I could see in the bay. First I shook hands with another Dane, with whom I had been shipmates for three years. I then set out for a swim which lasted from about 12-30- -4-30 a.m. There was a heavy sea running, and it was difficult to keep clear of the wreckage floating about. I swam on, and in about four hours time, I was alongside the steamer which proved to be the *Surrey*. I called out for help, and somebody threw me a heaving-line, but I was far gone and unable to make the line fast around my body, but only got a few turns around my left arm. I remember someone coming down a ladder or a rope, and I then lost consciousness. The third mate of the *Surrey* then jumped overboard (which, considering the circumstances, was very brave, indeed), tied a rope around me, and I was then hauled aboard. When they got me aboard, they thought I was dead, but in due course I was worked back to life again, although I remembered nothing until 8 o'clock in the morning when I came to my senses and found myself in a bunk. I told the master and officers aboard about the wreck of the *Highfields*, and they at first thought that I was the only one saved. By signalling to the other vessels in the bay, they found out that the chief officer was saved by a tug. One apprentice and a Spanish sailor were picked up by the s.s. *Raglan Castle*. A day or two later, my uncle, who was a pilot in Capetown, came aboard the *Surrey* and took me to his home, where I quickly recovered from the strenuous time I had had. H.L.

French four-masted Barque *Caroline*, ex British *Muskoka*, in Port Philip Bay, 1917.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

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Barque *Raupo*, ex *Louisa Craig*, ex *Peru*, in Hauraki, July, 1920. She has shared the fate of many other ships and is now a coal hulk, at Lyttelton, New Zealand.

Western Ocean Schooners

Some interesting facts about them

PART II.

One of the biggest of the fleet is the *George A. Wood*, with 234 tons gross, also doing very well; three of her eastward passages being 22, 24 and 33 days. In 1925 she received a severe battering going west. She left Bonanza on 11th November, 1925, for St. John's, but when well off the Portuguese coast ran into a blow which lasted for weeks, and limped into Fayal 40 days out. Extensive repairs were effected, and she eventually reached her destination on 5th March, 1926.

Another schooner of about the same size, the *General Byng*, was recently towed into St. John's with loss of her foretopmast and sundry other damages, 61 days out from Oporto. She has a westward and an eastward passage each of 25 days to her credit.

A gallant rescue.

It goes without saying that the fish traders are not always so lucky as to escape the dangers of the grim Western Ocean. Dismastings and abandonments are many, though one often wonders these cases are not more frequent, seeing the perils these small soft wood ships have to go through. It must be said their crews hang on to them until the very last moment and so many a ship is saved which would have been abandoned by less hardy and experienced seamen. As for instance, the *Little Stephano*, 162 tons gross, which, in 1924, ran from St. John's to Seville in 26 days, in April, 1926, was abandoned in 35° N., 35° W., after having drifted about for almost a fortnight with loss of sails and a broken rudder-post, leaking badly; the *Nancy Lee*, 149 tons, abandoned on 24th October, 1925, in 48° N., 33° W.; the *Uranus*, a Danish schooner, 99 tons gross, which has a westward passage of 28 days, and two eastward passages of 29 and 28 days, respectively, to her credit, sailed on 23rd December, 1925, from Fayal and was never heard of again; the *Cecil Junior*, 260 tons, which, on March 22nd, 1926, was abandoned leaking badly, the rudder having carried away on March 18th. Her company had been at the pumps incessantly, and as there were only five men and the captain, were completely played out when they were rescued by the steamer *War Diwan*. When they attempted to leave in their own boat it was smashed by the heavy seas. The *Cecil Junior* had fought several consecutive gales for weeks in succession. The *War Diwan* launched a boat, and the rescue was effected most gallantly; the rescuers having been awarded only the other day.

But to return to the luckier ones.

A remarkably fine average, I think the best of all, is shown by the *Nellie T. Walters*, 175 tons gross.

1922—Oporto to Gaultois, N.F.	23 days.
1924—Gaultois, N.F., to Oporto	25 ,,
1925—Gaultois, N.F., to Oporto	23 ,,
1925—Oporto to Barbados	26 ,,
1925—Gaultois, N.F., to Oporto	26 ,,
1925—Setubal to Burin, N.F.	23 ,,
1926—Marystown to Oporto	14 ,,
1926—Gaultois, N.F., to Oporto	24 ,,
1926—Gaultois, N.F., to Oporto	26 ,,
1926/7—Oporto to Burin	31 ,,
1927—St. John's to Oporto	21 ,,

It will be seen that there is only one passage over 30 days, east and west, including a trip to Barbados, a performance not likely to be equalled in the present day.

Very smart work also has been done by the *Gordon T. Tibbs*, 185 tons, in which I crossed twice, now at the bottom of the sea. I find two eastward passages of 17 days, one of 19 days, two of 25 and 23 days, respectively, and a westward one of 23 days. In January, 1925, when entering St. Pierre, Miquelon, she ran ashore, but was refloated, little damage being done. Her next westward trip was a longish one, as she got into the ice, and after a passage of 63 days, passed Cape Race for St. John's. Ultimately the North Atlantic got her: in January, 1926, she was abandoned in 38° N., 37° W., being swept fore and aft, and having her forepost stove in.

Good westward trips, also, are made by the *General Wood*, 193 tons, as from Cadiz to Marystown in 31 days, 1925; 30 days from Cadiz to St. John's in 1926; 20 days from Oporto to Carbonear in 1926/7, a very smart passage; 31 days from Verdon Roads to St. Pierre in this year. In 1925/6 she was 62 days from Lisbon to Bay Bulls, having lost fore- and mainsails and jumbo in mid-Atlantic. Among her eastward trips are three of 18, 22 and 25 days, respectively.

As another example of a steady average, the *General Trenchard*, 184 tons, must be mentioned, her eastward passages I know of being 20, 31, 20 and 24 days; her westward trips 21 and 30 days, and lastly, in 1927, 30 days from Cadiz to Lamaline. Then there is the *Enid E. Legge*, 272 tons, with one eastward trip of 13 and two of 32 days, and a westward one of 28 days; the *Emily H. Patton*, 193 tons, eastward 20, 27 and 29 days, westward 23, 36 and 19 days; the *A. H. Whitman*, eastward 19 and 20 days, westward 35 and 22 days; the *Ria*, 190 tons, eastward 17, 31 and 31 days, westward 25, 29 and 43 days; the *Jean McKay*, eastward 25 and 20, westward 26, 28, 28 and 38 days.

Bellhouse **on her last passage, and slipping gracefully through.**

Special notice must be given to the *Ronald M. Douglas*, a very faithful western ocean trader :—

1922—Oporto to Gaultois	32	days.
1924—Oporto to Gaultois	39	,,
1924—Gaultois to Lisbon	20	,,
1924—Lisbon to Burin	43	,, (leaking)
1925—St. Pierre, Miq., to Oporto	31	,,
1925—Oporto to Gaultois	34	,,
1925—Gaultois to Oporto	21	,,
1925—Oporto to Gaultois	32	,,
1925—Gaultois to Cadiz	28	,,
1925/6—Oporto to St. Pierre, Miq.	67	,,
1926—Oporto to Burin	30	,,
1926—Gaultois to Oporto	20	,,
1926—Oporto to Gaultois	28	,,
1926—Gaultois to Oporto	28	,,
1926/7—Oporto to Gaultois	35	,,
1927—St. Pierre, Miq., to Oporto	17	,,

And this the work of the *Faustina*, 177 tons :—

1922—Oporto to Ramea, N.F.	35	days.
1925—Ramea, N.F., to Oporto	18	,,
1925—Cadiz to Grand Bank	30	,,
1925/6—Ramea, N.F., to Oporto	20	,,
1926—Marystown to Oporto	16	,,
1926—Cadiz to Ramea, N.F.	32	,,
1926—Ramea, N.F., to Oporto	13	,,
1926—Cadiz to St. John's	32	,,
1927—Burgeo to Oporto	22	,,
1927—Oporto to Ramea, N.F.	27	,,

Of equal interest are the small ones, such as the *Bastian*, a little over 100 tons, with eastward passages of 18, 28, 29, 28, 20 and 34 days, and westward trips of 28 and 38 days; the *Dauntless*, only 78 tons net, which in 1925 ran from Oporto to Grand Bank in 29 days, and in 1926 was 28 days on the return trip; the *Athena*, 72 tons net, of which I have no records.

I will finish with those sturdy Bluenose ships, recalling two gallant schooners for which the North Atlantic was too much.

The *Hazel Trahey*, 165 tons, after appearing on the overdue list for a considerable time, in 1924 ran from St. John's to Cadiz in 20 days. The trip back from Bonanza to St. John's occupied 47 days. In 1926 she arrived at Oporto 27 days out from St. John's. On July 31st of the same year she set sail from Cadiz for Battle Harbour, and presently got into terrific weather. The gale tore away her mizzenmast, but the Master, Hodgkinson, nevertheless decided to go. She encountered a second gale, which blew away all her sails and caused her to leak badly. On September 4th she was abandoned in 48° N., 40° W., the men being taken off by the Italian steamer *Andalusia*. During almost the whole trip the pumps were worked, the last week without intermission, a terrible thing aboard these schooners, which often carry only six or seven men all told.

The other unlucky one, the *General Maude*, 179 tons, which, in 1925, ran from Grand Bank to Oporto in 19 days, arrived January 23rd, 1926, at Oporto 25 days out from Marystown, having jettisoned part of her cargo. On February 2nd, 1926, she left Cadiz for St. John's, and had to be abandoned on March 23rd in 45.30° N., 19° W. The hardy crew, which had fought incessant gales for more than a month, was taken off by the Norwegian steamer *Aztec*.

I now come to the fish traders under the Danish flag. In contrast with the Bluenoses, which are mainly about the same size and built of softwood on the shores of Nova Scotia, these Danish craft are of various sizes (generally much smaller), and built of Danish oak in the obscure yards of small Danish seaports. Although sparred in much the same way as the Britishers, their hulls are tubbier in appearance. They mostly hail from Marstal or Svendborg, although they generally stay away for years from their home ports.

But they are ships, all ships for all that, and the records put up by the Danish shippers are as good as those of their Bluenose brothers, at least on the eastward passage, while abandonments are not so frequent.

There is for instance the *Energi*, 137 tons gross, which in 1922 was 18 days from Terceira to Newfoundland, and 24 days from Bay Bulls to Seville; in 1925, 25 days from Harbour Breton to Oporto; in 1926, 31 days for Martal to St. John's, 25 days from Burgeo to Oporto, 33 days from Oporto to St. John's, and 32 days from Cadiz to St. John's in this year.

The *Astraea* in 1927 went out from Vaag to St. John's in 38 days, in 1925 from Cadiz in 32 days, returning to Oporto in 19 days. Her next westward trip was 30 days, she being in 36° N., 41.25° W. when only 15 days out. In 1926 I find two eastward trips of 24 and 26 days, respectively, and a westward one of 25 days, while on December 3rd, 1926, she arrived at Oporto only 16 days out from St. John's.

(*To be concluded.*)

Barque *Alfreda*, ex *British Saxon*. Built at Greenock, in 1892.

Memories of 'Frisco

Waiting for a berth 23 years ago

In 1906 I joined a sailing vessel, loading cement at Antwerp for San Francisco, leaving in July and arriving at the Golden Gate early in December, after a 149-days' passage and a hectic seven weeks rounding Cape "Stiff." Some few miles outside, one of the "Red" stack tow-boats met us and at the end of the usual argument, a bargain was struck and we were taken in tow. As we approached the Golden Gate we were greeted by a steady downpour of rain, and dropping our anchor just after dark, made fast our sodden canvas and having swallowed our tea sat discussing the new port we were so shortly to see and listening to the yarns of the older men who had been there previously.

Excitement of the mail.

About 7 p.m. a launch came alongside bringing the agent's clerk, with letters and newspapers, and those who had friends and relations anxiously awaited their distribution, while those who had not, chaffed their comrades and assumed an air of superiority which, probably, they were not feeling. After an interval, the names of the lucky ones were called out and the recipients vanished into the quietest corners they could find to devour the news accumulated during a five months' absence, away from the jibes of their less fortunate companions. A bit later the information drifted forward that all the berths were engaged, and that we would not get alongside for at least four days, and this news promptly put an end to many visions of a square meal the next night.

When the day broke, the harbour was visible in all its beauty; the town of San Francisco, extending southward from the Barbary Coast, and built on the side of a hill running down to the water front, with its attractive Ferry Building, the huge "Call" Building and others which had escaped the destruction wrought by the earthquake; the wharves, over which towered the masts of the many vessels discharging there; the towns of Oakland and Alameda on the other side of the bay; then the entrance to Sacramento River and, to the northward, Mount Tamalpais, overtopping every hill in sight. We were anchored close to Alcatraz and Goat Islands, and a continual stream of ferries, steam schooners, sailing schooners, tugs, motor-boats and scows, formed, to our unaccustomed eyes, what seemed to be an endless procession of traffic over the bay.

A goodly gathering.

On the third day of our incarceration we were joined by four other vessels. The *Garnet Hill*, a four-masted barque, owned by J. M. Cambell and Co., of Glasgow, which had been in our company from Start Point to Madeira and again off the Horn. The *Leyland Brothers*, a big main-skysail yard full-rigged ship, which, after vainly struggling against the westerlies off Cape Horn, turned tail and ran round the Cape and Australia, making, I think, a 280-days' passage. An Italian barque arrived in the afternoon, the *Speme*, ex *Arthurstone*, of Dundee. We had seen her 10 miles to the northward the day we arrived, and her record was 377 days from Genoa, having had to put into Montevideo in distress and again into Los Angeles for provisions. She was originally owned by D. Bruce and Co., and was one of Courlay Brothers' productions, launched in 1876 and sold to Italy in 1902. I don't know what her record was when under the British flag, but this voyage must have been a heart-breaker for her captain.

Kelburn wrecked in Morecambe Bay a number of years ago. Afterwards broken up at Troon.

The last ship to arrive that day was the big four-masted barque *Palgrave*, and she brought up close to us. Her passage was also a very long one and even after her arrival her bad luck did not desert her as, during the night, a gale sprang up and shortly after daylight carried away her windlass, losing both anchors and cables, and drifting, stern first, on to Alcatraz Island. Two of Spreckel's tugs immediately went after her and succeeded in getting her off, but a heavy squall coming down took charge and she went ashore again in a rather worse position than she had been before; it taking nine tugs to tow her off that afternoon. Having lost her anchors she had to be berthed at once and, much to our chagrin, was placed in the berth we were to have occupied at Union Street Wharf. It is sincerely to be hoped that none of the curses levelled at her took effect, but I believe she was lost leaving Australia about three months later. Two days after this, to our great joy, we hove up and proceeded to a berth, also at Union Street, having for company, *Palgrave*, *County of Inverness*, *Balmoral*, *Clan Galbraith*, all four-masted barques, and the ship *Scottish Glens*. Before the ship was fast, the boarding-house runners were all over the place, greeting men whom they had never set eyes on as old friends, and obliging them with nips of whiskey, "Sailors' Welcome" brand, until such time as they could get ashore.

Before he left, someone found time to tie a beef bone to the figure-head, with a notice "Hunger and starvation" attached, much to the Old Man's and mate's indignation, and when it was observed I was hurried out to remove the offending advertisement, although the second mate pointed out that the figurehead itself proved the falsity of the statement, being the bust of a very well-built lady.

* * * *

Prior to the earthquake, 'Frisco must have been a fine city, but when we arrived the streets were gashed and broken in all directions, while,

thanks to the recent rain, huge ponds extended across the roads. Dozens of houses were in ruins, and in the parts most affected, i.e., along the water-front, bottom of Market Street, business was being carried on in wooden houses hurriedly erected in the vicinity of the old buildings. Thousands of refugees were living in tents in Golden Gate Park and many more had trekked across to the hills above Oakland, etc.

A haven of refuge.

The Mission to Seamen was flourishing in a wooden hut, built amidst piles of bricks and wreckage, and boasted of one main room and, I think, two small rooms for an office and the chaplain's use. It was crowded night after night with apprentices and the sailors who stayed by their ships, and many happy evenings were spent there, with concerts and other attractions to keep the lads from roaming and getting led astray. And here I would like to register my appreciation and thanks to the Rev. Frank Stone and the ladies who so kindly used to give up their evenings to our entertainment, sitting in a fog of smoke and an atmosphere one could cut with a knife, not one night a week but night after night. I am sure they must often have suffered from headaches the morning after.

On leaving the Mission, it was the usual thing, provided the funds were forthcoming, to adjourn to the Alameda, Magnolia or Piedmont Café for a cup of cocoa and banana shortcake (10 cents.) and then to wend our way back, in bands, to our respective ships. Undoubtedly there would not have been many suppers but for the tailor, who was appointed to supply the crew of the ship. He did not sell much, but supplied us with cash in small amounts, our allowance at one time being about $2, for which we would sign for a shirt or other article at $2.50, the difference being his commission for the accommodation.

The waterside abounded with beachcombers, who lived where and how they could. I remember several who lived in some empty water tanks and sewer-pipes, calling themselves the "Sons of Rest." They used to get stores from the steam schooners on their monthly storing day, as then, all stores left over from the last month were given away, the same quantity of provisions being put on board every month. They knew the storing dates of most of the schooners trading there, and so did we. We used to go on board these same vessels for a "square" meal and had many a banquet on them. In comparison to the limejuicer's burgoo, soup, tough beef and bones, potatoes and biscuits, the coaster's chicken, ham, salmon, etc., made our mouths water and was responsible for many a young lad clearing out from his ship while the stewards never appeared to mind an influx of hungry visitors.

A happy Christmas.

Shanghai-ing still went on, and while I was there the mate of the *Garnet Hill* woke up one morning on the *Durbridge*, which was lying at anchor ready to sail. Fortunately for him, when he claimed himself, the captain recognised him and sent him ashore. Christmas arrived, and the Mission provided a treat for the seafaring fraternity by an outing to Mount Tamalpais with a dinner at the hotel on the top, followed, on New Year's Day, by a trip to Mill Valley, at which place there is a large school; the scholars being on holiday, the principal kindly threw open the gymnasium, etc., for our benefit, and as the day was very wet it proved a blessing

to all, as football and other games were carried on in the gym. Truly, we had a lot for which to thank the chaplain.

Sunday afternoons were usually spent in a trip out to Rock House, at the entrance to the Golden Gate and overlooking the broad Pacific. The return journey was usually made hanging on the steps or rear of the Sutter Street car; no one attempted to get in, for a very good reason, viz., if you were outside the gates, when closed, the conductor did not take any fare, and the fare thus saved provided supper.

"Some" ballast!

Our stay in 'Frisco came to an end about the third week in January when, having completed discharging, we set sail for Newcastle, N.S.W., in ballast, said ballast consisting of the wreckage of the town—sand, bricks, bundles of paper, tins, etc., and I shall not forget the job we had discharging it. While we were discharging, the *Clan Galbraith* left for Port Costa to load, and shortly before we sailed news came of a sad accident on her. A scow, containing three apprentices, working overside, capsized in the wash of a river steamer and they were thrown into the water. The senior apprentice got hold of the youngest and put him on the upturned scow while he went after the other, whom he saved, but the other apparently slipped off again and his body was recovered three days later in 'Frisco Bay. As we had been very friendly with the *Galbraith*, this news cast a gloom over our lads for some time.

Of the many vessels in the harbour, I can only remember a few, outside those already mentioned. The four-masted barques *Howard D. Troop*, Macvicar, Marshall's *Dunstaffnage* and *Dunfermline*, *Grenada* and *Crocodile*, and the ships *Red Rock*, *Samoena* and *Carmanian*.

J. B.

A pretty picture of Barque *Sverre* leaving Maryport in August, 1926.

Whaling Stories

A Sealing Voyage

The ship *Victor* sailed from Camperdown Dock, Dundee, on 20th February, 1877. The master's name was John Nicoll, the first mate James Fairwhether, second mate Clarke. I am unable to recall all the names, but the spectioneer, who had charge of all fishing guns, lines, harpoons, flenshing and other gear, and was a kind of third mate, was Alex Donaldson. The schieman (or captain of the hold), D. Bruce. There were two engineers, two firemen, boatswain and his mate, carpenter, by name Levey, his mate, and blacksmith, cooper and sailmaker, each having a mate. These mates were picked after sailing. Five line managers, who pulled stroke oar and looked after the boat's gear; four harpooneers—mates and spectioneer were also harpooneers—spectioneer, harpooneer, schieman, are relics of our forerunners, the Dutch, who had 300 sail at the fishing in 1665. Five or six boat steerers—more were picked as required.

A useful man on board.

We had six whale boats in davits and a dinghey across the stern, also two spare boats on skids. The crew numbered about 45, and 15 more were shipped at Lerwick, making a total of 60, which included a doctor and a shipkeeper, the latter being an old veteran, by name Davity Thompson, who in his own way, described himself as being in charge of "Ah thing that everybody else forgot." He was able, on account of his possession of an only mate's ticket, to take any position, as an officer if required, and was a capable man at flenshing or "making off" when necessary. He was popularly known as the "bear slayer" on account of some of his escapades; his name will crop up later. About 15 of the hands were seamen legally, but as there were about 15 or 20 real A.B.'s on board, the rest could be made to pull an oar somehow. The crowd looked strong and healthy, and would make a good show at sea or ashore. Everyone seemed to have a good kit, and in any case could replenish from the ship's slopchest, woollen mitts, scarves, guernseys, caps, etc., which were cheap and plenty of them.

So the sailing of the *Victor* was made lively by the usual parting and by the results of the libations that were offered to the gods of fortune. As I was 17 years of age, and had never seen so many men who so suddenly became of very little use—except as fighting units—I felt a deep feeling of repugnance and dislike at all the shouting and exchange of "pocket pistols." A few were late enough, and so were bundled into a boat as we steamed away, and hauled on board in the river.

Squaring up below.

As I have sailed and steamed over much water since then, and am now 69, my attitude is not now so squeamish about it. I have, however, on many an occasion seen to it that the half-seas-over bully boys amongst my crews didn't get a whiff of their own Dutch—or Scotch—courage after they had once put their foot on board. To continue. I found myself at the wheel, and after we had dropped our pilot off Tay Bar some attempt was made to set the watch, but the decks were now deserted, and the sounds of revelry and fighting that came from the crew's quarters, were not hopeful.

When daylight broke I got very busy, as the crowd below were sleeping off their hilarious "dust up," during which some of the chest lids had been kicked open. Some of my pet property had been badly mauled about;

The famous old Shaw Savill clipper *Canterbury*. Taken at Lyttelton, New Zealand, after a passage of 21 days from Wellington. Broken up in 1927.

I heartily kicked some of the already bruised and damaged forms, but that didn't bring back the aunt's steak and kidney pie, or the mater's plum cake, nor did it restore the contents of the chest to sweet cleanliness.

Neptune was good to us, and the 50 horses, manacled to the ship (under the funnel) kept a-going. The westerly wind freshened, and shortly after daylight some of us were making "square-sail," and trying to get something to eat. Meantime the officers and bo's'un were shaking up the fat-headed ones. I was pleased to find that no one seemed to worry as to how they came by their cuts, general bruises, and corpulent ears, but cherished them as part of a good time, and were already looking forward to having a "hair from the dog" when we arrived at Lerwick.

A month's stores, which consisted of sugar, butter, tea, lime juice, tobacco, dried fruit and coffee, were served out, and all hands (except the cabin aft) had to cook their own breakfast and supper, and supply their own kettles, pans, pannikins, etc. The cook, and his mate, cooked the dinner and supplied hot water, the coppers being replenished by the boys in each watch. We had tinned meat and plum duff twice a week. Suet pudding and salt beef, or salt pork, five days a week and two days rice, or pea soup, and beef, or pork, seals' flippers, white bears' hams, and often salmon, caught in nets made on board, and wild ducks' eggs. The captain at times sent tinned milk, cheese or the tot of rum on Saturdays as a special favour. The galley range was in the crew's living place, and was kept going all night. The quarters were warm and comfortable. Three men—one in each watch—slept in one bunk, and before retiring, clothing was rolled carefully, and hung up with a small rope becket so that if the crew were called to man boats they could take their bundle, get into the boats, and so take turns at dressing while those in the boats rowed away from the ship.

The *Victor* was fitted with a "trunk" at the fore part of the stern post. The propeller was two bladed, and fitted into a frame, or carriage, which could be hoisted up the trunk by a pair of sheer legs, a broken blade could be taken off the boss, and another bolted on. The carriage, or frame, could be then lowered to its working position when it fitted into a socketed flange on the propeller shaft and into a socket on the stern post.

The whole was then screwed and wedged down and secured for work. When under sail the two blades were up and down ("feathered"). This arrangement was not repeated in the more modern ships, as they had fixed propellers, with three blades, say, in *Arctic* and four blades in *Resolute*. In one case two blades were taken off after the fall fishing, in a West Greenland harbour before leaving the country for the passage home. The *Victor's* people (mate's watch) were able to change propeller blades and be under steam again in $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours.

This with three watches and three men in one bunk, also two boats' crews and a few to spare in each watch, took a ritual, and carried a lot of secret lobbying and some bargaining with "clothes washing," tobacco and even our possible rum messpots. The main things were to get into a good harpooneer's boat, also to get two bed-mates of cleanly habits, and with good bedding.

But to get back to our arrival in Lerwick. Our men required to complete the crew (all R.N.R.) were alongside, also some cases of slops were bundled on board, and without anchoring, we steamed to sea again. Fort William (about 200 men drilled there each winter) gave us a cheer as the garrison (or crew) stood easy, and then with a stentorian yell continued to "Repel boarders in the starboard bow," etc. So we found ourselves at sea, our bows pointing north, and we bowled away for Jan Mayen, with a whole sail westerly breeze.

Shetland lads satisfactory.

The new Shetland hands were sober and clean, well supplied with good clothing, and two of them were harpooneers, and steady old lads they were. They had a ready fund of stories, *re* warlocks, witches, bogles, etc.

That night I found myself at the wheel, and our captain was stepping it out on the quarter-deck and singing to himself—

"Fire up, fire up, fire up, down below,
There's all the bonny lasses waiting for me in Dundee, ye know."

We found that this ditty was a kind of hymn of praise and joy when things were going well. Many a time during the voyage I heard its opposite, viz.—

"Erring children, prone to wander,
Lord, I feel it; Lord, I feel it,"

and have speculated on the identity of the erring one and his, or my, chances of proving an alibi.

Anyhow, "Polaris" was over our fore-topgallant yard, and our longitude was a little to the westward of Greenwich, so we picked up Northing fast and prepared for the seal fishing. The oil tanks (10 tons each) were full of coal leaving Dundee, and as we proceeded the tanks were emptied and cleaned, the bunkers being kept full. In about seven days from Shetland we made the ice, and after steaming along the loose heaving mush for 24 hours (heading N.E.) we entered the ice, steering to the N.N.W., and I had my first experience of ice conditions. The grinding and crashing of large pieces around the bows, the creaking and groaning of the ship as the swell rose and fell, kept me on deck fascinated, until we had worked our way in. We were 10 or 12 miles from the open water before we lost the sea swell.

(To be continued)

Merseyside

Queen of the North, where merchants trade;
And sailing craft of every grade
Come in from shores of distant lands,
From frozen seas to burning strands.
Thy docks swing back their ponderous gates,
And ships unload the precious freights
Amid the clang of trucks and wheels.
Cotton and wool for busy mills;
Grain, fruit and oils, and goodly wines,
Produce and ores from foreign mines.
The world's leviathans at rest,
Swing to the tides upon thy breast,
Till soon, outbound, their human freight
Will wave farewells, and crowd the deck.
The siren booms, the hawser clears,
'Mid fluttering handkerchiefs and tears.
By day, is heard the rumbling jar
Of city traffic, hooting car;
The sound of hammers, windward borne
From shipyards where great ships are born:
And ferry craft flit to and fro,
Like time and tide's unceasing flow.
While screaming gulls, in hungry mood,
Dip, circling round in search of food.
By night, the lights along thy banks,
Decked out like giant fairy lamps,
And masthead, port and starboard lights,
That shine for helmsmen in the night:
While through the fairway to the Bar,
Each signal twinkles like a star.
Queen of the North, there's none like thee
For haven, coming home from sea.

C. Wilson Fearon.

The *Avante Savoia*
Wrecked off the Shetland Isles

She was the barque *Avante Savoia*, registered in Sydney, N.S.W., although, as her name denotes, she was formerly under the Italian flag. Of 1,383 tons net, and 1,441 gross, when 105 days out from Iquique to Rotterdam, with nitrate, she went to pieces with every soul on board on the night of Sunday-Monday, 4th-5th April, 1915, at a point locally known as the Burga Stacks, one of the wildest spots on the sparsely-lit west side of Shetland.

The causes and circumstances which led the vessel to her doom remain one of those mysteries of the sea, as no survivor was left to tell the tale. It was subsequently reported that a vessel answering her description was seen to the westward from the outlying Island of Foula on the Sunday. The night came down thick, with a south-westerly gale and heavy sea, probably preventing observation from the hill-tops, practically every one of which was utilised as an outlook-post during those war years. A poignant circumstance was that only half a mile westward lay the narrow entrance to the safe, land-locked harbour of Vaila Sound; although, from the point where she struck there is a long stretch of high cliff overlooked by no human habitation until broken by the Creek of Bulswick, some distance eastward.

No signals of distress were seen or heard. The first intimation of anything being amiss was on the Monday morning, soon after daybreak, when a considerable quantity of wreckage, piled into Bulswick Creek by the sea, gave ample evidence of a shipwreck. The direction from which the wreckage floated pointed to the scene of the disaster as the Burga Stacks. No time was lost by the Bulswick people in thoroughly searching the shore in the faint hope of finding any survivors. But all was in vain. All that could be seen was bodies supported by lifebelts amidst masses of wreckage.

To launch a small boat from the creek into the teeth of the Atlantic fury, with wreckage shot in all directions by the surge, was a hazardous undertaking. Only experienced hands could have essayed such a task under such conditions, but noble and brave men took the risk. It was only when the first body was recovered from the turmoil of wreckage and surf that an extraordinary coincidence was unfolded, and the identity of sailor and ship disclosed. To the amazement of the rescuers the body was recognised as that of Christopher Fraser, a young lad of 18 years, whose home was in the adjacent village of Walls, only three miles away; and practically the next article salved was a desk belonging to him. Two more bodies were recovered ere darkness fell, nine in all being found when the weather moderated.

So ended the first and last voyage of Christopher Fraser. He had set forth from his native isles in the early summer of 1914, made his way to the Tyne, and shipped from there before the outbreak of war. That this young sailor should lose his life almost within sight of his home after escaping the dangers of foreign waters and war-time risks on the high seas, savours indeed of the cruel hand of fate. One can but conjecture his feelings on that Sunday ere the curtain of darkness fell, when the familiar coast line of his boyhood was sighted; and later, when disaster befell the *Avante Savoia*, how he alone of all on board knew where she had struck. Sad it was, too, that her skipper, probably taking the North of Scotland route in preference to the Channel in war time, should have avoided one peril to perish by another.

J.C.

Last of Bristol-built Ships

Some interesting facts about *Favell*

I was much interested to see in *Sea Breezes*, a few months ago, queries as to the early history of this, the last of the Bristol-built sailing ships, except, perhaps, the venerable old *Great Britain*, still, I believe, doing hulk duty at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands.

The *Favell* was built by Messrs. Charles Hill & Sons, of the Albion Dockyard, Bristol, and was the last of a long line of sailing ships built by the firm and its predecessors at that centuries old shipyard. Probably the most famous vessel ever launched from these ways was the *Saucy Arethusa*, immortalized by Dibdin.

Always the same name.

Launched bows on (as per photograph I took of this event) 33 years ago, after being on the stocks for several years, probably on sale, she was christened by one of the builder-owner's daughters, Miss Favell Hill. Hence the somewhat query-inviting name that has stuck to the graceful little vessel despite all her changes of flag and ownership in the intervening years of her ocean wanderings. The other picture of the *Favell* shows her in the rigger's hands, lying outside the builders' yard, opposite the old Naval Reserve training ship *Dardalus*. This latter vessel's beautiful bow and figurehead are to be seen on the left of the picture.

Messrs. Hill completed her, appointed Captain Richard Holten, late of Daniel's West Indian barque *Agusta*, also built by this firm and under the Hill house flag. This consists of a five-pointed blue star on a white

Launch of *Favell*, at Bristol, in October, 1895. Photo by James Randall.

Favell in a further stage of advancement, referred to in accompanying article.

ground, and is still the distinctive mark on the Bristol City Line funnels owned and run to the U.S.A. by Messrs. Hill. The *Favell* was loaded with general cargo to the Colonies, and for a few voyages ran as a Bristol ship in the general sailing ship trades.

Like so many British owners, Messrs. Hill disposed of all their sailing ships, and the last to go was the *Favell*. She was sold to a Finnish firm about 1898, and has once since returned under the Finnish flag to her birth place with a cargo of Australian wheat. Even now many Bristol admirers of the few sailing beauties left fondly hope that before the end of her career as a deep water cargo-carrier she will once more be seen in the Bristol Floating Harbour.

Building sheds gone.

As seen in the accompanying photograph, the *Favell* was built under cover, as were her forerunners at the Albion Dockyard, and was about the last vessel to be so built by Messrs. Hill. Since then the yard has been greatly extended and modernized, and the building sheds have gone the way of the wooden vessels built under them. With the time-honoured exception of the *Favell*, the iron and steel sailers have gone also.

Many of these were named after ladies of the Hill family, and the writer well remembers the *Gladys*, *Phyllis*, *Gertrude*, *Mabel*, *Lita*, *Gwendoline*, and the *Agusta*, mentioned previously, nothing much in the way of clippers, but really beautiful specimens of sailing craft, built "ship-shape, and Bristol fashion."

Jas. Randall.

Ships of Years Ago

Some recollections of the '60's

There seems to be a desire for information regarding the *Peerless*. I served my time in Joshua Prowse and Company's ships, and though it is not much I recollect about the *Peerless*, every little helps. Now, I don't want to "bore you stiff," as the other ancient mariner did his hearer, but a few *requérdos* of lang syne may interest at least some of your older readers.

Towards the fall of 1861, having made a trial trip to Riga (as to my future) as boy in the old brig *Henry*, of Montrose, in February, 1862, I became apprenticed to Joshua Prowse and Co., Ansdale Street, Liverpool, a five-years' indenture, to receive the munificent sum of £26. My first ship was their *Queen of the Seas*. We left the Mersey for Bombay (in tow of the *Brother Jonathan*), with a cargo of coal, "Bully" Peters being master. There were seven apprentices, besides Paddy Walsh, sails, all in the half-deck, and I have often thought of that half-deck, and our food, or rather want of it. On Friday afternoons we received our 14-ozs. of brown sugar, and week's allowance of weevily 32-hole Liverpool pantiles. We lads were so famished we'd sit down and eat a couple of days' whack of the biscuits, and all the "cockroaches" (damp lumps) in the sugar.

I still remember the low stone steps at the Apollo Bunda, where four of us had to lie with the boat waiting Peters, until late, or early! I fancy I yet see the "doctor" (our coloured cook) the night we were taken in tow off Tuskar, standing outside the galley door and trying to tease out his wool. The night I got home the bonfires were blazing, celebrating the Prince of Wales' wedding to the "Sea King's daughter from over the sea."

After a couple of weeks at home I was summoned to Liverpool to join the *Peerless*. It would be towards the end of March, 1863, when we left Liverpool for Madras. I don't remember the captain's name; he was a proper old sailor. Would sit a whole watch on the weather grating alongside the wheel, noting the carry of the clouds, his constant and sole company, a "churchwarden." We discharged at Madras, and from there went to Rangoon, returning to Liverpool. I was then shifted to the barque *Joshua Prowse*, a West-coaster. We were loading ore at Herradura, and one day I came in the boat to Carrizal, with the other three youngsters, to leave the captain.

While waiting at the Mole I made the acquaintance of young Hayes, who was third mate in another of Prowse's barques—the *Baringa*, I believe Our next meeting was years later, in the Plaza Victoria, Valparaiso. Straw-hat far back, and smoking a cutty pipe, as he said, "admiring the Senoritas." Captain Hayes was in command of the P.S.N.C.'s *Arauco*. I was chief officer of their old paddle-boat *Chile*. He told me he was having the time of his life, carting coal between Puchoco and Caldera. Every time I pass the Cotapaxe Buoy in Canal Messer it recalls old time, and memories.

Returning to Swansea with the *Joshua*, I had a month at home, then was sent to the *Caranja*, on a voyage to Valparaiso and back, which completed my five years' apprenticeship. Having got my second mate's certificate (at Dundee) old Joshua Prowse, who had, I believe, some connection with the Ritsons, got me a berth as second mate of the *Robert Ritson*.

JAMES STEELE.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

Blue Water Evening.

The next Blue Water Evening will be held on Friday, 15th March, at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, this being the largest available in Liverpool. The function is too well known to require detailed treatment here, but all who attend are promised a really enjoyable evening, a re-awakening of the sea spirit, and an opportunity of hearing chanties sung as they *should* be sung.

It will be remembered on the last Blue Water Evening the stage represented a fully-rigged sailing vessel, named the *Blue Water*. The same setting will be in evidence again this year. There will be certain novelties incorporated in the programme, so with the retention of all the old features and inclusion of new, a record evening's entertainment should be provided.

The entire proceeds of the Blue Water Evening will be divided between the Boys' Sea Training establishments in the Merseyside area, and all expenses are defrayed by The Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Last year the record sum of £323 5s. 6d. was distributed, compared with the previous year's takings of £292 18s. 1d.

This year we want to beat that total—it will require a big effort, but optimism prevails that we will eclipse our record at the forthcoming event.

Pass the word along to your friends. Tell them about the entertainment, and bring them with you.

John Willis Ships.

Can any one of your numerous readers give a history of the old *Jumna*? I think she belonged to Mr. John Willis, of London. I have not noticed her mentioned in *Sea Breezes* up to the present, although there are several of the ships of John Willis mentioned.

W. T. Digby.

The *Mozambique* and *Madagascar*.

These two fine sister ships were disposed of to foreigners, when they were no longer payable propositions under the Red Ensign. I hope the following particulars will suffice, as asked for by "R.S.M." in the October issue.

The *Mozambique* was sold to Germans in 1911 for £5,750, and put up some fine passages under that flag under the name of *Ulrich*. In 1915 she was again sold to Norwegians for £10,500, and renamed *Sydnaes*, and the following year again resold to S. O. Stray, of Christiansand, Norway. On March 3rd, 1920, whilst bound from Norfolk, Virginia, to Italy, she was abandoned in the Western Ocean.

The *Madagascar* was sold to the Germans in 1912 for £5,500, and later to the Russians and renamed *Katanga*, but she since disappeared from the register, so has been probably lost or broken up.

Tamar.

Mr. William Birchall seeks information of the ship *Tamar*, and any news regarding her would be much appreciated.

More about *Eros.*

Eros, ex *Les Adelphes*, was beached up the Pegu River in 1927. She was in such a rotten condition that, when she touched the mud, her masts and yards collapsed. She is now out of sight.

Fate of *James Kerr.*

"Sagittarius" may be interested to know that *James Kerr* became *Isebek*, under the German flag. She was at Valparaiso during the war, and was sold afterwards to Krabbs there. She was refitted and renamed *Maria*. This vessel was driven ashore, and broke up at Chanaral, January, 1926.

End of *Lockwood.*

Lockwood was wrecked between Hilbre Island and Hoylake during the great hurricane of January 7th-8th, 1839. Her commander, when lost, was W. Lawton. She was built in New Brunswick of black birch and pine.

E. A. Woods.

Three Brothers again.

Many times reference has been made in *Sea Breezes* to the *Three Brothers*, as to whether she was originally the *Vanderbilt* or the *North Star*. She is now being broken up, and as a final link in her remarkable history the accompanying photograph shows her as a coal hulk at Gibraltar. Her late skipper, Captain George Mathias, died quite recently at the great age of 90 years.

S. Sindall.

Three Brothers, **mentioned many times in previous issues of *Sea Breezes*, shown here as a coal hulk at Gibraltar. She is now being broken up.**

J. Stewart's Ships.

I hope the following will please "Captain Shakings," who asks for anything concerning Stewart's ships. The firm was of very long standing and owned sailing ships until recently, when they disposed of the ship *Wm. Mitchell*, the last full-rigged ship owned in Britain.

They purchased the ships *Coriolanus* and *Hesperides* from J. Paton, of London, in the eighties. The former was sold to Germans in 1891, and then to Norwegians, and she ran throughout the war out of Christiania, and in 1922 was still running out of Drammen, but has since been broken up, I think. The *Hesperides* was sold to Norwegians in 1904, and she disappeared from the register in 1910-11, and was probably broken up or lost.

The *Commonwealth* was another of their ships, and she was sold to Genoa in 1908 and renamed *Cavour*. In 1922 she was owned in Callao as the *Cuatro Hermanos*.

The *Ashmore*, of 1,099 tons, was sold in 1907 to Norwegians for £3,050, and ran for many years, but has since disappeared from the register.

The *Combermere*, of 1,686 tons, was sold to Italians in 1909 for £2,600.

The *Falkirk*, of 1,862 tons, was purchased by the firm in 1909 for £4,650, and in 1924 she was dismasted. She is now a hulk at Punta Arenas.

The *Peri* was sold to Norwegians in 1906 for £1,800, and again in 1910 for £950.

The German ship *Ossa*, a prize of war, was purchased in 1914-15 for £7,025, and renamed *Kinpurney*. She was later torpedoed.

The *Kilmallie*, built at Glasgow in 1893, was another of the fleet, and she sailed under the Red Ensign until 1926, when she was broken up at Bowness.

The *Carnmoney*, of 1,255 tons, was sold in 1915 for £7,600 to a Montreal firm.

The *Monkbarns*, of Liverpool, was purchased in 1911 for £4,850, and a couple of years ago was sold for a hulk at Corcubion.

The last ship owned by the firm was the Londonderry-built ship, *Wm. Mitchell*. She arrived at Ostend on November 25th, 1927, from Tocopilla, via the Panama Canal, and was then sold to foreigners for £2,100, to be broken up.

G. I.

Can any one help?

I would like to see an article on the ships of my old firm, Messrs. Robert Thomas & Co., of Liverpool. Perhaps some of your readers may give us the history of some of them. To mention a few: *Boltard* and *Gwydyr Castle*, *Penrhyn Castle*, *Rhuddlan Castle*, etc. There must be many of your readers who have served in these ships and who could give us some interesting information about them.

Captain J. P. Saul.

News sought of old friends.

Any information of the following ships will be gladly received by one who sailed in them years ago: *Riverleven*, of Glasgow, *Milton Park*, *Doune Castle*, *Hannibal*, *Geneste*, and *Zealandia*.

H. A. B.

Bristol Ships.

I recently called at Messrs. Charles Hill & Sons, in Bristol, and was shown half-models of the following vessels, all barques, built at their Albion Dockyard, for themselves: *Gwendoline*, 1869, 356 tons, sold to Spaniards, July, 1891; *Gertrude*, 1877, 495 tons, sold to Greece, July, 1890; *Phyllis*, 1888, 967 tons, sold to Norwegians February, 1890; *Gladys*, 1891, 1,363 tons, transferred to London and renamed *Gaper Shell*, went ashore on Mafamede Island 25th January, 1919, and became a total wreck; also the ship *Delta*, 919 tons, built in 1847 at St. John, N.B., purchased in 1865, stranded at Tripoli, 30th January, 1877; and barque *Adria*, 862 tons, built in 1868 at Quebec, purchased 1874, sold to foreigners at Valparaiso in October, 1879.

Messrs. Hill also, in 1869, built and owned the barque *Rookwood*, which was launched broadside on at their yard in Cardiff, where she was registered. She was 636 tons, was lengthened in 1882, sold to Norwegians in June, 1898, and was named after the residence of Sir Edward Hill at Llandaff.

In Bristol Museum models may be seen of the ship *Bristolian*, of Bristol, 891 tons, three skysail yards, owned by J. C. Buckle, built at St. John, N.B., in 1861 and wrecked on Anticosti, 22nd November, 1880; and brig *Tom Cod*, of Bristol, 71 tons, built at Bermuda in 1807, as a brigantine and owned by Messrs. T. and W. King, the West African merchants. She was the last slaver to sail from Bristol, and was hulked in 1855.

Any information relating to the names and careers of foregoing ships, under their foreign flags, or notes on other Bristol sailing ships will be welcomed. The *Dynamene*, illustrated in your November issue, and in which the writer served his time, was an iron ship, 1,947 tons, built by Potters, Liverpool, in 1882. She was dismasted on the 19th May, 1907, to the westward of the Horn in 55 deg. 10 min. S., 82 deg. 30 min. W., on a passage from South Shields to San Francisco. In 1910 she was converted to a hulk by the Niger Company, towed to Burutu and in September, 1925, was finally condemned and sunk in one of the creeks closely adjoining the station.

J. W. Damer Powell.

Sold and resold.

Miako, in 1886, was owned by T. Roberts, of London. She was sold to Spaniards previous to 1900 and was renamed *Asuncion*. In 1909 she was sold and renamed *Isla de la Palma*, being owned at Santa Cruz de la Palma. She does not appear in the register after 1913. Her correct signal letters, under the British flag, were H.V.G.Q. Under the Spanish flag they were altered to H.D.C.M.

Wrecked or condemned?

Avenger, mentioned by C. F. Bewley, was sold to T. Roberts, of Llanelly, who later sold her, about 1902, to Norway. She stranded in January, 1904, and was either totally wrecked or was condemned and broken up.

A remarkable picture of the *Star of Falkland* aground at Akun Island. As detailed below, she became a total loss to her owners.

Loss to the Salmon Fleet.

Another of the famous salmon fleet of the Alaska Packers Association has passed on. The *Star of Falkland*, en route to Naknek, Alaska, grounded on the north-east point of Akun Island, in the Behring Sea, and became a total loss. She had been successful in passing through that bane of all sailing vessels, Unimak Pass, on May 23rd, 1928, but having proceeded so far, lost her fair wind, and drifted on to the shore of Akun Island at about 11-30 that night. Fortunately help was within reach, which prevented a greater loss than that of the vessel. She had, in addition to her crew, approximately four hundred cannery workers, who were more or less panic stricken when the vessel went ashore. By means of radio, the plight of the vessel was made known, and the *Cedar*, lighthouse tender, the coast guard cutters *Unalga* and *Haida*, all proceeded to the rescue. These three vessels removed all of the crew and cannery workers without much trouble. The master and officers left in their own boat when the *Arctic*, another of the Alaska Packers' vessels, arrived the next morning.

The *Unalga* was detailed to stand by the vessel for the purpose of removing a deck load of fifty hogs, which had been shipped alive. It was impossible to remove them in the existing heavy swell, so they were slaughtered. One of the cannery crew, who had died that day, and for whom a wake was in progress when the vessel grounded, was given burial at sea. The loss of but one life was reported during the whole disaster. That occurred when one of the cannery crew, believed to be half crazed with fear, jumped from one of the rescuing boats and failed to come to the surface.

The vessel become a total loss to the Company, but was a veritable Christmas tree to the natives in the locality. She remained on an even keel, and up to the end of August was still in that position with all masts

standing. She was built at Port Glasgow, Scotland, in 1892. Her length was 276.8 feet, beam 42 feet, and depth 24 feet; gross tonnage 2,330 tons. She was formerly the ship *Arapahoe*, ex *Steinbek*, ex *Durbridge*.

L. W. Perkins, Lieut.-Comdr., U.S.C.G.

Blue Jacket figurehead.

Schomberg, mentioned by J. Owen, was wrecked on a sandbank 35 miles west of Cape Otway. The wreck found in the bush could not have been hers. The figurehead of *Blue Jacket* drifted from the Falkland Islands to Rottnest Islands, off Fremantle.

Re *Ecclefechan*.

In reply to the inquiry of your 'Frisco correspondent, Lancelot R. W. Beavis, re *Ecclefechan*, I joined this ship as an apprentice in the mid-eighties, and have pleasure in submitting the following particulars.

Ecclefechan was a four-masted barque with single topgallant yards, and was built by Duncan, on the Clyde, in 1882, for the Village Line, owned by Messrs. Guthrie, Macdonald, Hood & Co., of Glasgow. Her registered tonnage was, as your correspondent states, 2,058 tons, and her registered number was W.M.L.P. Her hull, like all the ships of the Village Line, was painted bronze green with a narrow white ribbon.

Her first, and I think her only master was John Dow, a native of Arbroath, I believe. "Old Jock," as he was usually called in the half-deck, was a very fine specimen of the old Scottish shipmaster, but was inclined to be cautious, consequently the *Ecclefechan* was seldom a passage maker, although she often logged 14 and 15 knots with a favourable breeze.

She was rather a wet ship in heavy weather, especially when running, but with the wind anywhere between the beam and the quarter with every sail drawing, she was very fast, standing up to a great pressure of wind as she was very stiff when loaded.

She had a fore and aft bridge running between the poop and the for'ard deck-house, but not on to the fo'c'sle head, and in bad weather the braces of the lower yards were coiled there and the bights stopped to the stanchions.

Ecclefechan, in Dumfries-shire, being the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, the ship carried that famous philosopher as a figurehead; there was also a large portrait of him in the cabin. I believe she was lost off the Horn late in the nineties, but I have no data as to that.

Hoping this information will be of general interest.

John Sampson.

BLUE WATER EVENING
AT
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, 15th MARCH,

Commencing 7 p.m.

Reserved and numbered seats available only at P.S.N.C. Offices, Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, at 2/- each. Ordinary tickets of admission 1/-.

See Special Announcement on page 50.

Sailing Coasters

An unlucky year for them

Those interested in the sailing coaster cannot have but looked upon the departure of 1928 with a feeling of relief, for last year exacted a heavy toll from the fast diminishing number of these sturdy craft. Perhaps a brief resumé of how some of the vessels met their end may prove of interest.

February commenced the year badly, for during this month the loss of *Alice Williams*, *Amy* and *Agnes Glover* had to be recorded. The former went ashore during a fog, while *Agnes Glover* was a victim of one of the early gales. She left Garston for Arklow with the usual cargo of coals, and was caught in a gale off Holyhead, being driven ashore at Penrhos on February 13th, where she became a total wreck.

Liverpool vessels among losses.

June also proved an unlucky month, *Madcap* and *Mary Ann* being abandoned at sea, and *Zayda* broken up, while in early July *C. S. Parnell* caught fire at Inishgow and, I believe, was totally destroyed. The end of September saw the loss of the schooners *Baltic* and *Brackley* and the ketch *Flower of Portsoy* in quick succession. The two former were both old Liverpool vessels, and, I think, though would not be quite sure, that *Brackley* was the last sailing vessel to carry the name Liverpool on her stern. She left Garston for Kinsale on September 26th, but went ashore at St. Patrick's Bridge, Kilmore, on September 28th. *Baltic* got on the rocks at Roscarberry, and though refloated, she received such damage as to become a constructive total loss. *Flower of Portsoy* struck the rocks in Bulls Cove, Clonakilty, and became a total wreck.

On the left is the ill-fated *Mary Ann*, mentioned above, while on the right is *Brackley*. The centre vessel is *Forest Deer*, and the only one of the trio left.

Bengullion, of Dumfries. Lost with all hands during December gales, 1928.

To the best of my knowledge all the foregoing losses occurred without loss of life. Not so the loss of *Mary Ann*. She left the Mersey in November with a coal cargo, and was caught off Holyhead in a gale, being driven on the rocks at Ynys Dulas on the Anglesey coast. The crew tried to burn their bedding in an effort to attract attention, but their matches were too sodden to light. In despair the skipper cried "Every man for himself," and jumped overboard. He was never seen again, neither were three others of the crew of five who followed him, but J. J. Woodier, the cook, managed to reach a seaweed-covered rock, to which he clung all night. At daylight he found himself on a small islet, where, in company with the ship's dog, he was marooned for 36 hours before being picked up in an exhausted condition by a Liverpool pilot boat.

Another tragic loss was the *Matilda*. She was entering Milford Haven wind-bound, when she was run down and sunk in the dark by the steam trawler *Joseph Button*, with the loss of her skipper and two hands, one A.B. being saved.

On Sunday morning, December 9th, four schooners left Birkenhead Docks bound for Annalong, all coal laden. The little *Goldseeker* set off on her own, while the other three—*Ellie Park*, *Nellie Bywater* and *Bengullion*—made up a tow in the order named, the first two being auxiliaries and giving *Bengullion* a help out. When clear of the land they separated, and the first three named all arrived safely at Annalong, but *Bengullion* has not been heard of since, and has been posted missing with all hands.

Mount Blairey was a little more fortunate than the vessels previously mentioned, though she had two very narrow escapes. She left Garston for Wicklow also with a coal cargo, when on December 27th she found herself off Anglesey, where it was blowing a full gale. Both anchors were let go but they failed to hold her, and her crew were taken off by the Meolfre

lifeboat. The lifeboat crew at the time of the call were at a concert, and were taken to the station by charabanc. The vessel, however, did not go ashore, and the crew later rejoined her and got safely away. This was not the end of her troubles, for on reaching Wicklow she got properly ashore while making the harbour in a gale of wind and heavy sea. The local lifeboat put out but it was not this time necessary to take off any of the crew. The vessel was later refloated and gained the safety of Wicklow Harbour.

The Gloucester ketch *Kate* was also a lucky vessel. She was abandoned at night ashore on Scroley Sands while on a passage from Plymouth to Goole with china clay. Her crew were taken off by a passing steamer and taken on to London, but not very long afterwards the ketch floated off the sands on her own accord and was later towed into Yarmouth. She was none the worse for her adventure, and subsequently continued her passage to the Humber.

Thursonian was another vessel to go ashore on the East Coast. She was at anchor off Mundesley with a strong on-shore wind, and as the anchors would not hold, the crew were taken off by the Cromer lifeboat. She later drifted inshore and sank, only two of her masts being visible. She also was bound from Plymouth to Goole laden with China clay.

The ketch *Leader* was lost as the result of striking sunken wreckage off Milford Haven. A large hole was torn in her bottom and she sank in ten minutes. The crew reached the safety of Milford Haven after five hours' continual rowing in the small boat.

Another December casualty was the old Portmadoc schooner *John Llewellyn*, which drifted on the rocks off Square Islands, Labrador, and was presumed to be a total loss. Other losses occurred during 1928, but those mentioned will be sufficient to show what a noticeable gap was made last year in the number of the few sailing coasters that are still left to us.

R. P. Hirst.

***Mount Blairey*, whose exciting adventures are told in accompanying article.**

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

During the last four years girls (and quite young ones) have taken to wearing those horned-rimmed glasses. The more I think about the matter the more certain I am that they are worn "to be in the movement" rather than to correct any defects in their eyesight. I do feel that if one really needs glasses the big "Harold Lloyd" ones are more becoming than even rimless pince-nez. But I always think a pretty girl, especially if she is very young, looks too studious, too "booky," in them. Later on in life, perhaps, one may be permitted glasses, indeed some people look most distinctive because of them.

When glasses are a necessity great care has to be taken with one's clothes; they must not be too severe and they must not be too "fluffy." I am told that pointed necks help to soften the effect and tone down any suggestion of the school marm. The hair ought always to be as careless and fluffy as possible, and if there are any natural little curls so much the better. All hats must have a brim if the glasses are worn out of doors, and velvet will be found more effective than a stiff hard ribbon or petersham.

I have been trying to find out as much as I can about the shoes to be worn for the coming Spring and Summer. There was an exhibition held in Manchester a few days ago, but only men's shoes were on view. Among my own acquaintance I must say I don't know a man who would walk about in the majority of the new styles. Some were in midnight blue leather, with beige facings. The sports shoes were in the reddest of mahogany. Others in a quieter brown had a lively strapping of bright scarlet. I cannot speak of the South of England, where there are hundreds of men who have nothing to do all day but amuse themselves, but I am absolutely certain that no northerner would go to business in midnight blue shoes! Even their tennis shoes are to be bound in blue rubber, after the style of shoe we wore on the beach for bathing.

I cannot understand how the trade came to risk even exhibiting such futurist styles as they must know how conservative men are in their dress and how slow they are to adopt anything dressy or bright. Watch their clothes carefully for ten years and you will find that the most they are capable of is one button less—or more—the long "roll" collar, lapels with, or without, a buttonhole, and so forth. "Oxford bags" were only worn by boys; no man over 25 ordered them. Still we shall see, and my readers will be prepared for the brighter footwear movement.

It is curious how fashions catch on. The late Lily Langtry was responsible for many fashions in England in her day. I was astonished to learn that she was the first woman in this country to have her hands manicured. Whatever she wore, I believe, became the rage instantly. I always think this slavish devotion to somebody's ideas such a pity. And in the case of Lily Langtry it was foolish of the majority of women to copy her, since her beauty placed her in a class apart. With hair, eyes and a complexion like hers, she would have been a success in almost anything. But how many women are there like that? About one in every hundred years. I have always been for individuality in clothes, each to her own taste.

I notice that the Bradford woollen industries have lodged a complaint against the woollen goods coming into this country, chiefly from France.

The fine full-rigged ship *Stronsa*, built in 1882, and at one time owned by Thomas Shute, of Liverpool. Perhaps some of our readers can tell of her ultimate fate.

It appears that in 1922 we imported 800,000 garments and in 1928 1,600,000. This is a very sore point for there is no doubt that clothes from France do cost less and also look very smart. The workmanship is so good, particularly on cheap frocks, costing only a few hundred francs. It is no good saying they are the same when made in England; the materials here are excellent, but it is only the expensive frocks in this country which are so beautifully finished inside.

Almost always there is some little trifle added to the French garment, a braid stole or a bit of Eastern embroidery or some what-not that just makes the frock distinguished. They do not mind taking a little trouble, however low the price. Dressmaking in this country is at a very low ebb indeed. Ask any woman who is "outsize" her biggest problem and she will tell you her dressmaker. I note that the wholesale people are now beginning to cater for the outsize among women, and about time, too. I see no reason why every big shop should not have a stock of larger garments. Stout people always wear black or navy or brown or grey, and with these colours one ought to be able to ring some delightful changes.

After all these years I have just heard of a dressmaker who might be trusted with a coat, indeed she turns out quite a nice one. Her defect being that "she only just managed" to get a plain tailor coat out of four yards of 59-inch material! That is why I always prefer clothes made by men to women, the former are so much more generous with the materials.

Our first "talkie" film is in Liverpool and I braved the blizzard to go and see it. It was well worth it, but it will absolutely revolutionize the film industry. The girls will need more than a pretty face, and a French gown now. Women's voices do not transmit as well as men's, and it is no good having American girls playing English parts with an accent you could hang your hat on. In "The Singing Fool" I thought the negro spoke the best English!

GWEN.

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

Archibald Russell—Finnish four-mast barque; 16th January, 1929; arrived Melbourne from Larvik.

Beatrice—Swedish four-mast barque; 13th August, 1928, sailed Antwerp, for Adelaide, and arrived 29th November; 11th January, 1929, sailed Adelaide—Falmouth for orders.

Bonnevcine—French barque; 9th December, 1928, sailed Dunkirk for St. Laurent, and arrived 4th January, 1929.

Bonchamp—French barque; 5th February, 1929, sailed Havre for St. Laurent.

Bossuet—French barque; 9th January, 1929, sailed Black River for Havre.

C. B. Pedersen—Swedish four-mast barque; prev. 1st January, 1929; arrived Melbourne from Halden.

Carl Vinnen—German auxiliary five-mast schooner; 22nd December, 1928, sailed Brussels for Buenos Aires.

Christel Vinnen—German auxiliary five-mast schooner, 30th January, 1928, sailed Brunsbuttel for Buenos Aires.

Claudia—Danish barque; 27th January, 1929, sailed Calais for Fort de France.

Favell—Finnish barque; 28th November, 1928, sailed Tail of Bank for Geelong.

Garthpool—British four-mast barque; 6th October, sailed Belfast for Adelaide and arrived 5th January, 1929.

General de Sonis—French barque; 4th February, 1929, arrived Martinique from Dunkirk.

Gustav—German four-mast barque; December 28th, name changed to *Melbourne;* 12th December sailed Belfast for Fredrikstad, and arrived 26th December; 26th January, 1929, sailed for Oslo.

Grace Harwar—Finnish ship; 7th November, 1928, sailed Wilmington, N.C., for Port Lincoln.

Grossherzogin Elisabeth—German ship; 11th November, 1928, sailed Teneriffe for Sao Frisco.

Germaine—Danish barque; 30th December, 1928, arrived Black River from Martinique.

Herzogin Cecilie—Finnish four-mast barque; 1st September, 1928, sailed Mariehamn for Port Lincoln and arrived 4th December; 18th January, 1929, sailed Port Lincoln—Falmouth for orders.

Hougomont—Finnish four-mast barque; 9th November, 1928, sailed Jacksonville for Port Lincoln.

Jeanne d'Arc—French barque; 13th January, 1929, in port, Ft Liberté for Havre.

Killoran—Finnish barque; 20th December, sailed London for Port Lincoln.

Kobenhavn—Danish auxiliary five-mast barque; 14th December, 1928, sailed Buenos Aires for Melbourne.

L'Avenir—Belgian four-mast barque; 5th February, 1929, sailed Tampa for Rotterdam.

Laxhill—Finnish four-mast barque; 22nd November, 1928, arrived Port Lincoln from Emden; 5th January, 1929, sailed Falmouth for orders.

Lingard—Finnish barque; 31st December, 1928, arrived Mariehamn to lay up, with timber cargo on board.

Laila Rookh—Finnish barque; 5th December, 1928, arrived Bruges from London, presumably to be broken up.

Loch Linnhe—Finnish barque; 8th December, 1928, arrived Mariehamn from London to lay up.

Lorenzo—Italian barque; 21st January, 1929, arrived Savona to be broken up.

Macdiarmid—Italian ship; 5th December, 1928, arrived Savona to be broken up.

Montrosa—Finnish barque; 6th February, 1929, arrived Bruges from London, presumably to be broken up.

Mozart—Finnish four-mast barquentine; 6th October, 1928, sailed London for Port Lincoln and arrived 1st January, 1929; 6th February, sailed Wallaroo—Falmouth for orders.

Magdalene Vinnen—German auxiliary four-mast barque; 17th December, 1928, arrived Antwerp from Buenos Aires; 7th February, 1929, passed Ushant, outward bound.

Olivebank—Finnish four-mast barque; 10th February, 1929, arrived Port Lincoln from Auckland.

Oldenburg—German ship; 23rd August, 1928, sailed Iquique, and arrived Bremen 27th November.

Padua—German four-mast barque; 25th November, 1928, sailed Hamburg for Talcahuano.

Pamir—German four-mast barque; 13th November, 1928, sailed Iquique—Channel, for orders; 7th February, 1929, passed Prawle.

Passatt—German four-mast barque; 11th January, 1929, sailed Caleta Caloso—Channel, for orders.

Parma—German four-mast barque; 18th October, 1928, sailed Hamburg for Valparaiso; 31st October, passed Lizard; 2nd November, passed Finisterre; 13th November, passed Cape Verde; 7th January, 1929, arrived.

Peking—German four-mast barque; 12th January, 1929, arrived Hamburg in tow from Delfzyl.

Pinnas—German ship; 22nd January, 1929, sailed Hamburg for Chile.

Priwall—German four-mast barque; 20th December, 1928, sailed Hamburg for Chile.

Penang—Finnish barque; 6th October, 1928, sailed Queenstown for Port Lincoln, and arrived 1st January, 1929; 6th February, 1929, sailed Wallaroo—Falmouth for orders.

Pommern—Finnish four-mast barque; 15th December, 1928, sailed Sydney—Falmouth for orders.

Ponape—Finnish four-mast barque; 18th October, 1928, sailed Sundsvall for Melbourne.

Pehr Ugland—Norwegian barque; 24th December, 1928, sailed St. Louis (Rhone) for Haiti.

Prompt—Finnish barque; 7th January, 1929, sailed Trapani for Gothenborg and arrived 3rd February, 1929.

Schulschiff Deutschland—German ship, built 1927; 22nd January, 1929, sailed Porto Rico for Bremerhaven.

Schulschiff Pommern—German barque, ex *Elfrieda*; 24th November, 1928, dismasted 50 miles S.E. of Plymouth and abandoned; 28th November, picked up by Granville pilot boat and towed to St. Malo.

Suzanne—Danish barque; 4th November, 1928, sailed Calais for Fort de France, and arrived 5th January, 1929.

Susanne Vinnen—German auxiliary five-mast schooner; 7th January, 1929, arrived Buenos Aires.

Thekla—Finnish barque; 19th December, 1928, arrived London from Kemi.

Tusitala—U.S.A. ship; 1st December, 1928, arrived Baltimore.

Werner Vinnen—German auxiliary five-mast schooner; 6th February, 1929, arrived Hamburg from Buenos Aires.

Winterhude—Finnish barque; 18th January, 1929, sailed Antwerp for Peru.

Virgo, ex *Closeburn*—Finnish barque; prev. 10th November, 1928, sailed London for Mariehamn; 5th December, ashore at entrance to Mariehamn; total loss.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 113, Vol. XII. April, 1929

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Western Ocean Schooners

Some interesting facts about them

PART III.

The following is the work of the *Maagen*, 100 tons net :—

1922—Setubal to St. John's, N.F.	28 days.
(The trip from Swansea to Setubal had occupied 31 days !)	
1924—Cadiz to St. John's	45 days.
1924—Burin to Oporto	22 ,,
1925—Cadiz to Harbour Buffet	37 ,,
1925—Burin to Gibraltar	20 ,,
1926—Gibraltar to St. John's	33 ,,
1925/6—Fogo to Oporto	29 ,,
1926—Fayal to Grand Bank	26 ,,
1926—Grand Bank to Oporto	27 ,,
1926—Cadiz to Grand Bank...	40 ,,
1926—Grand Bank to Oporto	27 ,,
1925—Gibraltar to St. John's	33 ,,

One of the biggest is the *Poseidon*, 300 tons gross, which made the run from Iceland to St. John's, N.B., in 18 days, 1922. She further boasts an outward trip of 34 days, and homeward passages of 23, 25 and 32 days.

The barquentine, *Aphrodite*, once got a severe battering when a few days out from Cadiz, and limped into Fayal 52 days out. She made homeward trips of 22, 32 and 33 days, and an outward passage of 29 days. Then there is the *Nauta*, 119 tons gross, which has a passage of 15 days from Rose Blanche to Oporto to her credit. Her average is also very good : I find eastward passages of 33 and 29 days, and a westward trip of 35 days. The little *N. E. Schmidt*, which is only 99 tons gross, and 84 net, does, I think, hold the record of recent years. In 1926 she went from Patrilesfjord (Iceland) to St. John's in 13 days, a splendid performance which hardly can be beaten. She further has homeward passages of 21, 27 and 32 days to her credit.

Another cockleshell, the *Haabet*, 91 tons gross and 79 net, in 1925 went from Burgeo to Oporto in 23 days; in 1926 from Belloram to Gibraltar in 30, and from St. John's to Leixoes in 25 days; and from Oporto to St. John's in 34 days this year. The *Venus* has accomplished an eastward and a west trip both of 21 days; the *Pax* boasts eastward trips of 32, 25, 18, 32 and 23 days; the *Activ* of 21, 32 and 24 days.

As a rule, while the eastward passages of these schooners are nothing less than splendid, their westward trips, though very good, are not such a success. Perhaps this is due to their heavier build and clumsy lines, which make them better before the wind than on a wind. As I said already, though they are much smaller, the toll levied from these ships, built of solid oak, is not so heavy as from the softwood Bluenoses. One of them which met with disaster is the *Gertrud*, a small schooner of 96 tons gross and 80 tons net. She was very smart, as is shown by three eastward passages of 23, 33 and 32 days, respectively, and one westward trip of 30 days. In January, 1926, she set sail from St. John's for Oporto. On January 28th she was spoken in 47.37 N., 35.14 W., and that was the last ever seen of her.

The *Forest Pride* docking at Port Adelaide, 1927, 75 days from Tacoma, Wash. Photo sent by N. T. Anderson.

Another unlucky schooner, the *Carla*, several times appeared on the overdue list, as for instance in 1924 when she was 91 days from Cadiz to St. John's. She next left Newfoundland for Lisbon, arriving 27 days out. In proceeding to Malaga, she again figured on the re-insurance market, but at last arrived at her destination 37 days out. She next was 52 days from Cadiz to Bay Bulls, and on November 2nd, 1925, left Burgeo for Oporto. She met with contrary winds and thick fogs. In December she was off the Portuguese coast, but a heavy gale blew her seaward again. She managed to arrive at Oporto 77 days out. Thus the Danish fish carriers.

The Bank fishermen from Brittany, which fly the flag of France, present a great variety of rigs. Though the barquentine is favourite for the bigger ships, one finds brigs, brigantines, two- and three-masted topsail schooners, in fact, all varieties between the barquentine and the pure two-masted schooner. Their hulls generally are painted a greyish-white, and they sport a lot of scroll-work on their big sterns, which sit on the water gracefully, in a way which seems to be the privilege of wooden ships. As I have said, they are fishermen, hailing from St. Malo, St. Servan, Paimpol and other Brittany ports, but their trips to and from the Banks (St. Pierre being their port of assemblage) are very good.

So the barquentine *Armistice*, 218 tons gross, of which passages are given below. In November, 1925, putting to sea from Lisbon, she met with very heavy weather, and staggered into Fayal with a broken rudder and sundry other damages, 70 days out. Repairs were effected, which took about a month, and she subsequently arrived at St. Pierre 27 days out from Fayal. The passages I know of are :—

1922—St. Pierre to Bordeaux	... ...	28 days.
1924—St. Pierre to Bordeaux	... ...	26 ,,
1925—Lisbon to St. Pierre	... ...	37 ,,
1926—St. Pierre to Bordeaux	... ...	19 ,,

1926—Lisbon to St. Pierre ... ... 38 days.
1926—St. Pierre to Point de Grave ... 41 ,,
1927—St. Pierre to Bordeaux ... ... 29 ,,

The schooner *Butterfly*, 190 tons, once was 20 days from Fayal to St. Pierre. The *Tramontane*, 188 tons, has two eastward passages of 21 and 22 days, respectively, to her credit. Another well-known schooner is the *Marguerite Emilie*, 189 tons, which put up the following passages :-

1922—Lisbon to St. Pierre ... ... 36 days.
1926—St. Pierre to Point de Grave ... 38 ,,
1926—Bordeaux to St. Pierre ... ... 30 ,,
1927—St. Pierre to Point de la Combre ... 16 ,,
1927—Seville to St. Pierre ... ... 32 ,,

As it would be too long to give particulars about all those brave little ships, I compiled a list of their best work in recent years. The above-mentioned passages are left out. Like these, they are all from *Lloyd's Weekly*, in which these ships fill the greater part of the space devoted to the Newfoundland fish and ore trade, some of them verified by the ships' logbooks.

EASTWARD PASSAGES.

Ship.	Flag.	Rig.	Tons gross.	Year.	Days.	Particulars.
Cyril T.	British ...	Schooner ...	127	1922	27	To Malaga, touched at Leixoes.
Susan Cameron ...	,, ...	,, ...	061	1922	26	No regular fish trader
Cape Race	,, ...	,, ...		1924	25	
Florence Swyers ...	,, ...	,, ...	167	1925	20	To Tarifa, foundered.
Reginald R. Moulton	,, ...	,, ...	141	1925	21	
W. C. Kennedy ...	,, ...	,, ...	156	1925	14	
Amy G. McKean ...	,, ...	,, ...		1925	19	
John Llewellyn ...	,, ...	,, ...	171	1925	27	
Frances A. Moulton	,, ...	,, ...	242	1925	17	
Gaultois	,, ...	,, ...	92 net	1925	25	
Gaultois	,, ...	,, ...	92 net	1926	18	
Gaultois	,, ...	,, ...	92 net	1927	18	
Edith Dawson ...	,, ...	,, ...	495	1926	26	To Madeira, no regular fish trader
Tishy	,, ...	,, ...		1926	12	
Tishy	,, ...	,, ...		1927	19	
Russell Lake ...	,, ...	,, ...	150	1926	22	
Effie May Petite ...	,, ...	,, ...	83 net	1926	17	
Mildred Adams ...	,, ...	,, ...		1926	25	
Grace Hilda ...	,, ...	,, ...		1926	16	
Fulton	Danish ...	,, ...	99	1922	21	
Start	,, ...	,, ...	131	1924	28	
Start	,, ...	,, ...	131	1926	18	
Polo	,, ...	,, ...		1924	26	
Eva	,, ...	,, ...	136	1924	23	
Nereus	,, ...	,, ...		1925	27	
Ornen	,, ...	,, ...	250	1925	26	
Rossing	,, ...	,, ...	222	1925	23	
Frem	,, ...	,, ...	136	1925	26	
Arietis	,, ...	,, ...		1925	28	
Gralen	,, ...	,, ...	123	1925	29	
Bonavista	,, ...	,, ...		1925	25	
H. C. Christensen	,, ...	Barquentine	314	1926	22	No regular fish trader
Chr. H. Rasmussen	,, ...	Schooner ...	110	1926	21	
Chr. H. Rasmussen	,, ...	,, ...	110	1926	21	

EASTWARD PASSAGES—*continued.*

Ship.	Flag.	Rig.	Tons gross.	Year.	Days.	Particulars.
Sif	Danish	Schooner	98 net	1926	29	
Hertha	,,	,,		1926	22	
Neptun	,,	,,		1926	14	
Nordtrafik	,,	,,		1926	23	
Nordtrafik	,,	,,		1927	25	
Marna	,,	,,		1926	23	
Bluet	French	,,	120	1922	25	
Anne Antoinette	,,	Barquentine	206	1922	19	
Alvina	,,	,,	259	1924	25	
Tante Cine	,,	,,	185	1924	25	
Bordelaise	,,	Schooner	157	1922	27	
Concorde	,,	,,	123	1922	20	
St. Pierraise	,,	,,		1925	27	
Guitou	,,	,,		1926	27	
Maria de Ceu	Portuguese	,,	127	1924	20	
Thora	Norwegian	,,		1925	25	

WESTWARD PASSAGES.

Ship.	Flag.	Rig.	Tons gross.	Year.	Days.	Particulars.
Carl S.	British	Schooner	105	1922	28	
Dorothy Melita	,,	,,	140	1922	32	
General Jacobs	,,	,,	184	1922	26	
A. G. Eisnor	,,	,,	115	1922	30	
Jean Wakely	,,	,,	270	1922	31	
Maxwell R.	,,	,,	106 net	1922	22	
Winnifred	,,	,,	133	1922	25	
Frank R. Forsey	,,	,,	194	1922	27	
Gladys M. Hollett	,,	,,	203	1922	30	
Harriet	,,	,,	100	1922	26	
Vincent A. White	,,	,,	495	1922	30	No regular fish trader
Mystery	,,	,,		1924	28	
Flowerdew	,,	,,	392	1925	29	
Selma Creaser	,,	,,		1926	29	
Edith M. Cavell	,,	,,	172	1925	34	
Edith M. Cavell	,,	,,	172	1926	27	
Tishy	,,	,,		1926	26	
Ada M. Westhaver	,,	,,		1926	20	
Ada M. Westhaver	,,	,,		1926	24	
Gaultois	,,	,,	91 net	1926	19	
Effie May Petite	,,	,,	83 net	1926	24	
Mildred Adams	,,	,,		1926	29	
Russell Lake	,,	,,	150	1926–7	30	
Duty	Danish	,,	137	1922	28	
Start	,,	,,	131	1922	24	
Frem	,,	,,	136	1925	21	
Bonavista	,,	,,		1925	23	
Gralen	,,	,,	123	1925	23	
Neptun	,,	,,		1926	32	
Neptun	,,	,,		1926	25	
Urda	,,	,,		1926	29	
Albert	,,	,,		1926	31	
Albert	,,	,,		1927	29	
Nordstjernen	,,	,,		1926	32	
Nordtrafik	,,	,,		1926	32	
Bar Avel	French	Barquentine	205	1922	26	
Louisette Marie	,,	,,	221	1922	29	
Eursy	,,	Schooner		1925	32	
Ondine	,,	,,		1925	22	
Vonette	,,	,,		1926	30	
Breville	,,	Barquentine	194	1926	25	
Normandie	,,	,,		1927	29	

(To be continued).

Whaling Stories

Off to the Sealing Grounds

PART II.

We were now equipped with our gear for fishing, viz., a pick, six inches long on a five-feet shaft, a heavy skinning knife in a large wooden sheath, a rope one inch, ten feet long, called a "lowery tow," which is used to lace up and drag the seal skins to the ship. Booms were hung overside, about two feet from the ice for the men to jump to the ice or return to ship, etc.

We should now be amongst the seals, which are born on the ice about the middle or beginning of March. These patches of Saddleback seals are the objective of every sealer. Their name comes from a black band that runs from the back of the neck down each side. The young are absolutely white and are known as "whitey coats." The male takes no responsibility whatever in family matters, while the female seems continually consumed about her beautiful white baby. She is apparently never at rest, never mistakes her own when she gets on the ice to suckle it. So, day after day the cubs grow, are taught to take the water, to swim, and fish for themselves. This goes on for five or six weeks from birth. The ships were timed to get on the sealing grounds while the young are still unable to take the water, and many thousands are often killed in a radius of 20 miles. A young seal puts on fat very fast, and ships have lain amongst them and awaited their growth, often weighing the living cubs, to see what improvement has been made. When the young Saddle is a month old he loses his white jacket, and dons a coat of coarse hair, dark grey with black spots, and as soon as he takes to the water on his own, instinct guides him and he keeps going north. He attains maturity

The Dundee Whaler *Diana*. Note the patent reefing top sails. Sent by W. J. Barr.

in his third year; there seems to be no pairing off with the Saddleback seals, but they gather in immense hoards.

The Bladder-nosed Seal as a husband.

The Hood seals of Newfoundland are known as bladder-nosed seals by Scotch sealers. These seals not only pair, but do not mix with the saddles, and they are so named on account of a large bag of loose skin on the top part of its head. When enraged he can swell this to the size of a football; this is so thick that buck shot, unless at very close range, will not penetrate it. It is thus a protection, and may be used to impress and frighten in private quarrels. The hood or bladder does not appear on the female, and does not adorn the male until his third year, when he seeks a mate. Once paired he regards the knot tied for life. If bladder-nosed seals are met about the 10th or 20th March, when the young are being born, they will always be in pairs. Kill a female, and the male (if absent) will invariably return to the spot to seek her. If the sealer meets bladder-noses now, he must reckon on the fighting male. The defenceless mother may be killed with a stroke of the pick, but at the first sign of danger, be it man or beast, the male swiftly shuffles across the ice to meet it. He might easily slip into the safety of the water, but prefers to die in defence of his family. The motive in his case is probably not so much affection as his pugnacious nature. The young male will show the same spirit when seven or eight days old, snapping savagely at the club or pick which kills him.

Our captain was now remaining longer and longer in the "crow's nest," and as the ship could not make much headway through the heavy ice the order would be passed along, "Prepare to roll ship." All boats, frappings, and belts would be cast adrift, braces would be slacked, the blacksmith's anvil would be hoisted on the main stay, all hands would be called out, and at the word "Over" from the mate, the crowd would "rush" from one side to the other. After keeping this up for four or five hours we would settle down to "coal shifting" again.

Not a bad day's work.

So for a day or two the ship was butted through the floes, then a couple of boats' crews would be sent ahead of the ship with some of the green hands to get used to ice travelling; if lucky they might fall in with a couple of dozen seals and get "blooded." We picked up 200 pelts here and there, and the skinning and rolling six or eight pelts and lacing them up so that you dragged them with the lay of the hair (each skin projecting half over the other), and then dragging them to the ship, got to be "something like" the thing.

One forenoon all hands were sent out to the N.W., and we walked about two or three miles, in a fall of snow, when we were recalled by the ship's whistle. The propeller had struck a black piece of ice, which had come under the ship, and rising under her counter, had stripped a blade. By the time the people got on board and the roll had been called, the snow was very thick, and with two hands missing and the fresh wind having changed, there was some danger of the ice "opening up," so the

Another Dundee Whaler S.S. *Morning*, well known in Arctic Expeditions.
Photo lent by W. J. Barr.

dinghy was manned, and the ship kept her whistle going whilst the hands got another blade out of the 'tween decks, and rigged the sheers over the trunk, and in one and a half hours a new blade was fitted, and the cradle or carriage secured. Our two lost men turned up for dinner, and our "quiet" second mate publicly thanked them for their punctuality. The cook pretended that their duff had been whacked out to the living, and so all was well.

The weather cleared 48 hours afterwards, and no seals could be found, although scouts went out for about eight miles. Bad weather came on, strong gales from westward, which continued for a while. Shortly afterwards a bear was sighted to the eastward. He was approaching the ship with a long lopping gait at almost the speed of an ordinary horse. A few finks of fat, or a piece of shark's liver, which was being rendered down in the stoke hold—to be used in lubricating the engines—were thrown in the furnaces, to encourage poor bruin. Once he stopped and rose up on his haunches to sniff, then away he came again. A terrible figure, gaunt and starving, that lopeing trot brought him within 200 feet of the ship, and he arose, erect, on his hind legs, with his great paws extended—as if defying the ship, and its puny occupants. He dropped, with a projectile from the mate's "Martini Henry," which went in under his chin and out through his brain.

The old sealers shook their heads as they stripped the pelt off him, and found two pebbles in his stomach. "There's no seals for a hundred miles," said they. His hams were hung on the martingale stay for food, and the skin was salted and packed away.

An unprofitable voyage.

To return to our sealing. Time, April 22nd, 1877. We had drawn the Arctic Ocean through all kinds of ice to lat. 78.40 N., long. 3 E., and south again; it was now evident that we had "drawn it blank," and that our sealing voyage was a failure. Our bag did not exceed 500 seals, three bears and 15 sharks, which were hand-harpooned whilst nibbling the salt junk bait through a hole in the ice. So the ship was headed south for Dundee, and the refit and store for the whaling voyage to Davis Straits; as we reluctantly came south we sighted *Jan Mayen*, 40 miles off. The *Victor*, *Jan Mayen*, *Nova Zembla*, *Hope*, *Intrepid* and less powerful of the Scotch ships went to this West Ice sealing and it was a few years later given up as not payable. Several vessels from Norway carried on with varying success. In 1909 the *Balaena*, of Dundee, caught four whales and a few narwhal between 78 min. N., 1 min. W. and 79 min N., 1 min. E., and lost one whale in the dense fog which almost daily hampered the fishing. She sighted several Norwegian sloops out for old seals, narwhal and white whales, walrus, etc.

So we landed the 16 Shetland men at Lerwick, later arrived in Dundee, and very little time was occupied in landing our poor catch. There were people employed in coaling, shipping the whaling gear, storing her with provisions, etc., for every conceivable contingency. Her 200 tons of tank space—for oil—was supplemented by "shakes"—large half-ton casks, collapsed, and hooped to save space—which being re-assembled and coopered would hold about 70 to 80 tons of oil. Much care was taken to see that all stores were packed in very stout watertight oak barrels, or casks, and kept handy in case the ship had to be abandoned.

(To be continued).

The Brig *Faith*, of Boston, entering the Port of Marseilles, October, 1867
Photo lent by Captain J. Whiten.

Brig *Blue Water*

Record Voyage to the Charity Islands

The fact that Liverpool's noble St. George's Hall was inadequate to contain more than two-thirds of the vast concourse intent upon being present at this year's "Blue Water Evening," is a sufficient proof of the ever-increasing popularity of these annual voyages of the good ship "Blue Water."

The absent Sailing Master.

Those who were fortunate enough to "book their passage" would, I am sure, regret the absence of her erstwhile sailing master, the late Captain F. W. Siddall, as would also the crew who had the privilege of sailing under him.

Punctually at two bells (7 p.m.) the ceremony of "piping-the-Admiral-on-board," in the person of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Alderman H. M. Miller, J.P.), was proceeded with; he was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress. A message from the Commodore, The Lord Kylsant, G.C.M.G., was read to the audience, in which great regret was intimated that owing to indisposition neither the Lady Kylsant nor his Lordship would be able to join; whereupon Mr. A. N. Lubbock, a director of the P.S.N.C., and Mrs. Lubbock, signed on in their stead.

Distinguished Guests.

Another distinguished member of the ship's staff was Mr. William Lewis, the General Manager, in the capacity of "Flag Captain," and amongst the guests were Sir Frederick Bowring and Sir Robert Burton Chadwick, M.P.

Much amusement was caused by the joining of the fo'c'sle hands, owing to their realistic impersonation of the old-time sailor who had been having a good time on his "advance," but eventually all were on board, including the "Pier Head jumper;" the gangway was housed, and to the tuneful strains of "Away to Rio," we were off.

Never was a voyage more full of pleasing incidents, one following closely on the other. Contingents of sturdy boys from the various local training institutions, regaled us with exhibitions of sailmaking, splicing, boxing, bugling and statue dancing, all of which paid great tribute to those who are responsible for their training.

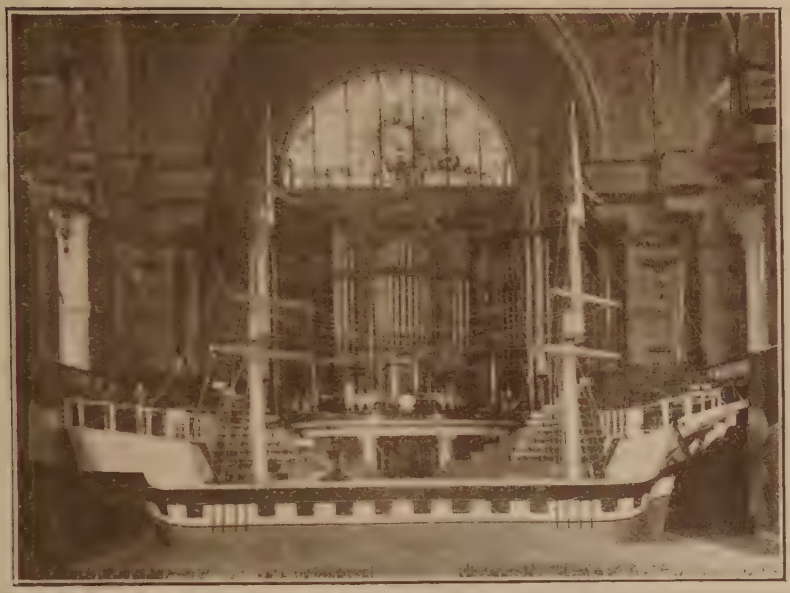
A mirth-provoking ceremony was that of "burying the dead horse," and later, in the "Watch Below" sketch, Miss Edna Jenkins, in her impersonations of the "deck boy," delighted the audience by her singing and dancing.

The nautical skit, featuring Leslie Johnson and the Eight Blue Waterettes, was another pleasing item (see picture). The necessary zest was given to the proceedings throughout by the Megaphone-master, Mr. T. W. Blair, and the Chanty-master, Mr. Stanley Maher.

The Storm.

Mr. H. F. Ellingford, the City Organist, who also accompanied the chanties, again held his audience spellbound by his beautiful rendering of "The Storm," the realism of which was much enhanced by the actions of the storm-tossed crew and the wonderful lightning effects.

Were I to describe in detail the happenings of this delightful "Blue Water Evening" I should absorb all the pages of this month's issue, and our numerous contributors would want to know "Where do we come in?"



The Brig *Blue Water* in St. George's Hall, March 15th. Photo by Messrs. Stewart Bale, 53, Lord Street, Liverpool.

I fear I am too long-winded to make a successful journalist : I must cut it short.

The prizes were distributed by the Lady Mayoress, and consisted of the Lady Kylsant Cup, which was won by the "Lancashire and National Sea Training Home," thus wresting it from the *Indefatigable*, who held it last year. The bugle, given by Messrs. R. J. Ward & Co., was won by W. H. Burroughs, *Indefatigable*.

The bells, which were struck half-hourly from the poop and fo'c'sle head, were respectively that of the *Ayacucho*, a clipper bow vessel of 1,916 tons, built in 1873 for the P.S.N.C. ; whilst the other one belonged to the *Galicia*, which was mined by the enemy near Teignmouth on May 12th, 1917. Her then captain, Commander A. W. Pearse, who, by the way, was present at the Blue Water Evening, on leaving the sinking vessel, broke the bell adrift with a crowbar, and bore it off as a souvenir.

Worthy of mention among the numerous attractions were : A clever representation of a huge shark, which was captured over the stern, hove on board, and dismembered in true orthodox manner; a gurnet and a bonita, caught from the jibboom; and an albatross, which soared over the good ship "Blue Water." All of these life-like properties were the handiwork of the P.S.N.C. Marine Department Staff.

A good haul.

As on former occasions, all expenses have been defrayed by The Pacific Steam Navigation Company.

A charming bevy of modern mermaids relieved the audience of £172 11s. 4d., and this splendid sum will be added to the other receipts, and the total, £310 13s. 6d., will be divided between the various Mersey and Deeside Nautical Institutions.

In conclusion, I think I may safely assume that all who were fortunate enough to participate in the Blue Water Evening this year will look forward with pleasure to the next; and it is to be hoped that those who were disappointed may have "better luck next time."

"Marline Spike."

Fourth Voyage of *Lodore*

Crew's refusal to sail

Loaded with coal from Cardiff to Esquimalt, sailing about January, 1897, the well-known Captain Rimmington was in command. This, I believe, was his last voyage before taking up duties on shore. The outward passage was uneventful until off the River Plate, three days of rough weather caused our hatches to be battened down for the first time since leaving Cardiff. A daily record of hold temperatures had been kept, these had registered normal until after the three days of heavy weather, when, upon opening the hatches, the thermometers registered fire. or heat below, there was also a very strong smell in the hatchways. The main hatchway was filled with what was termed "Blacksmith Coal," almost like coal dust, it was thought that by this being cleared out, better ventilation would be given the cargo and the heat would subside. All hands engaged in the work, but as they dug toward the main body of coal the heat increased, until it could be felt through the soles of the boots.

An opportunity too good to miss.

In the midst of this excitement some of the apprentices took the opportunity to raid the store room, needless to go into detail, old *Sea Breezers* know the joy of such an excursion.

The Captain decided to run for Buenos Aires as the heat did not subside, although no fire broke out. We were not long in sailing into a safe anchorage off the port.

Many weeks passed with almost daily visits of Surveyors and other interested parties, many suggestions were made as to the best course to adopt, to enable the ship to continue her voyage. Shore gangs were sent off to clear the hatchways to the bottom of the holds, air shafts were suggested, but the crew gave the Captain to understand they would not venture around the Horn with that cargo, they fully realised its nature, and a few days of Cape Horn weather would cause fire to break out.

Once too often results in a "Court Martial."

Whilst lying at anchor, during the night watches, the apprentices again took the opportunity to raid the storeroom, a serious depletion of stores was only discovered when Customs manifests had to be made out. I will not attempt to describe the court martial, it could be made an excellent basis for a turn by "Tom Foy." The day of decision—the docks or Esquimalt—was an anxious one for all concerned, the crew resolutely stood to their former conviction. The apprentices would sooner see their indentures cancelled, and go to gaol, rather than run the risk of a fire off Cape "Stiff." "What did Surveyors know about heated cargoes?" "What did they care about fire off the pitch of the Horn?" "The cargo may be cooled down now, but it was hot when those hatches were opened."

With almost breathless anxiety both crew and apprentices awaited the decision. The Captain, accompanied by the Surveyors and others, were down the after hatch, smelling and discussing every reason for or against ordering onward. Some apprentices assembled in the half-deck taking the opportunity to have a smoke, one of whom, striking a match from an American sulphur block, accidentally lighted the whole block, the result

of which was a very strong smell of sulphur floated over the hatchway; the Surveyors and others down the hatchway noting the strong smell presumed it had arisen from the cargo, the result being "Discharge as soon as possible." The cargo was sold, and taking advantage of the situation, they had the ship moored at the entrance to the Boca, and used her as a coal hulk to bunker the tug boats as required. Only a few tons a day were thus discharged. After discharging we loaded a full cargo of Quebracho wood for Hamburg. Nothing of note happened on the homeward journey until we arrived in Channel. A strong westerly gale was sweeping the coast, and much damage was reported. Off Dungeness, a Deal hobbler approached us, looking for the North Sea pilotage, these Deal hobblers were a remarkable class of seamen. I thing "Seabreezers" would appreciate a few accounts of their doings. On this occasion, the open lugger sailed close alongside, three big men got into a very small boat, they seemed to test the full capacity of the little craft. A heavy sea was running, and as their little craft rose on the top of the sea, the Pilot stepped coolly from boat to rail; what a picture of true daring and judgment, oilskin coat on one arm, which, I remember, had no hand, only an iron hook. The bargain was struck on the poop, so much for pilotage, a bit of baccy, salt beef, and a drop of whisky for the boys in the boat. Before deciding to take charge of the ship, the Pilot gave the Captain to understand he would only do so if given a free hand, explaining at the same time, an anticipated change of wind, and the possibilities of a lee shore.

Four o'clock in the afternoon the order was given to set every inch of square canvas, no light task in a strong gale, but as every sail was set the increased speed was perceptible, until the very deck seemed to be moving under our feet. I never knew the speed on that occasion, but we were well out into the North Sea by 8 o'clock, passing a large passenger steamer, also a Scandinavian barque under easy canvas. The latter was

A charming group of "Blue Waterettes," whose pleasing turn is referred to on page 74.
Photo by Mr. J. H. Mumford, Victoria Road, New Brighton.

A glimpse of old days, bending the foresail in *T. S. Macquarie*. Mr. E. G. O. Beuttler's sketch reproduced on Blue Water Evening Programme.

hailed by the Pilot to get more canvas on her to get an offing, and the advice being unheeded, we afterwards learned she went ashore with all hands lost.

The Pilot now considered our position safe, and gave the order to take in canvas. Needless to say, as each sheet was touched the sail went, until all overhead was a cracking mass of whip cords, the decks frequently swept by heavy seas; all night the hands were aloft, the rigging was thick with snow, but the wreckage had to be cleared away and get other canvas aloft ready for setting. A real hard winter's night, and not even a cup of coffee until 8 o'clock in the morning. One sea swept the best part of the crew from the poop, one apprentice was lost sight of for a long time, it was thought he had gone overboard, but a roll of the ship brought his hand above the swirling water on the main deck, and the poor lad was dragged out more dead than alive. We were thankful to see him recovered.

This same sea struck the Pilot but it did not seem to affect him, in fact, I almost think he had a silent contempt for seamen who got washed about. The weather moderated, and Cuxhaven was made under easy canvas, thanks for a good ship, a good Pilot and a good crew, we finished the voyage in sailing ship harbour about the end of November. Can any of your readers give any information as to how this ship ended her days?

J. C. Johnson.

The Foreign Sailor's Grave

NOTE.—The following story is a true one, and refers to the grave of an unknown sailor in the little churchyard at Llandwrog, an old-world village near Caernarvon, North Wales.

It lies in a secluded corner of a little Welsh churchyard—the foreign sailor's grave—close within the shelter of a crumbling moss-grown wall, where sunbeams seldom penetrate and where all is steeped in soft brooding shadow. At the head of the narrow, grassy mound, a rude stone cross, erected years and years before, with a date its only epitaph—1857. But perhaps in all the world there is no more hallowed spot than that little green acre down by the Cambrian sea.

The dead are never lonely there, for the little graveyard lies just between the church and the village school. All day long the muffled prattle of children's voices breaks upon the sweet, soft air. In the dewy freshness of summer mornings, above those silent hearts, their old Welsh songs and hymns arise upon the stillness. In the golden glory of noontide the sound of their joyous playtime is as the touch of a warm, kindly, living hand upon the cold brows of the sleepers 'neath the green and the flowers. At night, when all else is still, the sobbing murmur of the sea, borne up across the darkened meadowland, breathes its eternal requiem o'er the dead.

Little feet in clogs, in days gone by, often crunched along the gravel path to stop at the foreign sailor's grave. Little hot hands have thrown flowers down upon it, scores of times, and youthful voices have been wont to repeat over and over again the story of the strange alien seaman who lies buried in that sacred shade.

Given up by the sea.

The story is told even now at farmhouse firesides along the countryside. One wild March morning, far back in the misted years, a farmer was carting sand from the beach. Away along the foaming fringe of the rolling breakers he saw a dark object mauled by their cruel sportive play. When he reached the spot, the body of a man clad in sodden sailor's clothes was washed up on the glistening sands, the body of an olive-skinned, swarthy fellow, the sea spume in his thick black hair, tiny gold rings in his ears, as was the fashion then among Mediterranean seamen.

The castaway was presumed to have been one of the crew of some ship that had foundered some weeks before on the storm-racked Caernarvonshire coast. He was buried namelessly, by a Welsh countryfolk, who ever lay their dead to rest with a reverence most wonderfully kind. They made enquiries, the good vicar and the squire of the parish. In those days, however, the Consular service was slow moving and inefficient, so that the matter lapsed and with the years lost its interest.

* * * * *

In his Southern homeland, on some golden Valencian shoreway, did some woman, with a child in her arms perhaps, wait long?—looking out upon a blue rippling sea that seemed always to mock the grief in her haggard eyes. Or, in some dark tenement house near the waterways of old Genoa, some aged, trembling mother, telling her beads in the soft bronze dusk of the Italian night, did she start and listen for his step on the mouldering stairs?—years and years after all hope had fled.

Who shall say that somewhere—somewhere—kind hearts have not mourned him—that lonely marinero sleeping so serenely there in the shade.

G. BRUCE THOMAS.

The Loss of the *Cooleen*

I send you herewith a picture of the little barque *Cooleen*, of Belfast, at one time a regular and well-known trader between London and New Zealand. I am sorry I have no records of her passages between the two countries, but it is in my knowledge that she made some remarkably good runs both out and home.

The *Cooleen* was built about the year 1876 for and owned throughout her career by W. M. Barkley & Sons, of Belfast. For about the first ten years she was under the command of the late Captain M. Barkley, who was well known in New Zealand, where his vessel was a great favourite, and earned the proud name of the Irish Yacht.

So near, and yet, so far!

Unfortunately, like many a good ship, she came to a sudden end, with sad loss of life, while homeward bound and only a few miles from Queenstown Harbour.

At noon on Sunday, the 7th January, 1894, she sighted the Fastnet, but not being able to get a pilot, as the weather became foggy, Captain Bartlett, her commander, had the vessel put well out to sea. On the following day it blew a strong gale, but the weather still continued thick, and when the ship sighted land on that afternoon they found themselves dangerously close to the shore, somewhere to the southward of Ballycottin Island—Cork Harbour having been overrun in the thick weather. The vessel was then standing in, and after getting between Smith's Rock and the shore Captain Bartlett endeavoured to put the ship about on the other tack to reach out to sea; but the wind and the terrific sea drove her to leeward, where in a short time she struck on the rocks and kept bumping with shattering force until the masts went over the side.

Captain Bartlett then told the crew to go forward in the vessel, as this seemed the safest place, to remain there till they were rescued, and nine of the men took shelter there with him.

The Barque *Cooleen*, B. Crump, Master. Photo sent by T. J. Barkley.

A wise resolution.

Mr. Barter, the second mate, however, thought it better to remain on the poop, and three of the crew stayed with him. Mountainous seas pounded the vessel, and in less than ten minutes she parted at the waist, when the forward portion immediately turned clean over, precipitating the captain and the nine men into the raging sea, and all were lost. The sailmaker, one of the nine, made a gallant effort to gain the shore, and had almost got within reach of being rescued when a large floating beam, which had become detached from the wreck, struck him on the head, and he disappeared. Two coloured seamen also fought bravely for a time, but the waves exhausted them and they, too, disappeared.

Meanwhile the coastguards had arrived on the scene. With great expedition they got the rocket apparatus into operation, and succeeded in firing a line on to the poop of the wreck, to which the second mate and the three others still clung. They fastened the line to the rail, and soon, one by one, were drawn safely on to the cliff. They were at once conveyed to the village of Ballycottin, where they received every attention.

The following day there was only about thirty feet of the after part of the vessel visible on the rocks, and a portion of the bow which, strange to say, was upside down.

T. J. B.

A curious custom in Cornwall graveyards was the setting up of the Figurehead of a wrecked vessel over the grave of her drowned sailors. Photo sent by Thomas Hardy.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

E. F. McDonald, Esq., Junr., President of the Radio Corporation, writes me that he has a beautiful painting, by the artist, Edward Cucuel, of the clipper-bow square-rigged ship *Thessalus*, and would like to have some facts concerning her. Can any reader of *Sea Breezes* oblige?

ED.

H.M. Training Brig *Martin* under sail.

Permit me to correct the statement in *Sea Breezes* of November last that H.M.S. *Martin*, training brig, was built in 1836. In *Sea Breezes* for August, 1927, under the heading "Naval Training Brigs," I stated that she was launched at Pembroke in 1890. This information was obtained from "The Naval Pocket Book of 1898." My article further states that the training brig *Sealark* was launched at Portsmouth in 1843 and was still serving as tender to H.M.S. *Caledonia* in 1898, so she was then the oldest brig serving under sail.

The claim that H.M. training brig *Martin* was the last wind-driven vessel to fly the White Ensign, should have read "was *one* of the last wind-driven vessels," as all the sailing tenders to the training ships were probably put out of commission together in the Autumn of 1903. Reference to the contemporary Navy Lists will easily settle this point, and this is what I have done.

While in England this Summer I was told that the hull of the *Martin* was afloat still doing duty alongside the oil store at Portsmouth.

F. V. LONGSTAFF.

Information required.

C. E. O. Uhlenbeck writes:—Always having a great interest regarding everything connected with shipping, and especially very keen on the nowadays so abandoned sailing trade, I hereby take the liberty of putting a few questions before you. I would be much obliged if you could supply me with some information, if possible, regarding the following points:—

1. I have noticed that there are still a lot of sailing vessels trading in the United States and owned by Americans. These vessels, however, although built after the war, in most cases are constructed of wood and are of the 4-masted schooner type. For instance, 29 out of the 33 sailing ships comprising the fleet of Messrs. Crowell & Thurlow, at Boston, built between 1917 and 1921 are constructed of wood. Can you account for this special liking of the Americans for these wooden vessels?

2. Further, there are a lot of big vessels in the United States registered as "schooner-barges." Is one to understand that these vessels have their own sailing-rig and are employed as barges in the coal, gravel and sand trade? Have these vessels hatches or not?

3. I read with much interest the story in your December number regarding the full-rigged s.v. *William Mitchell*, but tracing her in "Lloyd's Register," 1928/29, no owner was indicated, and a German port of registry was mentioned. Can you supply me with information regarding name and nationality of her present owner, or has this vessel been broken up lately?

4. Having gathered that the P.S.N.C. are owners of the steel 4-masted

Another Figurehead in a Cornish Churchyard, see page 81. Photo sent by Thomas Hardy.

barque *Guardadora*. I should thank you if you would give me some information regarding the trade in which this vessel is, as has been engaged. Can you mention some speedy trips?

NOTE.—*Guardadora* is now a P.S.N.C. hulk in Valparaiso Bay.—EDITOR.

Some facts about *Brodick Castle*.

Mr. George Steele, in his article in your issue of January, 1929, page 297, entitled "*Glendevan's* Long Passage" (concluding paragraph), makes inquiry as to the history of the ship *Brodick Castle*.

Through an old friend in San Francisco I learned that she was built in Glasgow for J. Black & Co. in 1875, her dimensions being 258 feet 6 inches long, and 40 feet 3 inches beam. She made a number of voyages to San Francisco as follows, the dates being her arrival dates at the latter port :—

August 23, 1876—Captain Thyne. Newcastle, N.S.W., 69 days.
September 27, 1879—Captain Seward. Sydney, 95 days.
October 30, 1881—Captain Erskine. Dundee, 133 days.
November 14, 1882—Captain Erskine. Cardiff, 136 days.
November 25, 1883—Captain Erskine. Liverpool, 116 days.
January 8, 1885—Captain Erskine. Hull, 141 days.
August 27, 1888 Captain Erskine. Newcastle, N.S.W., 66 days.

The ship was built by T. Wingate & Co., of Glasgow. Hind, Rolph Co. had apparently no financial interest in the ship, but they were managing owners; and towards the end of her life, she was registered at Victoria, B.C., in the name of the Ship Brodick Castle Co., Ltd. She was afloat as late as 1910, but all record of her since then seems to be lost.

W. J. LOVE.

A few interesting notes.

I send you herewith a few notes on ships mentioned in the January number, which has just reached me.

Glenelvan, as the Italian *Guarneri*, was abandoned off Madeira in December, 1926.

Brodick Castle was sold, previous to 1905, to Hind, Rolph, of Vancouver, and was out of the Register by 1912. She was originally owned by T. Skinner, of London.

Gladova was out of Register by 1912.

Ecclefechan was wrecked on February 23rd, 1900. I do not know the place of wreck. In the 1886 Register she is described as an iron ship, but this may mean a four-mast ship.

R. W. Pearce asks about times of the *Young America*. On her fastest passage from New York to San Francisco she was 19 days to the Line, 41 to 50 S. and 16 from there to 50 S. in Pacific. In 1872 she was 15 days 6 hours from Tuskar to the Line.

In June, 1876, from 50 S. to 50 S., she was 6 days.
In November, 1869, from 50 S. to 50 S., she was 7 days.
In August, 1853, from 50 S. to 50 S., she was 8½ days.

E. A. Woods.

Some notes concerning *Avenger* and *Castor*.

I see in the October number Glen O. Lindsell inquiring about the *Avenger*. I was in this ship with his father, the voyage before he was lost, and a very funny thing, I was in Melbourne last November and met the second mate, who was in the *Avenger* when I was, and also when Mr. Lindsell was lost; I had not seen him for about 30 years.

Mr. Lindsell was a fine seaman, a man all hands admired. Captain Barry was laid up all the way home, and Mr. Lindsell sailed her; he took her up Channel without a landfall, raining, dirty weather; and hailed a steamer. "How does Beachy bear?" The answer was. "Nor'-east 20 miles." A sailor of the sail.

Avenger was a full-rigged ship. Grice sold her to Roberts, Llanelly, then she went to the Norwegians. Mr. Lubbock tells us in "The Last of the Windjammers" that she lay on Ship Island, Gulf of Mexico, for eleven years; in 1916 they tried to float her and failed, but a nice handy hurricane came along and blew her off. She was re-rigged as a barque, and named the *John H. Kirby*, and Mr. Lindsell can get her photo from the Nautical Photo Agency.

Can any "Sea Breezer" tell me what became of the Dundee barque *Castor*, 2,059 tons register? There were three about the same size: *Procycon*, *Orion* and *Castor;* owners W. S. Croudace. I have been unable to trace them. I was apprentice in *Castor* in 1891.

I wonder if it is news to you that the *John o' Gaunt* capsized in Penarth Dock about 1885 (not sure of year), and was towed upright by two locomotives; her boats were smashed when she went over and were burned on a bonfire at the Windsor Slipway in celebration of the Jubilee, 1887; the names on the boats could be distinctly seen as they lay on top of the bonfire. I heard this from an old resident of Penarth.

D. S. Simpson.

Benmore and more.

Your correspondent A. Halcrow is right in assuming that the Captain Scott, under whom he served on board the *Benmore*, was the same man who commanded the *Rimac* during the five voyages I was an apprentice

in her. The *Benmore* came out in 1870 and loaded at Glasgow on her maiden voyage for San Francisco. During a very heavy gale she was dismasted to the westward of the "Horn," and put into Callao clean swept. Captain Scott had been brought up in a very hard school, but he treated his crew fairly. In the ship I left to join him we never got an afternoon watch below in fine weather and were worked up in every possible way both day and night, and to me it was a very pleasant change to find myself getting my afternoon watch below and being treated decently. Amongst the four apprentices was a Scotch boy called "Jock," who, like the old man, had no end of a temper. Years afterwards the said "Jock" was mate with the old man, and they most successfully managed to get across one another's hawse on every possible occasion. "Jock" was a good shipmate, and I am pleased to say that he made good and is still going strong, though, like myself, with his ropes coiled up. Scott was no end of a driver and in all the five voyages I made with him round the Horn, never made a long passage either outwards or homewards. "Jock," I may add, also takes *Sea Breezes*.

H. N. Vyvyan.

Latest news of *Sophocles* wanted.

Mr. C. E. O. Uhlenbeck, Amsterdam, writes us :—In your January issue you mention on page 311 the barque *Macdiarmid*. In addition to this it may interest you that this vessel, together with the barques *Estrella*, *Sant' Anna* and *Lorenzo*, all belonging to the sailing fleet of Messrs. Fratelli, Dufour, S.A., of Genoa, have just lately been broken up. They traded regularly between Argentine and Italy, carrying Quebracho wood home, used for the paint and tannin fabrication at the Company's factories at Genoa. Moreover, the ships were engaged as depôt ships while moored in Genoa Harbour.

Can any reader supply me with information re the old clipper *Sophocles*, of Messrs. Geo. Thompson, who sold her in 1898 to Italy, where this vessel, in 1926, must still be afloat? Do you know whether this vessel is at present still afloat and under which name and owner?

BOOK REVIEW.

Yarns of a Kentucky Admiral.

A delightful book from beginning to end, and the author, Admiral Rodman, has chosen an excellent title. There are breezy yarns about his old Kentucky home, amusing anecdotes dealing with his early sea days in the American Navy, graphic descriptions of thrilling incidents which occurred during the Battle of Manila in 1898; and other incidents too numerous to mention, which should render the reader loth to lay the book aside.

Admiral Rodman spins his yarns in a manner both simple and unassuming, interspersing them profusely with photographic illustrations, two of which especially engaged my attention, viz., a group taken on board the U.S.S. battleship *New York*, showing H.M. the King, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in animated conversation with Admirals Rodman, Beatty and Sims; whilst the other is a most impressive picture of "The Surrender of the German Fleet." Admiral Rodman has now retired after nearly 50 years of faithful service, and his experiences during this long period are well worth reading.

Yarns by a Kentucky Admiral, by Hugh Rodman, Rear-Admiral, U.S.N. Published by Martin Hopkinson & Co., Ltd., London. Price, 18/- net.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

I suppose, if I had to say, off hand, which was the most noticeable addition to the latest creations I should mention the scarf. They appear on everything, from sports suits, tweed coats, down to evening frocks and dressing gowns.

While skirts are quite definitely longer, they do not trail. Indeed I call the new length really ideal; skirts are made just to hide the knees. This means that they are short enough to get about in and long enough to be decent. It is amusing to see how faithful the designers are to the jumper. Ten years ago they wouldn't have dreamed of re-introducing a last year's idea into the newest creations.

But they wisely realise that women find jumpers comfortable and mean to wear them, come what may. Of course, little, half-hearted attempts are made to disguise the garment, but there it is, after all!

The new jumpers are made to end just below the hip line and a great many of the plain cloth ones are trimmed with rows of darning stitch, which is in rather severe geometrical lines. Many of the skirts worn with these jumpers are accordeon-pleated. This is another delightful fashion that re-appears year after year. Stripes still seem to be the thing as an alternative trimming for jumpers, especially for those worn with woollen skirts. The stripes are generally rather on the narrow side, and as a rule they are in one or two contrasting shades. It seems to me that women are to be womanly in their afternoon frocks, at any rate. All the newest dresses, and even coat-frocks, are softened with flounces or godets. The latter are set into slits in straight skirts and are not the result of cutting the garment with a flare as we did last year. Garden party frocks are made on the same lines as the evening dresses we wore last year. Some of them contain from 15 to 20 yards of chiffon or tulle. Ruchings of narrow ribbon to tone are employed as trimming. I understand this is a revival of a fashion of the eighties.

Nothing like "C.O.D" after all.

Another novelty is the patchwork sleeve which is introduced in many of the fine wool frocks. Patchwork is also used for sports coats. They are quite effective if the colours are nicely blended. Most women will be interested in a case which recently came before Judge Sir A. Tobin. A young woman was sued for £300 which she owed to a London firm for dresses. The judge learnt that this girl had no means and opened her account with £50. She stated that every time she went to the shop she was asked to buy more. The proprietress of the business (a society lady) said she was misled by the fact that her patroness had stayed at good hotels. The twelve gowns she owed for ranged in price from £15 to £40 each, while one hat was £13. I always think it such a pity that it is legal to give credit. If you cannot afford to pay for a frock *before* you wear it, what chance is there of a girl paying *after*? The dangers of giving and accepting credit ought to be drilled into everybody while they are young.

Not long ago I mentioned the fact that some London firms were letting their customers buy their clothes on the instalment plan. I have since

had it pointed out to me that this is no novelty. Young people have been getting most of their possessions in this manner for some years. Indeed a few weeks back I was myself offered a pekingese puppy by an acquaintance who wished to sell it on the instalment plan. I was too amused even to feel any annoyance. Still, it only shows the lengths people are evidently going to in order to get what they want. But a "peke!"—now—if it had been a "whippet" I shouldn't have been at all surprised.

This year, instead of raffia, we are to see lots of things made of palm-leaf productions. A popular Parisian actress launched the idea not so long ago. She appeared in what other women took to be a short coat and helmet toque of matelassé cloth. In reality this coat was of specially-prepared strands of the palm leaf. The coat and toque were of dark red and the former was lined with black panne and had a black fox collar. Even umbrellas are being made of this preparation, and I understand they are really waterproof. The colours are charming, but the dull red and the emerald green shades are specially good. Umbrellas are no longer the drab business they were, and the new palm leaf ones are noticeable because of their handles. Many of these are ebony with oval plaques of green quartz and a long green and silver tassel. Some of the red ones have dull blue handles relieved with a ring of garnets. This palm leaf preparation is also used most successfully for hats, some of which are shaped like the poke bonnets our ancestors wore. Satchels and handbags are naturally made to match.

Writing of handbags reminds me that a new and useful idea was recently introduced. The flap which one holds when opening the bag is a tiny bit larger than usual, and on the inside is of celluloid. In this, one carries either a contract or season ticket, which can be shown to the inspector without the usual fumbling when opening the bag.

GWEN.

A good picture of the *Muskoota*, ex *Flying Cloud*, ex *Otawa*, ex German *Bertha*; now a barge in Sydney. Photo lent by Capt. P. A. McDonald.

The Log of Davy Jones

I'm nodding and a-blinking, as I sit here at my ease,
And memory takes me back again to the days I sailed the seas;
And in the flickering firelight the ghosts flit to and fro;
Ghosts of those good old sailing ships I knew so long ago.

I can feel the old *Glenorchy* from the Cape come booming home,
Rolling down to Saint Helena, her bows a-cream with foam;
With the *Drummuir* running neck and neck, the *Palgrave* far away,
And the *Inchcape Rock*, that later left her bones in Algoa Bay.

From Garden Reach to Esplanade they lay in serried ranks,
Those old Calcutta traders, the "Falls" and "Brocklebanks."
The "Bens" and "Glens," the "Fernie" ships, and others as well known,
With Jimmy Nourse's coolie ships, the *Sheila*, *Erne and Rhone*.

The *Oakbank* and the *Otterspool*, both burned in far Peru,
The *Frankistan* and *Fannie Kerr*, the *Frank N. Thayer*, too;
Sir Lancelot, the beautiful, famed clipper in her day,
Loaded deep with salt from Muscat, when she foundered in the Bay.

Taitsing was wrecked on Zanzibar, *Eden Holme* on Hebe reef,
The *Flying Spur* on Martin Vas had also come to grief;
The *Flying Venus* on Penrhyn, *Loch Sloy* on Kangaroo,
Loch Vennacher had left her bones upon this island, too.

The *Nylghau* and the *Alex McNeil* passed out on Pratas Reef,
Colonial Empire made eight bells on the rocks of Cape Recife;
The *Bangalore* went missing, likewise the *Oamaru*,
Lord Brassey and the *Manchester*, the good ship *Dalas*, too.

The good *Drumcraig* went missing, as did the old *Tamar*,
Peter Iredale and *Galena* on Columbia River Bar;
Midway Island took the *Carrollton*, Layson the barque *Ceylon*,
Ice took the ship *Geo. Peabody* and the bonnie *Rising Dawn*.

Glenbervie on the Manacles, *Radiant* on Crocodile;
The *Lanrigg Hall* on Tuskar, *King Lear* on Lundy's Isle.
Sceadler, the pirate, wrecked on South Sea Isles afar,
Remembered by old sailor men as the "Pass of Balmaha."

Malden Island took the *Salamis*, Iquique the *Wynnstay*,
Persian Empire and the *Levernbank* both sank in Biscay Bay;
Glenericht, by collision, south of the River Plate,
On lonely Inaccessible the *Shakespeare* met her fate.

The *Allanshaw* and *Mabel Clark* on Tristan's rocky shore,
Glenhuntly and the *Beacon Light* nearby had paid their score;
County of Roxburgh and the *Savernake* on Paumotos made their bed,
Edw. O'Brien and *Dunreggan* piled up on Diamond Head.

The *Primrose Hill* on Holyhead went down with all her crew,
The *Thracian*, on her maiden trip, took all hands with her, too;
The *Ardencraig*, on Scilly, *Torridon*, sunk by Hun,
Cape Wrath and *Cadzow Forest* took their pilots and were gone.

Kings Island took *Loch Leven*, likewise the *Kalahine*,
Lizzie Iredale went missing, with the *Heathbank* and *Loch Fyne*;
Powys Castle, *Cosmopolis*, *Clencaird* and the *Indore*
All made eight bells and closed their watch on Staten Island's shore.

Now the fire is getting lower and the ghosts have ceased to play,
And methinks I heard a cock crow: It's near the break of day;
I'll make four bells and go below, and rest my weary bones,
But I bow my head to the men and ships that have gone to Davy Jones.

GEO. SEELEY.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This gentleman is now retired; the last eight years of his sea service were spent in command of the *Glenorchy*.]

The Great Hurricane of 1839

How ships in the Mersey suffered

On the morning of Sunday, January 6th, 1839, the wind was light from the S.E., but the glass commenced to fall from an early hour. For some days a large number of vessels had been windbound at Liverpool, but, taking advantage of the easterly wind, they all sailed during the Sunday. About 11 a.m. the wind vecred round to the S.W. and increased until at midnight it was blowing a gale. By 1 a.m. on Monday it was blowing a hurricane with tremendous gusts, which lasted the rest of the day, the wind being due West after daylight. Numerous houses, roofs, chimneys and mills were blown down, Liverpool and its environs suffering very severely.

A Strenuous time for the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.

The effects of this gale were more disastrous in the docks, river and adjacent coast line than even ashore. A Runcorn steamer, *Bridgewater*, sank at the Brunswick Dock Wall. In the Queen's Dock all the ships lost their spars and, in all the docks a large number of flats and fishing smacks were sunk. The Woodside steamer, *Ribble*, came alongside a total wreck, and the *Eclipse*, a Runcorn steamer, went down off the George's Pier Head. The landing boat pier, where the present Landing Stage is moored, drifted from its moorings and sank in the George's Dock Basin entrance.

The New York Black Ball Line packet, *Cambridge*, dragged both her anchors and drifted towards the south end of Prince's Pier Head. Luckily she held there and rode out the gale with her stern within a biscuit throw of the Pier Head. The Seacombe ferry steamer, *Admiral*, sank and a Maryport schooner, *Susannah*, was wrecked. In Bootle Bay over 15 vessels were wrecked including the *Oxford*, from New York, *Jarrow*, *Elisha*, *Alexandria*, *Harlequin*, *Pearl*, *Ailsa*, *Fortune* and *Redwing*.

Gallant work done by the Tugs.

Nearly sixty vessels left Liverpool on the Sunday, and, of them all, only the *Lynx* and *Hardware*, for Lisbon, *Jane* and *Hope*, for Bristol, *Sally* for Whitehaven, and the *Lion*, for Glasgow, managed to run back into the Mersey safely. The *Crusader*, for Bombay, *St. Andrew* and *Pennsylvania*, New York packets, and *Lockwoods*, New York emigrant ship, were wrecked on the Burbo Sands. *Brighton*, for Bombay, was wrecked on the West Hoyle Bank, and another ship, apparently an American, was lost on the North Sand.

The steamer *Mountaineer* rescued many lives off the *St. Andrew*, and the steam tug *Victoria* was sent out several times and rescued many from the *Lockwoods*, *St. Andrew* and *Pennsylvania*. The whole of Tuesday and Wednesday the gale continued, and the steam tugs *Victoria* and *Hero* continually made attempts to save the crews and passengers from the various wrecks. From *Lockwoods* only 57 were saved out of 110, only 23

A fine Figurehead of the 4-m. Barque *Muskoota*, photograph of which appears on page 87.

from *St. Andrew* and 26 from *Pennsylvania*. Her Majesty's packet steamers *Lucifer*, *Shearwater* and *Avon* managed to reach the river, but all were very badly damaged. The N.W. Lightship parted her moorings and drifted into the river. A large number of flats and barges were sunk at the mouth of the Dee.

This gale was felt over the whole of Ireland and the British Isles, though little damage was done to shipping with the exception of ships at the ports in Liverpool Bay, which was a dead lee shore. *Pennsylvania* was a Swallow Tail Packet, *St. Andrew* one of R. Kermit's Packet Line, and the *Oxford*, the whole of whose crew and passengers were saved, was one of Marshall's Black Ball liners. *Jarrow* was a West India brig, owned by Quayle, of Liverpool; *Harlequin*, a barque, was a Brazilian trader owned by Booth & Co., of Aberdeen; *Ailsa* was a Glasgow vessel; and *Redwing* belonged to Sunderland, trading to Newfoundland. *Brighton* was a barque owned by Sedman & Co., of Liverpool, trading to India. Her commander's name was J. Sedman.

A bad time for the *Lockwoods*.

Lockwoods, a ship of 872 tons, was owned by Lockwood & Co., of Liverpool. She was built in New Brunswick in 1836 and usually traded to Quebec from Liverpool. This particular voyage she had been put on the berth for New York to carry emigrants. Her captain was W. Lawton. She left the Mersey on the Sunday and met the gale close to Point Lynas. Sail was shortened and they stood, as much as possible, to the westward. The wind chopped round to the N.W. and they were gradually driven North to abreast of St. Bee's, near Whitehaven. They wore round on Monday evening and bore up for Liverpool.

The Lightship and all the buoys had broken adrift and no marks could be seen. Finding they were getting into shallow water the starboard anchor was let go, but the cable parted, and the port anchor was then dropped. Finding it was of no use to them, as the ship was dragging and shipping heavy seas, they slipped. Soon after the ship struck about two miles from the Mock Beggar Lighthouse. A short time after *Pennsylvania* struck and they watched two of her boats leave the ship. These boats were immediately swamped and the crews were drowned.

Mr. Fleck, a true British Seaman.

The captain of *Lockwoods* then tried to launch his gig with a passenger and several men. After several attempts they managed to reach Pilot Boat No. 5, which was standing by. They landed the passenger and one man in the Pilot Boat, and then went to the steam tug *Victoria*. They returned to the ship in the *Victoria*, meeting another boat and saving the men in her. Arriving at the ship, the *Victoria* backed her stern close to the stern of *Lockwoods*, and twenty-two passengers jumped into the tug. The tug returned to Liverpool, landed the rescued persons, and, taking in more coal, returned to the wreck. The mate, Mr. Fleck, refused to leave the ship until all who were alive on deck were taken off. He was amongst the saved. The remainder of the passengers and crew, who were not taken off, were either drowned below, died from the intense cold, or were killed by the falling masts.

The *Victoria*, besides her own crew, had sixteen pilots on board and had the Dock Trust lifeboat in tow from the Magazines. They sent the lifeboat and their own boat to *St. Andrew* and went themselves to *Lockwoods*. The second time they went out they took on board 12 boatmen and two gigs. The Hoylake lifeboat and a fishing boat from Hoylake came out and helped them. *Harvest Home*, a Dundee brig, engaged in the Liverpool-West India trade, was wrecked at the same time close to Formby. Some of the crew managed to land in their boat on Formby Beach, and gave information to the lifeboat men.

Made of good material.

The New York packet ships to Liverpool first started about 1815. From the commencement up to 1839 only three of them had been lost. *Albion*, of the Black Ball Line, was wrecked on the Old Head of Kinsale in 1821, all hands being lost; *Liverpool*, a Boston packet, was crushed in the ice on the Banks of Newfoundland, all hands being saved; and *Panther*, of the Red Star Line, wrecked in Holyhead Bay. *Pennsylvania*, *St. Andrew* and *Oxford* made the total of six ships lost in 20 odd years. The ships of the packet lines left port in all weathers, and it speaks well for their builders and owners, for, after the gale had subsided, the hulls of the last three were found to be practically intact and all the cargoes were saved.

E. A. W.

The Barque *Coulnakyle*

I see that a Mr. Carl A. Norberg is anxious to know about an old Aberdeen ship called the *Coulnakyle*, and shall be pleased to furnish you with an abstract taken from a book written by my father, who at one time commanded her.

On a voyage from London with a general cargo we were bound for three ports on the north coast of Java, the ship was overladen. The previous voyage, whilst loading a cargo of beet sugar, at Manila, the captain had raised the load-line disc six inches higher on the ship's side in order to take in more cargo; he died afterwards. I was appointed to take command at the last moment, and was not aware of this change. The vessel was loaded down and the top of the disc awash so that she was one foot too deep. The Board of Trade surveyors were not so vigilant in those days, otherwise the ship would not have been allowed to leave the dock.

We met with adverse winds and bad weather in the Channel. The ship was a good deal strained and continued to make water; she was not only overloaded but overmasted for an old ship, being built for the China trade in the days of the famous racing. All went well until we reached the Southern Hemisphere; whilst running the Easting down we experienced a succession of heavy gales and confused cross seas, the wind veering and backing between N.N.W. and S.W.

The ship being so deep I could not steer a straight course; I had to run before the heaviest and most dangerous seas—in other words I had to nurse her along. To make matters worse our bulwarks were washed away on both sides, the barque began to leak to such an extent that we had to man the pumps. It so happened that the crew were all young men and not afraid of a drop of water coming over them; they used to sing at the pumps, and when a big sea would come over them there was a pause in the song while they shook themselves. We managed to fit some deals on deck and lashed them to the stanchions to prevent the men from being washed overboard. The main rigging chain plates were carried away on both sides. When the ship was rolling heavily I looked expecting at any moment that the main mast would fall over the side.

We eventually reached Batavia, our first port. People came off in boats to see the *Coulnakyle*, and all wondered how we ever reached Java with the ship in such a condition. If the ship was too deep on leaving London she was deeper still on arrival owing to her cargo being saturated with sea water; she looked strange to landsmen, having bleached deals lashed around the ship instead of bulwarks. After a very eventful passage at sea I had to meet troubles of another kind in port.

It so happened that a dock was being built at Batavia. I could not get a plank of any kind to make bulwarks. I noticed an old pitchpine one on the beach and found out the owner. I bought it and had it cut up by hand saws into boards of certain dimensions, and with the help of a few carpenters from the various English ships in port and 12 Chinamen I managed to fit new bulwarks, had the covering boards and decks caulked all over. The vessel was left in my hands to do the best I could as to the homeward employment. I succeeded in obtaining the heighest freight paid from Java and sailed for Greenock and arrived home safely.

Strange to say, this vessel was sold to the captain for whom this ship was built. Should Mr. C. A. Norberg know my father he will learn from me that he only died in May, 1926, at the ripe old age of 82, and had a very successful life at sea.

WILLIAM FINDLAY.

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

With the exception of *Melbourne*, ex *Gustav*, *Winterhude*, and the German "P" boats the 1929 Australian Grain Fleet is composed of practically all the deep-water square-rigged sailing vessels still in service, and numbers sixteen vessels as against nine last year. As usual, the majority of these fly the houseflag of Captain Erikson, of Mariehamn, and three others, *Mozart*, *Ponape* and *Favell*, are also Finnish owned. Great Britain is represented by *Garthpool*. The frequent reports which have appeared in the Press that she is on her last voyage have been authoritatively denied.

A disquieting feature is that the East Asiatic Company's training-ship *Kobenhavn* has not been heard of since she sailed from Buenos Aires on 14th December for Melbourne, and she is now (19th March) quoted at 60 guineas per cent. on the re-insurance market. The anxiety which is being felt for her safety is largely due to reports of the presence of floating ice in the Southern Ocean.

It is interesting to note that *Penang* and *Mozart*, which sailed from Queenstown and Gravesend respectively on 6th October, 1928, and arrived at Port Lincoln on 1st January, 1929, both sailed from Wallaroo on 6th February for Falmouth for orders. *Pommern* was spoken practically on the Line on 2nd March, and should arrive at Falmouth or Queenstown in the near future. The position is summarised below :

Due at Australia—

Killoran—Finnish barque. Sailed Gravesend 20th December, for Port Lincoln.

Kobenhavn—Danish aux. five-mast barque. Sailed Buenos Aires 14th December for Melbourne.

In Port—

*Favell**—Finnish barque. Arrived Port Lincoln 21st February; 85 days from Glasgow. Shifted to Wallaroo and arrived 25th February.

Grace Harwar—Finnish ship. Arrived Port Lincoln 5th March; 118 days from Wilmington, N.C. Shifted to Wallaroo and arrived 10th March.

Hougomont—Finnish four-mast barque. Arrived Port Lincoln 21st February; 104 days from Jacksonville.

Olivebank—Finnish four-mast barque. Arrived Port Lincoln 10th February from Auckland, New Zealand.

Ponape—Finnish four-mast barque. Arrived Melbourne 1st March; 138 days from Sundsvall.

Sailed (all for Falmouth or Queenstown for orders)—

Archibald Russell—Finnish four-mast barque. Melbourne, 4th March.

*A picture of *Favell* appears on cover of Magazine.—Ed.

Beatrice—Swedish four-mast barque. Adelaide, 11th January.

C. B. Pedersen—Swedish four-mast barque. Melbourne, 20th February.

Garthpool—British four-mast barque. Adelaide, 10th March.

Herzogin Cecilie—Finnish four-mast barque. Port Lincoln, 18th January.

Lawhill—Finnish four-mast barque. Port Lincoln, 5th January.

Mozart—Finnish four-mast barquentine. Wallaroo, 6th February.

Penang—Finnish barque. Wallaroo, 6th February.

Pommern—Finnish four-mast barque. Sydney, 15th December; spoken 2nd March, O.15.S., 31.12.W.

Other Movements—

Alexa—British barquentine, 286 tons net register, and the last square-rigger trading out of Sydney. Reported burnt on 13th February at Butaritara.

Bonneveine—French barque. Sailed St. Laurent, 4th March, for St. Marc.

Bossuet—French barque. Sailed Black River, 9th January, for Havre, and arrived 12th March.

Carl Vinnen—German auxiliary five-mast schooner. Sailed Brussels 22nd December for Buenos Aires and arrived 12th February.

H. C. Christensen—Danish barquentine, 286 tons net register. Sailed Rio Hache 5th February for Hamburg. A photograph of this vessel appeared in the May, 1928, number of *Sea Breezes*.

Forest Dream—Swedish five-mast barquentine. Sailed St. Louis, Rhone, 21st February, for Jamaica.

Grossherzogin Elisabeth—German ship. Sailed Pernambuco 11th February for the Weser.

Joseph Dollar—U.S.A. four-mast barque, ex *Schurbek*. Sailed Port Angeles 15th February for Shanghai. It is to be hoped that on arrival she will not join *Janet Dollar* as a hulk up the Yangtse.

Herbert L. Rawding—U.S.A. four-mast schooner, 1,109 tons net register. The slump in American schooner values was well illustrated when this vessel, which cost £38,000 to build in 1919, was sold by auction at Boston recently for £320.

North Bend—U.S.A. four-mast schooner, 847 tons net register, built of wood in 1921. This vessel stranded in January, 1928, at the entrance to the Columbia River whilst on passage from Australia. All attempts to float her proved ineffectual, and she was abandoned by her owners last summer. Finally, in February, 1929, she was salved by another firm and towed to Astoria. Examination showed her hull to be very little damaged, and she will probably be used as a barge for towing.

Padua—German four-mast barque. Sailed Hamburg 25th November for Talcahuano, and arrived 13th February.

Panair—German four-mast barque. Sailed Iquique-Channel for orders 13th November and passed Prawle 7th February. Arrived Rotterdam in tow 16th February as she was unable to reach Hamburg owing to ice. Sailed for Hamburg in tow 8th March and arrived 12th March.

Passat—German four-mast barque. Sailed Caleta Caloso-Channel for orders 11th January and passed Falkland Islands 11th February.

Parma—German four-mast barque, ex *Arrow*. Sailed Tocopilla 1st March. Channel for orders.

Peking—German four-mast barque. Sailed Hamburg 6th March for Chile.

Schulschiff Pommern—German barque ex *Elfrieda*, ex *Saxon*. Arrived Cherbourg 19th February in tow from St. Malo, to be broken up.

The Seal Fishery—

The sealing fleet, consisting of six old wooden, and six modern steel steamers, as well as seven motor schooners, sailed from St. John's, N.F., on 7th March on their annual seal hunt. The motor schooners are being used as an experiment. Two of the wooden steamers will operate in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the rest beyond the Grand Banks.

Seven Seas U.S.A. ship-rigged yacht, ex *Abraham Rydberg*. This vessel is only 193 tons net register and was built as a Swedish training ship at Stockholm in 1912. She was recently bought by a wealthy American and converted to a yacht at Cowes, whence she sailed for New York on 21st February. There are now several square-rigged yachts on the American register, including the brigantine *Illyria*, built last year, and the auxiliary barque *Aloha*, 329 tons net register. On our side we have the barque *Fantome II*, 136 tons net register, built at Nantes in 1896 as *Belem*, and the brigantines *Dolphin* and *Virgo*, all fitted with auxiliary engines. The latter was built at Falmouth in 1874 as *Lady of Avenel*, and after the war became Commander Worsley's exploration ship *Island*.

Suzanne Danish barque, ex *Kylemore*. Arrived Montego Bay prev. 12th March.

Western Ocean Schooners—Several of the vessels mentioned in the last two numbers of *Sea Breezes* have been reported recently and unfortunately two of them, the British schooners *Enid E. Legge* and *General Trenchard* were abandoned in mid-Atlantic on 28th January and 11th March respectively. Both crews were picked up by steamers and the vessels fired before leaving. *Enid E. Legge* was built in 1919 and *General Trenchard* in 1920. *Lady St. John's* sailed Leixoes 28th February for Mevagissey.

R. H. Swann.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 114, Vol. XII. May, 1929

Barque *Favell*, in Govan Dry Dock, Glasgow.

From a pencil sketch by Harold A. Underhill.

Western Ocean Schooners

Some interesting facts about them

Post scriptum.—During the time which elapsed between the writing and the publishing of these articles, the following good passages have been made by Western Ocean schooners :—

EASTWARD.

1927.				1928.			
Vessel.	Flag.	Tons nett.	Days.	Vessel.	Flag.	Tons nett.	Days.
General Trenchard	British	149	20	*Enid E. Regge* ...	British	233	19
Faustina	,,	146	20	,, ...	,,	233	18
Ronald M. Douglas	,,	189	17	,, ...	,,	233	20
Nellie T. Walters ...	,,	139	20	,, ...	,,	233	18
Gaultois	,,	92	18	*Lady St. Johns* ...	,,	95	20
,, ...	,,	92	18	,, ...	,,	95	17
Tishy	,,	118	19	,, ...	,,	95	18
Athena	,,	72	12	*Ria*	,,	154	17
Emily H. Patten ...	,,	152	15	*Lila E. D. Young*	,,	155	19
Russell Lake ...	,,	132	14	,,	,,	155	18
Dauntless	,,	78	20	*Bartian*	,,	100	19
Edith M. Cavell ...	,,	134	17	*Ronald M. Douglas*	,,	189	19
,, ...	,,	134	18	,,	,,	189	17
Marguerite Emilie	French	148	16	*Nellie T. Walters*	,,	139	19
Energi	Danish	117	18	*General Wood* ...	,,	159	18
,, ...	,,	117	16	*Tishy*	,,	118	19
Actio	,,	195	18	*General Plumer* ...	,,	149	20
Albert	,,	127	19	*Emily H. Patten* ...	,,	152	19
Gerva	,,	120	16	*Edith M. Cavell* ...	,,	134	18
Sif	,,	98	20	*Neptun*	Danish	109	14
Armistice	French	188	20	*Marna*	,,	113	19
General Byng ...	British	196	20	,, ...	,,	113	20
Ada M. Westhaver ...	,,	100	20	*Frem*	,,	119	19
Lila E. D. Young ...	,,	155	20	,, ...	,,	119	14
Maxwell R. ...	,,	106	19	*Mars*	,,	113	18
				Energi	,,	117	12
				Gerd	,,	—	18

WESTWARD.

1927.				1928.			
Vessel.	Flag.	Tons. nett.	Days.	Vessel.	Flag.	Tons nett.	Days.
Faustina	British	146	27	*Bastian*	British	100	28
General Wood ...	,,	159	22	*Lila E. D. Young*	,,	155	26
A. H. Whitman ...	,,		28	*Dauntless*	,,	78	21
General Trenchard	,,	149	30	*General Plumer* ...	,,	149	28
,,	,,	149	29	,, ...	,,	149	25
Gaultois	,,	92	29	*Tishy*	,,	118	26
,, ...	,,	92	22	,, ...	,,	118	25
General Plumer ...	,,	149	29	*John W. Miller* ...	,,	266	19
,, ...	,,	149	23	*Nellie T. Walters*	,,	139	21
Tisky	,,	118	25	*Faustina*	,,	146	28
Ena A. Moulton ...	,,	180	24	*General Wood* ...	,,	159	30
Dauntless	,,	78	30	*Gaultois*	,,	92	23
Edith M. Cavell ...	,,	134	27	*Emily H. Patten* ...	,,	152	30
Emily H. Patten ...	,,	152	27	*Ria*	,,	154	27
Normandie	French	217	29	*Edith M. Cavell* ...	,,	134	25
Sainte Anne ...	,,	136	26	*Russell Lake* ...	,,	132	30
Energi	Danish	117	26	*La Paimpolaise* ...	French	162	30
Albert	,,	127	29	*Gerd*	Danish	—	30

WESTWARD—*continued.*

1927.				1928.			
Vessel.	Flag.	Tons nett.	Days.	Vessel.	Flag.	Tons nett.	Days.
Actio	Danish	195	26	*Frem*	Danish	119	25
Neptun	,,	127	29	*Aphrodite*	,,	—	19
Marna	,,	113	28	*Mars*	,,	113	26
Astraea	,,	119	29				
Gerva	,,	120	19				
Yvonna	French	148	26				
Elisabeth	Danish	240	23				
Lindo Tibbo ...	British	—	26				
Ada M. Westhaver ...	,,	100	22				
Ria	,,	154	26				
Effie May	,,	—	27				
Lila E. D. Young ...	,,	155	21				
Maxwell R. ...	,,	106	17				
Lady St. Johns ...	,,	95	27				

It will be seen easily that those little ships can compete with anything that ever crossed the Atlantic under sail, even in the palmy days of canvas. Therefore, I thought it a good thing to preserve their splendid 20th century work in that cenotaph of the sailing ship—*Sea Breezes*. It is comforting, however, that for the present there is no need of putting them into a tomb : they are very much alive. Only a few months ago, over forty schooners were crossing at a time. These craft may not possess the romance of the lofty, smart, spotlessly clean square-rigger now practically gone, but they have the far more substantial charm of being "the living present." The ports of Bordeaux, Oporto, Lisbon and Cadiz are full of them any time of the year : unsightly, dirty, undersparred tubs, but they do the work. May they keep doing it for a long time to come, to astonish the sailor community by their remarkable feats, accomplished under such overwhelmingly difficult circumstances. And whenever such feats are accomplished, may it be mentioned in *Sea Breezes* for the benefit of those who, at the bottom of their hearts, will never be able to completely agree with the rack and smudge of mechanically-driven craft, to show them that the days of sail are not all gone yet!

W. L. Leclercq.

A picturesque scene in Magellan Straits—Capes Holland and Coventry.

Whaling Stories

First Whaling Voyage, May 3rd, 1877

CHAPTER III.

We sailed from Camperdown Dock, and as the sealing trip had not been an "El Dorado"—monthly pay, minus a bit of advance and a couple of white stocking-days, which didn't leave much to jubilate about—our farewells were dour as a kirk session. We called at Lerwick to pick up our decent "Shelties" to fill up the crew list, and to replenish the slop chest. The contents of the ordinary ship's slop chest has been held up to contempt, but the Scotch whale fishers—being what they are—knew what was good in sea clothing, and many blessings went up in the Arctic weather for the fleecy gear that protected us.

On arrival at Lerwick we found two other whalers there on our own errand, and by some means some of the men from each vessel got ashore, and after a bit of a mix-up amongst themselves, they then "turned on" to the police. Where the fighting juice came from was at first a mystery, but when the yarns were spun afterwards "an illicit still manufactured the fire-water," and the welcome of the *guide* and his saga to them and to the old fiddler—"Spring thy bow, Joonie; spring thy bow, now, and play up 'Scallaway Lassies,' for here comes them Dundee Scotch lads, what spends der money freely; sit thee doon by the ingle, lad, and tak' thee a tatter and roast it to thysel'."

"Hands to the pumps!"

Anyhow, before finishing up, the gang got into a hat shop, and the special constables and captains escorted them afloat—all hands wearing a varied assortment of head-gear. The cost of the damage, etc., was all slumped together and each ship was debited with one-third of it. After sailing, the official log was written up, and a copy nailed up in the half-deck—I found myself, like everyone else, debited with 2/4 as my reward for remaining on board and "missing the fun." After getting away to sea and clearing the land, a strong south-westerly wind with a high sea sprung up, and the "old man" being in the mind to hang the full courses and main topgallant on to her, made the old ship shake things up a bit. The engines were stopped for economy, and the real "sailors" were busy with preventer stays, also bending a new main topgallant sail, and jib, to replace losses. The fore topgallant mast was found to be sprung, and it had to be housed and secured. The yard was sent down, and the watch slithered about in the "wash" and their "Handy Billy" "sweating up" everything under the orders of the leading "afterguards." It was not surprising that the little ship required some pumping after the hard ramming she had endured in the ice on the sealing trip. Anyhow, the mate pointed out that pulling the bell rope on the fly wheel pump was a splendid training for men who were not yet expert at pulling an oar, and so it was ordained that the pumps were manned and relieved by the "bad lads" who got adrift at Lerwick. The sea began to rise from the N.W., and the cross sea filled her decks as she drove into it, and so we all "shook down" to our proper places with two helmsmen and a spare hand "standing by." A good honest summer Atlantic breeze, and the lash of

The *Scotia*, another whaler which has done good service. Photo lent by W. J. Barr.

the spray whipping one to healthy action. The "old man," hanging on to the life-line on the weather side of the little quarter deck, quietly watching her ways and lovingly chided her. "Lift to 'em, Old Vic.," and sometimes admonished her ladyship with his "*Up*, my lassie," then as the roaring *top* of a sea crashed and flew in spray up to the tops, so she lurched to leeward with a quick mad jerk, and pitched on the crest of the wave as it passed under her. A little laugh came out of the night from the figure under the weather topgallant rail, who, like everyone else, had been brought *low* and lost their legs. "Ye did that fine, ye auld hussy."

The "Old Man" gets one in on the "Sea Lawyers."

After about 24 hours of this the word was given to "shorten sail," and all hands were bustled about till we left her snugged down with her two lower topsails and stay foresail set. As I left the wheel a few minutes afterwards the wind flew into the N.W. and howled. Down below, the old shipkeeper, who had been tendering his *sympathy* to some of the disgruntled pumpers, "Lord, keep me," said he, "when I was ignorant, like you fellows, and about your age, I could jump o'er the main stay with the cook's coppers hung at my stern." To which the retort came, "You must have been a smart young buck or you wouldna have been such a lazy auld man." After he had been baited by what he called "his natural enemies," the old lad said, if they wanted sound advice and cared to pull the wool out of their "lugs" he would tell 'em a "true bar."

He said, "I left Dundee in a ship that certainly was making a lot of water; the pumps were kept going from the time we got through Pentland Firth. There was a lot of fellows like 'you lot,' who had not much knowledge about ships, and less about *water*. They got very badly scared, and the 'fish-cadger' of a sea lawyer, who had their ear, preached 'turning back,' said the ship was sinking, 'would never reach Davis Straits,' etc. There was not much in all this to worry me," said the old shipkeeper, "because I had been in East Coast schooners and Goole 'Billy boys,' and had been used to that 'pump or sink' type of vessel, and their crews who, with a kind of bravado, often boasted that they 'carried her, year in and year out, on their backs.' The people who mattered—officers, harpooners and people who had families—didn't intend to give up the voyage. The common 'mickies' (the whalers' term for Eskimo dogs) made themselves a nuisance about 'their lives,' and interviewed the captain. He explained that with a working crew of 50, to have 10 of them in relays—even if the pump was kept going the whole of the time—was no hardship. There was, however, more trouble later on, and the 'old man' had all hands mustered. Those for going on with the voyage on one side and those who wanted to take the ship back on the other. He sized the crowd up, and seeing no chance of there being any kind of navigator amongst the 'grumblers' (who 'howkett' the 'Scouring burn' when they werna up bye—in jail), and he called the steward and said, 'Bring up the chronometer and my sextant,' and addressing the malcontents, 'You that are going back—there's the tools, take her back.' The skipper smiled as the disgusted 'sea lawyers' trailed away for'ard, and tailed on to the pumps, and all the 'go-on-with-the-voyage' folk had a good laugh when the 'tools,' which included three Martina Henry rifles and three six-shooters, were collected again by the spectioneer from the captain and mates and returned to the cabin along with the other 'aids' to navigation."

Cum grano Salis.

So ended the shipkeeper's story! There were demands for the name of the skipper, and the ship, and because they were not forthcoming he was three or four kinds of a liar. I tried him later on, and was told to "ask the cook," who said he had heard "the story," but didn't know where it came from. When I got to know our "young-old" shipkeeper better, and we were making off our first whale, I again broached the subject, and just then the "old man," who had sent two boats *away* and was unable to get them to understand his signals from the nest, was alluding to them as a set of "Blue and white spotted blundering bitches," my old friend jerked his thumb upwards and said I could ask *him* my question.

However, I decided not to worry the captain about the matter just then. It was indeed unfortunate that the writer had been "caught" trying to kick Jock Mulock off the gibboom end. This was the sequel to many lickings that I owed him, and was unable to repay in any other way. "On deck," in fine weather, he left me to crawl to my dark corner, "a battered wreck." "Aloft" I had him scared, numb and cold with fear. So we each watched our chances and took our opportunities.

(To be continued.)

Homeward Bound

"She moved like a queen on the water, with the grace that was hers of yore,
With the sun on her shining canvas—what had she to do with war,
With a world that is full of trouble and seas that are stained with crime?
She came like a dream remembered, dreamt once in a happier time."

—C.F.S.

The sou'-west gale had blown itself out, leaving as an aftermath low banks of mist, hiding a sea that marched angrily onward in brazen crests. Away to the west the sun was sinking in flame-lit clouds, over the hills of the far-off Irish coast, dimly visible on the horizon like a band of burnished copper.

The sea empty, save for a little patrol vessel, a well-known Cowes yacht in days of peace, but now the flagship of a trawler patrol. Breasting the oncoming seas, she raised her dripping forefoot to meet its crests, the wind snatching in hurrying gusts the smoke from her grey funnel to hide anon the white ensign streaming from her peak.

It was almost the end of the first dog watch, and in the Commander's cabin two men sat at ease, talking over such things as sailormen love to yarn, as they smoked a final pipe over their cup of tea.

Figurehead of the old *Medway*—"The Madonna and Child." Photo lent by Rev. S. Bradford.

A knock at the door, and the junior watch-keeper entered. "A full-rigged ship coming up out of the mist to the south'rd, Sir." Caps were instantly retrieved from their resting places, as both men made for the shelter of the wheel-house on the bridge from whence could be seen, some ten miles on the starboard bow, a big full-rigged ship under topsails and fore-staysails.

A brisk command to the wheel and the little vessel was kept away for the stranger. Now the yacht rolled uncomfortably, caught by the beam sea, and soon the for'ard gun's crew were busy shipping its tarpaulin jacket, as the seas began to break over the weather fo'c'sle head.

A bit of "Signalizing."

As the distance lessened, they saw the "windjammer" set her foresail and main t'gallant sails, as the breeze was becoming lighter. When close enough a string of bunting fluttered from the signal yard of the navy ship demanding the stranger's name. In reply, the old "red duster" broke out at her gaff, and the four flags, M. L. B. P., denoting her number, underneath.

On the yacht's bridge, a smile wrinkled on the weather-beaten countenance of her commander as he remarked, "It's good to see there are still a few old-timers left under our flag, and not all sold foreign."

The sub., as he scanned her flags and turned up the Register, read out "*Wiscombe Park*, Sir, 152 days out from Portland, Oregon, bound for Fleetwood. Last spoken off the Western Islands ten days ago."

As they passed, the patrol boat rounded under her stern, and raced up under her port quarter. Like some beautiful sea bird, what a picture she made with the rays of the golden sunset shining on hull, spars and canvas casting a shadow, a web-like tracery, on every sail of stay and running gear.

As she lifted to each successive sea, her travel-stained rusty sides and weed-grown water-line, spoke of the long voyage around the Horn from the "City of Roses" on the far Pacific Coast.

She could a tale unfold.

If only that beautiful vessel could speak, what a story she might tell! Of lazy days in the bright sunshine of tropics and Line, when, like some noble queen crowned with the glory of her white towering canvas, she traversed in majesty the still waters, or of victories wrested from the pitiless sea as she faced the grim Cape Horn grey beards, cold and miserable days, with sails blown away, when men fought for their lives and the safety of their ship, 'mid the bitter, biting winds and the shrieking of the gale.

Now all was plainly visible to the watchers on the bridge. The boats slung out on the quarter davits ready for lowering in case of a "U" boat attack; the man lounging at the wheel, giving or taking a spoke to gain every advantage of the failing wind; the office on the weather side of the poop, and in the waist the watch gazing at them, waving a hand in the silent greeting of the sea; and on the fo'c'sle head a few hands busy with cables and anchors making ready for their arrival in soundings.

A tricky bit of navigation, showing *Herzogin Cecilie* overhauling *Archibald Russell*.
(See page 107).

"Do you wish to be reported?" the Commander asked through his megaphone. "Yes, thank you!" came the reply, and with a tinkle of her engine-room telegraph the little vessel forged ahead, crossing the other's bows at a safe distance, making for the signal station at the South Stack to send her report, leaving the grain carrier far astern bathed in the golden sunlight, "Homeward Bound."

* * * * *

I have met her since as she lay in the Maas River, below Rotterdam, no longer under the red ensign, but with the tri-colour at her peak and a French name on her stern. Her fate lay for many days in the balance. Was she to take the old sea road again or be sold bound for Deadmen's Bay? Who cared, for business and sentiment do not go hand in hand! However, her end was not just then, for a little later she sailed again, now under the German flag, with the name *Greif* emblazoned on her stern, but the respite was not to be for long, for she has ere now reached her final home. Sold to the breakers, she lies at rest close to the green misty hills that surround the shores of Belfast Lough.

S. Bradford.

Modern Cape Horners

In the January issue of *Sea Breezes* Mr. R. W. Pearce is puzzled about the passages of the German nitrate ships, and hardly can understand that the westward passages, as a rule, are better than the eastward trips. Perhaps the manager, Mr. Laeisz, who is a keen sportsman, will clear this matter up, but in case he does not, I wish to point out that the "P" ships, famous the world over, are only keeping up an at least thirty year-old reputation. A great many of their passages are good, without being wonderful; but the wonderful thing about them is the regularity and steadiness with which they are made. The secret does not lie in their clipper lines—in fact, they are real cargo-carriers—but in the skill and daring and the wide Cape Horn experience of their officers, the willingness of their men (mostly cadets), in their tall spars and square yards, and in the excellent way in which they are being kept up. These things make them easily the finest square-riggers of the last decade.

That the westward passages are being made in shorter time than the eastward trips is not to be wondered at, since they usually go out to Corral or Talcahuano, and sail from Iquique, Antofagasta, or some other northern port, which makes the mileage to be covered on the homeward trip considerably longer. This was also the case with many of the old-timers, as is proved by the following instances, picked out at random :—

Lillian Morris, average best passage out, 86 days; home, 92 days.

Lady Wolseley, ,, ,, ,, out, 79 days; home, 85 days.

Star of Italy, ,, ,, ,, out, 85 days; home, 95 days.

As to the passages of the present-day "P" ships, I am able to give some evidence as to "itemizing," but I will confine myself to the doings of two ships : *Parma*, ex *Arrow*, and *Padua*, both four-masted barques of about 3,000 tons gross, the latter having been built for Mr. Laeisz as late as 1926.

OUTWARD.

Parma.

1924. November 18th, sailed Hamburg; November 20th, off Lizard; November 30th, off Madeira; December 22nd, in 5 S., 32 W., 33 days out; February 2nd, 1925, 49 S. 78 W., 76 days out; February 11th, arrived San Antonio, 85 days out.

1925. September 15th, sailed Hamburg; September 25th, passed Ventnor; September 30th, passed Finisterre, 15 days out; October 31st, in 4 S., 32 W., 46 days out; November 29th, in 52 S., 61 W., 75 days out; December 22nd, arrived Corral, 98 days out, 85 days from Finisterre.

1926. July 11th, sailed Hamburg; July 16th, off Niton; August 1st, in 16 N., 22 W., 21 days out; August 18th, in 5 S., 30 W., 38 days out; September 9th, in 38 S., 55 W., 59 days out; September 17th, in 52.50 S., 65.13 W., 68 days out; September 26th, 51 S., 80 W., 77 days out (9 days around the Horn); October 5th, arrived Talcahuano, 86 days out.

1927. March 26th, sailed Hamburg; March 30th, off Wick; April 23rd, in 16 N., 26 W., 28 days out; May 19th, in 23 S., 40 W., 54 days out; June 9th, passed through Le Maire Straits, 75 days out; June 17th, in 50 S., 79 W., 83 days out (8 days around the Horn); June 22nd, arrived Talcahuano, 88 days out.

1928. January 1st, sailed Hamburg; January 14th, off Lowestoft, with loss of anchor, and after having been in collision with a trawler; January 21st, took departure from Land's End: February 7th, in 17 N., 26 W.; February 18th, in 9 S., 33 W. (this comes very near

to a twenty-days' run to the Line); February 26th. in 25 S., 41 W.; March 12th, in 53 S., 64 W., 71 days out; March 28th, in 45 S., 78 W., 88 days out; April 1st, arrived Talcahuano, 91 days out, 70 days from Land's End.

1928. October 19th, sailed Hamburg; October 29th, off Niton; November 2nd, passed Finisterre, 14 days out; November 13th, passed Cape Verde, 25 days out; November 24th, passed Fernando de Noronha, 36 days out (again a very good run to the Line); December 13th, in 44 S., 62 W., 55 days out; January 7th, 1929, arrived Talcahuano, 80 days out, 66 days from Finisterre.

HOMEWARD.

1925. May 2nd, sailed Iquique; May 31st, in 54 S., 55 W., 29 days out; June 23rd, crossed Line in 28 W., 53 days out; July 20th, called at Fayal, 79 days out; July 30th, passed Dover, 89 days out; August 2nd, arrived Hamburg, 92 days out.

1926. February 13th, sailed Mejillones; March 19th, in 52 S., 55 W., 34 days out; April 17th, in 6 S., 32 W., 63 days out; May 30th, off North Foreland, 106 days out; June 3rd, arrived Hamburg, 110 days out.

1926. November 20th, sailed Iquique; December 22nd, in 52.20 S., 55 W., 32 days out; January 23rd, 1927, in 4 S., 29 W., 64 days out; February 11th, in 38 N., 31.10 W., 83 days out; February 21st, passed Dover, 93 days out; February 23rd, arrived Hamburg, 95 days out.

1927. August 20th, sailed Taltal; September 13th, in 51 S., 52 W., 24 days out; October 1st, in 6 S., 26 W., 42 days out; October 15th, in 14 N., 28 W., 56 days out; November 1st, in 40 N., 32 W., 73 days out; November 25th, arrived Talcahuano, 87 days out, 71 days from arrived Delfzijl, 99 days out.

At close quarters. Taken from poop of *Herzogin Cecilie*. Mate on yard-arm about to throw papers.

1928.—June 9th, sailed Iquique; July 9th, in 52 S., 54 W., 30 days out; August 8th, in 4 N., 27 W., 60 days out; September 3rd, 720 miles S.W. of Land's End, 86 days out; September 10th, passed Dover, 93 days out; September 14th, arrived Delfzijl, 97 days out.

OUTWARD.

Padua.

1926. August 30th, sailed Hamburg, under Captain Petersen, of *Preussen* fame (maiden trip); September 15th, passed Finisterre, 16 days out; September 24th, in 28.42 N., 18.32 W., 25 days out; October 17th, in 8.44 S., 29 W., 48 days out; November 19th, in 45 S., 78 W., 81 days out; November 25th, arrivedTalcahuano, 87 days out, 71 days from Finisterre.

1927. June 15th, sailed Hamburg; June 26th, anchored Sandown Bay for medical assistance; June 30th, passed Finisterre, 17 days out; July 19th, in 6 N., 18 W., 34 days out (20 days from Finisterre); July 30th, in 19 S., 36 W., 45 days out; August 14th, in 44 S., 59 W., 60 days out; September 5th, arrived Talcahuano, 82 days out, 68 days from Finisterre.

1928. April 5th, sailed Hamburg; April 10th, passed Scilly; April 29th, in 16 N., 26 W., 24 days out; May 9th, in 55.31 W., 34 days out; May 20th, in 24 S., 40 W., 45 days out; June 1st, in 45 S., 63 W., 55 days out; June 20th, arrived Talcahuano, 76 days out, 71 days from Scillies and 45 days from the Line.

HOMEWARD.

1927. January 5th, sailed Taltal; February 3rd, in 54 S., 58 W., 29 days out; March 7th, in 5 S., 30 W., 61 days; April 9th, arrived Delfzijl, 94 days out.

1927. October 27th, sailed Iquique; November 15th, in 52 S., 55 W., 29 days out; December 10th, in 3.46 S., 29.33 W., 54 days out; January 10th, 1928, passed Dover, 85 days out; January 12th, arrived Hamburg, 87 days out.

1928. August 1st, sailed Mejillones; August 21st, in 53 S., 55 W., 20 days out (the four-masted barque *Pricall* was in the same neighbourhood on August 20th, 25 days out from Iquique); September 8th, in 4 S., 28 W., 38 days out; October 9th, off Cape Clear, 69 days out; October 12th, arrived Terneuzen, 72 days out.

These are the facts stated by Lloyd's. Compared with the poor performances of the rest of the world's square-riggers (a few Finns excepted) among which there are many sharper ships, they prove that the famous saying of Conrad's mate, "Ships are all right, it's the men in them," retains its full value with these modern Cape Horners as well as with the old-time clippers.

W. L. LECLERCQ.

Apropos of Mr. R. W. Pearce—whose name appears in the commencement of this article—see "Notes from Everywhere, etc."—ED.

Last Two Trips in Sail

Memories of the Barque *Salia*

Being a regular reader of your very interesting paper I notice mention there of my old ship *Salia* which stirs up old memories. Perhaps it may interest readers to have details of the two voyages I was in her, as apprentice, from June 1903 till 1907. She was a barque of 1,102 tons register, and owned by S. Waheliam and Sons, of Liverpool. We left Liverpool in tow of the *T. A. Jolliffe* on 8th July, 1903, for Talcahuano, Valparaiso and Iquique.

All went well till we reached Staten Island and then trouble started owing to head winds which kept us battling off the Horn for weeks and losing everything we could lose, except the masts. After losing the boats and canvas we were lying to under four cloths of a main lower topsail. The skipper reckoned we would never see another sunset and gave us a good feed for our last, which was very acceptable. The same afternoon we sighted a four-poster making home with everything set, except royals—a sight never to be forgotten. All one could see of her was the canvas and spray, no hull visible, moving with the wind abaft her beam. We used oil for three days and nights and were patching up the canvas in the cabin day and night till we got something to put on her as we had lost all our bad weather canvas. A brand new foresail and mainsail had previously gone west leaving us just the boltropes, which are not much use. However, after this Father Neptune saw the old tub was one too good for him and decided to try us with a leading wind which, I am pleased to say, the old Captain made good use of which took us into fine weather again, and we arrived in Talcahuano after a passage of 157 days from Liverpool. She was over 85 guineas in the overdue list, as were most other vessels outward bound at that time and we were given up as lost at home.

From Talcahuano we went to Valparaiso and Iquique, thence to Talcahuano and loaded wheat for Channel for orders. While in Talcahuano I was in the hospital with typhoid fever for six weeks, and on regaining health returned to my old packet again. We arrived in Queenstown after a fair passage of, I think, 120 days and received orders for Cardiff. Thus ended the first voyage.

Leaving the latter port in ballast for Liverpool in tow of tug *J. A. Jolliffe*, we left on Sunday morning and arrived in Liverpool on Thursday, the weather after passing St. Annes being the worst I have seen in the Channel. We were towing with both cables full out and 120 fathoms of the tug's hawser beside, making a total of 360 fathoms. One of R. P. Houston's steamers ran ashore at Crosby at the same time.

The second voyage we got a new skipper from one of the same company's ships. We left Liverpool again on 28th January, 1905, for the West Coast, in tow of *T. A. Jolliffe* at 10-30 p.m.

Touch, and go.

Next evening while beating clear of the Channel we were as near ashore on Bardsey Island as I saw any ship; how we got round I do not know, as we were doing about 12 knots. Things went well the rest of the passage which, I think, took us about 90 days. Our new skipper, who was a capable seaman, knew how to drive a ship. I have often heard him say ships were built for bad weather and not bought in a toy shop. During our stay in Valparaiso the Captain contracted pneumonia and died there. After this the crew took charge of her, the Second Mate and two apprentices and myself being the only sober ones aboard.

The Second Mate ordered me to run the police flags up, and when this was done he had to keep the poop clear with his gun. However, the police arrived and took away the whole crew, mate included. After this we got the mate of another ship which was lying alongside of us to take charge till we got a new commander, and he squared things up. We afterwards got a steam boat skipper to take us up the coast, and he left us in Antofagasta, a new skipper coming out from home to take her over.

From there we went to Iquique and laid up about six months, eventually taking in ballast for Sydney Heads for orders. We arrived off the port Papette at about mid-day and the Pilot came out, but would not take us in, owing to our bill of health showing smallpox in Iquique, until he got the port doctor, so we lay off the port till dusk, when the skipper deemed it advisable to consult the crowd about resuming the voyage on account of us driving on a lee shore, to which we all agreed. Just as we got clear of the land it started to blow hard. However, we arrived at Sydney Heads safely and the Pilot and doctor arrived alongside and opened the ship's papers before coming aboard with two pairs of tongs and then decided to take us into quarantine. We learned then that we were reported lost with all hands, with smallpox aboard, off Tahiti. From Sydney we left for Geelong to load flour for U.K., but missed that charter owing to bad weather in the Bass Straits. However, we got one for Valparaiso and Antofagasta where we arrived in good time, averaging about six knots owing to the barnacles and growth which was the worst I have seen.

While lying in Antofagasta we saw the last of the ill-fated *Cromartyshire*, of Glasgow, when she went ashore and broke up outside that port. Our carpenter was in her when she was abandoned on fire off the Cape of Good Hope.

From Antofagasta we went to Salaverry to load sugar for Valparaiso. We arrived in Valparaiso and were partly discharged when, my time being up, I made up my mind to leave her. I secured a job as A.B. on the s.s. *Orissa* as soon as I got my clearance. The *Orissa* was homeward bound via ports for dear old Liverpool. We had to slip our anchors in Valparaiso owing to a bad norther and leave in a hurry for Talcahuano.

It was a glorious trip home till we got to La Pallice, when it was discovered we had a case of bubonic aboard. On arriving in the Mersey on my birthday, 27th July, the ship was quarantined in the Sloyne till midnight, when we docked in the Alexandra dock. This ended my sailing ship career.

W. E. F. Ross

A Gallant Rescue
In the China Seas

In May, 1895, I left Yokohama for Singapore in the Shire liner *Carmarthenshire*. A week later, when just south of the Paracels, we encountered an unusually heavy typhoon, which gave me a good deal of anxiety. The weather improving and the glass showing signs of lifting, I turned in feeling I deserved a good night's rest. Shortly after 10 p.m. I was awakened by a tap at the door and heard the voice of one of the quartermasters saying, "A vessel, sir, is showing signals of distress about two points on the starboard bow." A few minutes later I got on to the bridge just in time to see a rocket sent up by the supposed vessel in distress. The night was very dark, with little wind, but an ugly swell, the souvenir of the typhoon, was tumbling about in all directions. I ported two points, and calling all hands, had two boats made ready for action. An hour later we made out that the vessel firing rockets, etc., was a large four-masted barque with only the jigger mast standing. Passing close under her stern we were informed that she was the *Somali*, of Liverpool, a vessel over 3,000 tons register and bound from Singapore to Ylo Ylo to load sugar for New York. Lowering two boats we managed to get two coir hawsers fast of her, and by 1 a.m. had her in tow for Hong Kong. The next day, the swell having subsided, I slowed down and sent a boat for the master. He told me that in the height of the typhoon the bolsters on the foremast had crushed, slacking up the lower rigging. Almost immediately afterwards the foremast had gone by the board taking with it the main and mizzen masts, leaving the three skysail yard *Somali* absolutely helpless. Two days later we arrived in Hong Kong. Some months afterwards the *Somali*, having been refitted, was fixed to load at Hong Kong for San Francisco. When she left the former port it was in the height of the N.E. monsoon, which is almost always a gale of wind in the China Sea. Having been built more for weight carrying than for speed she could not weather the Philipines, and in consequence was obliged to up helm and run down for Anjer and make her Easting to the southward of Australia. She was 170 days making a passage which has often been done in 45, and arrived at San Francisco a very hungry ship.

H. N. Vyvyan.

A "Guanaco," a characteristic figure of the Chilean Andes

Book Review

"Before the Mast in Sailing Ships."

The author has chosen a title for his book which should prove both irresistible and enticing, especially to those whose sea career commenced before the mast in sailing ships; and I have enjoyed every line of it.

My editorial work does not allow me much leisure for reading during office hours, consequently I whiled away my journey to and from town in the "car," and on two occasions, so engrossed was I, that I was carried beyond my destination, thereby paying a delicate compliment to the author of the book I was reading. He does not inflict a long preface on his readers, as he "never reads one himself," nor are his introductory remarks any longer than necessary to "whet" the appetite.

The story of his own personal experiences is told in plain, unvarnished language. It will open the eyes of the landlubber as to what sailors had to put up with forty years ago, and cause reminiscences to the retired shell-back who, in his early days, was one of them; and as he refers to the eighties, I may include myself.

As I hate anyone to tell me any of the details of a book before I read it, I will content myself with advising our readers to obtain a copy and convince themselves that rarely have they read a more interesting book than "Before the Mast in Sailing Ships," by Captain John Mason, R.N.R. (retired): Author of "Shipmasters and their Difficulties Abroad," &c. Price 5/6. Published by W. R. Mackintosh, Kirkwall.

THE EDITOR.

Becalmed.

Night time: becalmed;
Motionless in the sea,
Save for the gentle swaying to an oily swell;
Noiseless, save for the flapping of idle sails
And the creaking of cordage,
A ship, in the Doldrums.

Listlessly a man stands by the wheel,
Staring vacantly at the misty compass,
While the mate, leaning on the taffrail,
Moodily watches the twinkling stars
And listens to the gurgling of the waters,
As they swirl in little eddies round the rudder.

The ship, now a lifeless thing,
Was but a day ago
Speeding swiftly through crested waves,
Impelled by the force of the steady Trade Wind:
Her bow, in cleaving the waters,
Scatt'ring liquid gems in mad profusion,
On each side as she pressed along.

MALCOLM BRUCE GLASIER.

Bono

Adventures of a steam ditty box

This is not the story of some stately clipper ship—nothing in the way of ships could be further removed—but it may provide some slight entertainment for those who care to read on.

Let me say at once that *Bono* was, and for ought I know is, a steam fishing drifter—" steam ditty box " we used to call her. What hardships she had undergone prior to being taken over by the Admiralty I cannot say, for this short story only touches that period in her career when she was attached to the Auxiliary Forces during the war, but she had obviously had a very rough time, and but for the exigencies of war, must long ago have found her way to the scrap heap. A portion of her bulwarks was missing, and she had generally a very decrepit appearance. Of her engines—well, I can only say that if the weather was at all thick, she could be heard long before she could be seen. I often wondered how it was her engines did not fall right through her bottom.

I first met *Bono* at 12-30 a.m. one cold morning. She was then a tender to a battleship, while I was one of twenty new ratings who had been standing 1½ hours, in pitch darkness and a biting wind accompanied by hail storms, in order to join the latter vessel. Eventually we heard a clanking, such as one would associate with that made by a skeleton dancing a horn-pipe on a sheet of corrugated iron. It steadily grew louder, and we debated the source of the phenomenon for about ten minutes, when it suddenly ceased, and its place was taken by the hissing of water displaced by a vessel's bow. This finally decided us that it was something come to fetch us.

As I have already stated, it was pitch dark, and as the tide was low, it was some 30 feet from the jetty where we were standing to the water. A hoarse voice told us to throw our hammocks aboard, which we did—or at least 18 of us did. Of the other two, one threw too far, and it went overboard, while the other could not be found, and it was rumoured that it had gone down the funnel! We gained the deck by means of a rickety ladder minus a few rungs here and there, and we soon found out on what kind of craft we were, for her hold still smelt reminiscently of the fish trade. It was *Bono*. However, she put us aboard safely, the only incident being a hefty bump as we came alongside. This was presumably to rouse the Master at Arms from his nap in order to take our names and ask us whether " grog or temperance."

Bono to the rescue.

On a later occasion the timely arrival of *Bono* got me out of what would have been a nasty scrape. I was doing a week as " postman " on the battleship *Venerable*, and had to take the mails ashore and return with those for the ship. A picket boat took us (there were two " postmen ") ashore and came again to fetch us back later. One day she was rather late, so, as it was raining and very cold, we pulled the mail bags into a shelter and settled ourselves on top of them, and it was not long before we were—asleep. I woke up first and looked at my watch. Heavens! we

had been asleep nearly two hours. I dashed out of the shelter, but could see no sign of the picket boat. The other fellow joined me, and we gazed at each other in dismay. We were two very scared "matelots," and visions of a stretch in the cells loomed ominously ahead. But just then I heard the sound of very sweet music. It could be nothing else but *Bono's* engines. We scanned around eagerly and presently descried a vessel making for the shore. It was *Bono* bringing a batch of liberty men. At that moment she appeared more glorious to our eyes than the whole Grand Fleet. Up went our spirits and out came the mail bags. We got aboard, and an ingenious excuse to the Chief "Jauntie" got us dismissed with a caution to "see as 'ow it didn't 'appen agen."

A gunner's mate's vocabulary.

Some months later, and 500 miles away, I met *Bono* again. I was then on a trawler. Hearing a lot of scuffling on deck, I nipped up to see what was the matter. The first thing that met my eyes was *Bono* lying about 20 yards away, but apparently she was not the centre of the excitement. I ran to the side and beheld a very red face just above the water. It blew a shower of bubbles and then disappeared. This face belonged to a Gunner's Mate who was paying us a visit for some purpose or the other. *Bono* had brought him, and just as he was making a spring aboard, she had apparently given him a farewell curtsy, for he made a bad landing, lost his hold, and fell in the "ditch." Suddenly his face appeared again, the leading hand put a ladder over for him, which was rather badly aimed—it hit him on the head and he went under again. He had his seaboots on, so that although he was well supplied with flesh, he was not very buoyant. But he was a sticker; up he came again and splashing towards the ladder he clambered aboard. He then peeled his trousers off and wrung them out, afterwards putting them on again. Then the fun began. His language was remarkable for its variety and strength. It made our Mate turn pale and go below. He told the *Bono's* people exactly what he thought of them and their ancestors, which took him some minutes. In fact, he did not show any signs of "piping down" until he observed his cap floating in the water alongside. He then climbed over the side, and grasping a fender, he lowered himself until he was submerged to the waist. From this position he was able to rescue his cap, afterwards regaining the deck. *Bono* then came alongside, and the Gunner's Mate departed from whence he came. We could hear his voice even above the rattle of *Bono's* engines as they moved away.

I felt quite sure that *Bono* would be "dismissed the service," but such was not the case. Vessels were very scarce in those days. A few weeks later she was brought forcibly to my notice once again. She collided with us while we were at anchor. Let it be said in her defence that although it was broad daylight, there was a slight mist. The bump was light and the blow glancing, but it was sufficient to dislodge a portion of *Bono's* gunwhale which fell in the water. Did this matter? No. She did not even stop, but went clanking on quite oblivious to the fact that she had left anything behind.

But *Bono* held together until the end of the war, in which, it must be said, she did good work, and when last I saw her, she was still flying a tattered and smoke-grimed white ensign. Those were proud days for *Bono*.

R. P. Hirst.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

I regret to have to report in this issue, the passing of the late Mr. R. W. Pearce, of Fontana, California, at the age of 70. He was an ardent contributor to *Sea Breezes*, and the cessation of his breezy articles will no doubt be regretted by our readers.—EDITOR.

An Appeal.

Mr. John Masefield is writing a story of the four-masted barque *Wanderer* (1891-1907), built and owned by Messrs. W. H. Potter, of Liverpool.

He will be greatly obliged if any of our readers can lend him any of the following, to assist him in his purpose : Information, log books, log sheets, abstract logs, photographs, drawings or memories of the *Wanderer;* or photographs of officers and men who sailed in her.—EDITOR.

Auxiliary five masted barque *Kobenhavn*.

The *Kobenhavn*, built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith, and completed in 1921, is a five-masted sailing vessel of approximately 6,000 tons deadweight capacity, provided with an auxiliary Diesel engine for propulsion purposes in calm and contrary winds.

She is the largest sailing vessel at present afloat and is owned by "Det Ostasiatiske Kompagni" (the East Asiatic Company, Ltd.), at Copenhagen. Her yards are still braced by hand.

The five-masted training barque *Kobenhavn*. A fine picture of her with everything set. Subject of article. Photo lent by Mr. J. C. Geddes.

She is not employed in any particular trade, carrying merchandise to all parts of the world as circumstances induce. Her fastest voyage was one from Copenhagen to Adelaide in ballast, the distance of 14,370 miles being completed in 74½ days. During this voyage she at one time attained a speed of 15 knots, her best distance in 24 hours being 305 miles.

The idea of building a sailing vessel with the characteristics of the *Kobenhavn*, i.e., a sailing ship driven, when necessary, by a Diesel engine capable of effecting a speed of seven knots, is based on the fact that a sailing ship with an auxiliary steam engine would, in order to make use of the latter, have to carry five times the weight in coal as an equally dimensioned sailing vessel with Diesel engines requires in oil, and would, in consequence, be inferior in carrying capacity. The *Kobenhavn*, with her large surface of canvas, is capable of completing her voyages as fast as a steam vessel of from 9 to 10 knots.

The main causes of the long duration of voyages of sailing vessels are the zones of variable winds and calms between zones of winds of different directions—more particularly within the regions of the Equator—as well as contrary winds and currents in certain waters, which may becalm the vessel for days, even weeks. The *Kobenhavn*, however, can be conveyed across such stretches of water at a moderate speed, and with the combined methods of propulsion at her disposal she presents a more remunerative propulsion than is generally the case with mere sailing vessels.

Besides her use as a sailing vessel, the *Kobenhavn* is especially designed for the training of pupils as well as members of the rest of the crew who may evince the energy and purpose for attaining the rank of officer of the mercantile marine.

C. E. O. Uhlenbeck.

Note.—I very much fear that this is the last we shall hear of the *Kobenhavn*, for nothing is known about her since she left Montevideo for Melbourne on December 15th, 1928; although ships have eventually arrived at their destination, which have been six months overdue: instance, *Stronsa*, which, I believe, was 287 days from San Francisco to Liverpool.—Editor.

A Query.

Can any reader oblige Mr. W. N. Coverly with the following details? Ex M.H.S. *Liffey*—when and where built. Nelson frigate *Naiad*—last heard of in a South American port. Any particulars will be gratefully received.

Replies to queries in March issue.

Gwydyr Castle—1,512 tons net register; built 1893; (see Newfield); 1922, Fremantle to Port Louis, 24 days.

Rhuddlan Castle—(69), 600 tons; built, 1867; 174ft. 2in. x 28ft. 4in. x 18ft. This ship capsized and was righted.

Doune Castle (sister to *Cutty Sark*)—Composite ship, 887 tons net register; 1871, London to Sydney, 76 days; 1871, 'Frisco to Georgetown, 89 days; 1879, Manila to Liverpool, 119 days; 1873, dismasted in China Sea. Later a barque.

Zealandia—Iron ship, 1,116 net register. Later *Kaleva*; now a barge.

River Leven—A small iron barque, sister to *River Clyde*.

Captain Bowen, or Captain Poyzer, of the "Nautical Photo Agency Co.," can supply photos and further details of these ships if desired.

Arthur E. Robinson.

Rescue of ship *Neptune* by H.M.S. *Amphion* (26 guns) during a gale off ——— ———.
Can any reader give further details?

Apropos of a picture sent by Mr. D. S. Ramsdale, and which appears above, he asks:—Can any of your readers give me any information of the occurrence reproduced in the enclosed photograph of an oil-painting. 44in. by 23½in.? On the back is faintly pencilled "Rescue of the Crew of the *Neptune* (?) by H.M.S. *Amphion*, 26 guns, in a gale off ——." The small portion of the *Amphion's* ensign appears to be red. Evidently the rescued crew have not been in sore straits for food, as the dog appears to be lively.

Information sought by our readers.

J. Dinwoodie would like to know what has become of the sailing ship *Kooringa*.

Wm. Griffiths seeks information regarding (1) the four-masted barque *Mashona*, (2) the *Conway*, of Liverpool, (3) the barque *Alinora*, of Greenock.

D. J. Howe would be interested to know the fate of the *Inveramsay*, the barque in which he served his time.

Can any reader give some account of the barque *Ann Harley*, which was afloat during the fifties of the past century?

A reply to enquiries re *Jumna*.

In your March edition, W. T. Digby asks for information of the *Jumna*. As I was master of her from 1891 to 1894, I may be able to give him some. She was a full-rigged ship, with three skysails, of 1,049 tons and built in 1867, by Pile, of Sunderland, and owned by James Nourse, of London, and most of her voyages engaged in the Coolie trade between Calcutta, West Indies and Fiji. Later she was barque-rigged with main skysail. She was sold to Norway in 1895 or 1896, and I believe disappeared on her first voyage under that flag.

E. Robin.

More about *Zenobia*.

Mr. A. Rowand writes :—I was interested to see in your current issue of *Sea Breezes* an inquiry re the *Zenobia*. It may interest your correspondents to know the following facts regarding her. She was built in the Hon. East India Company's Naval Dockyard at Bombay, of the famous Malabar teak, and launched in 1851 as the Hon. Company's steam frigate *Zenobia*, of 1,903 tons, and six heavy guns. I think her only war service was in the China War of 1852, and, of course, the Indian Mutiny, where part of her crew formed part of N.I. Detachment, Indian Naval Brigade. She remained in the service some time after it ceased as a navy, before being finally sold out. She never was called the *Lady Frere*. That name belonged to one of the I.N. Indies flotilla vessels.

What about *Zealandia*?

Information sought by "H.A.B." in March number re *Zealandia*. Owned by Shaw, Savill and Albion Co., and for many years employed in the New Zealand wool and passenger trade. She was sold to foreigners in 1902.

R. W. Bate.

Answers to Correspondents in April issue.

Thessalus—1,865 tons gross, 1,711 tons net. Iron ship, built by Barclay, Curle & Co., Ltd. 1874, for A. and J. Carmichael, of Greenock. 269ft. by 41ft. 2in. by 25ft. 1in. by 23ft. 7in. Sold, 1898, to E. Roberg, of Gothenburg, and broken up in 1909.

William Mitchell—2,035 tons gross, 1,885 tons net. Built 1892, and latterly owned by J. Stewart & Co., of London. Sold, December, 1927, for £2,100 to be broken up at Ostend. She was the last full-rigged ship to fly the Red Ensign, and had borne the name *William Mitchell* from first to last.

Douglas B. Cochrane.

A misapprehension.

Mr. George Irvine draws attention to a misapprehension which he alleges our correspondent to be labouring under with regard to the hulk *Thornliebank*, in the October issue of *Sea Breezes*, as follows :-

The article attached is erroneous, and your correspondent is certainly labouring under a misapprehension. The *Thornliebank* was a steel full-rigged ship of 1,969 tons, built in Glasgow in 1896 for the Bank Line, of Glasgow (Messrs. Andrew Weir & Co.). I fancy she was scuttled in Fremantle when an almost new ship, to extinguish a fire which had broken out aboard, but was refloated and reconditioned, and continued to sail under the house flag of the Bank Line. In 1913, along with eight other ships belonging to Andrew Weir & Co., she was sold to Norwegians for a very small sum, and sailed under that flag for some years, and I think it is only since the war that the *Thornliebank* was converted into a hulk in Fremantle.

On December 4th, 1911, she left Newcastle, N.S.W. for Caleta Buena (West Coast), and I have a photograph of her, taken at about that time, from the s.s. *Monawai*, in the Tasman Sea. The *Thornliebank* was then 119 days out from Philadelphia to Sydney with case oil, and had been leaking for 90 days. She was then under the command of Captain J. Cleary, who is now one of the berthing masters at Newcastle, N.S.W.

The *Hawthornbank*, of the same line, may have confused your correspondent. She was a barque of 1,288 tons, built in 1889 for the Bank Line. She was sold to Norwegians in 1913 for a small sum, and again in 1915, for £8,000 to Norwegians at a very good profit, but where she got to I don't know, probably lost or broken up.

As *Sea Breezes* is recognised for its authentic items, I thought it just as well to make the correction.

GEO. IRVINE.

Details of *Tamar* asked for.

On page 51 of your March issue, No. 112, Volume XII, Mr. William Birchall seeks information of the ship *Tamar*. As he does not say which *Tamar*, I am taking it that he refers to Messrs. Davitt & Moore's ship, and give the following details.

She was a large steel three-masted fully-rigged sailing ship of 2,047.57 registered tons. Built at Yorker, Dumbarton, by Messrs. Napier, Shanks and Bell, in 1889, her length was 286ft. 6in., breadth 42ft. 5in. depth 24ft., being classed at Lloyd's 100 A.1. This classification she retained until broken up in 1923.

In 1900/1 she was sold to Messrs. T. A. Shute, of 60, Castle Street, Liverpool, who retained her, running as the Ship Tamar Co., till 1922. When sold to a Dutch shipbreaking company, the Mebal Maatschaapje Soc an Vies & Zon, she was broken up about 1923/24 at Rotterdam. There

Ship *Tamar*, for details of which see Notes above. Photo lent by Mr. S. Sindall.

was another much earlier *Tamar*, which Davitt & Moore loaded some ten times between the years 1847/1862.

S. Sindall.

Further information about *Stanmore* and *Swanmore*.

Mr. G. T. Dann writes :—Some little time ago you asked for information of the two barques *Swanmore* and *Stanmore*. I beg to give the following information. The vessels were comparatively twins. *Stanmore* was 1,824 tons gross and the *Swanmore* was 1,822 tons gross. They were built by Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, in 1886. Barque-rigged, owned by W. H. Meyers, of Liverpool. The *Swanmore* was commanded by Captain Thomas Brown, of Whitehaven, who took her new and remained in her until 1892, when he left to wait the building of a four-masted barque *Damsonhill*, of same owners. Captain Brown was master when I joined her as chief mate, at Hamburg, in June, 1891. The second mate was Mr. F. Knight, and the third mate was Mr. J. B. Bulman, now captain of the White Star s.s. *Arabic*.

Note—I hear from one of our contributors, Mr. R. Thomas, that he made a voyage in the barque which had originally been the *Stanmore*, but was then the *Deudraeth Castle*, owned by Robert Thomas, of Liverpool. He also sent me a newspaper cutting which gave an account of the discovery by the German sailing ship *Alice*, in the South Pacific, of the *Deudraeth Castle* with sail set, but apparently "in distress." On investigation, she was found to be abandoned, and according to a subsequent account of one of her crew, they had been "taken off"—deeming their ship to be sinking—by the barque *Pass of Killiecrankie*.

The Editor.

Replies to enquiries as to the end of various ships.

Helensburgh, as *Marita* (Norwegian) was sunk by submarine in April, 1917.

Manchester went missing, September, 1900, with case oil from New York for Yokohama. She was but one of many sharing that fate. It seemed as if trials were being made to find out how little ballast could be carried. She had 200 tons under 22,760 bales of jute from Calcutta to Hamburg. On her first oil-running voyage from New York to Far East she had 172 tons with 121,863 cases; on the second voyage 120 tons with 123,626 cases; but the limit was passed when on her last voyage she had only had 100 tons and 124,168 cases! Further, her crew were 31 all told, 24 being foreigners and poor hands. In 1899 she made a record passage from Shanghai to Tacoma in 23 days.

Glen Osmond went to Austrians in 1890 and was re-named *Zora*, but is not in 1897 Register.

Avenger had an interesting history. She stranded, January, 1904, on Chandelour Island, Gulf of Mexico, being left high and dry by a tidal wave. There she remained until 15th July, 1916, when an obliging tidal wave and hurricane left her in ten feet of water. When she stranded in 1904 she was on charter for a Gulf to Plate voyage at 10 dollars. After refloating she was taken to Mobile refitted at a cost of 75,000 dollars, and the same charterers engaged her for same voyage as in 1904, but at 45 dollars. Her new owners (American) re-named her *John H. Kirby*. She

was torpedoed by an enemy raider off the South African coast on 4th December, 1917. The Nautical Photo Agency has a photo of her as refitted.

Zenobia was broken up in 1885.

John Allan's Mars was abandoned about 1882; *Mofussilite* was sold to Italy about 1887 and re-named *Nuova Eleanora Madre*. She was broken up in 1904. *John Allan* became *San Francisco* (Italian) and went missing, March, 1889. *Quathlamba* was owned by Craig (New Zealand), in 1901, and in N.S.W. in 1910 as *Hazel Craig*; later she was *White Pine* and became a hulk at Melbourne in 1922.

Helena Mena was sold to France, 1899, and hulked. *Queen* was lost by collision, February, 1891, and *Lady Elizabeth* went to Norway, 1906, for £3,250. She put into the Falklands damaged in March, 1913, and was condemned and sold for £1,000.

The following will amplify Captain E. A. Woods' reply to Captain "Shakings": *Lorton* was a war loss in August, 1917. *Cormoney* was sunk by a submarine 150 miles west of Fastnet in May, 1917, and I fear Captain Woods confuses her with another ship. If Captain "Shakings" means *Combermere*, she was sold to Italy in 1909 for £2,600, and was sunk in the Mediterranean by a submarine, January, 1917. *Chile* was broken up 1915, and *Peri* likewise in 1910.

D. R. Bolt.

Some smart passages.

Some interesting details about certain ships mentioned in "The Signal Station" (March).

s.v. *Favell*. We notice in this month's issue a very interesting article with regard to this vessel, and perhaps it would interest the readers of *Sea Breezes* to know that she has just accomplished the voyage in ballast from the Tail of the Bank (Clyde) to Port Lincoln (South Australia) in 86 days. She left the Tail of the Bank 27th November last and arrived Port Lincoln 21st February. She left Port Lincoln on the 22nd February for Wallaroo to load under her wheat charter homewards, and arrived Wallaroo 25th February. She shares the honour with the s.v. *Mozart* of having obtained the highest rate paid for sailing ships for this season's wheat, viz., 40/-. (See Frontispiece—Ed.)

s.v. *Mozart*. Whilst mentioning this vessel perhaps it might also interest your readers to know that she left Gravesend in ballast October 6th for Port Lincoln on the same day as the *Penang* left Queenstown for Port Lincoln. Both vessels arrived at Port Lincoln on 1st January and were ordered to Wallaroo to load, and they both sailed from Wallaroo on the same day, viz., 6th February, for Channel for orders. It will be rather interesting to see which is the first to arrive home.

s.v. *Herzogin Cecilie*. This vessel sailed from Port Lincoln for Channel for orders 18th January, and we had a radio message that she was passing near the Falklands 20th February, viz., 33 days for this distance. We do not think the ordinary tramp steamer could have done better than this.

A. E. Calder.

Mr. A. G. Cole begs to differ.

With reference to the interesting reminiscences of "B.A.," in your December issue, he is in error in describing the ship *Rapahannock* as a Bluenose. She was an American ship, I think hailing from Bath, State of Maine, and owned by Edward Sewall, of that port.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

Ever since a reader living in the Argentine wrote and told me how carefully they noted any data about the latest in clothes, either for women or men, I have tried hard to find out a few of the secrets in order that they should keep up-to-date. Next year there is going to be an Exhibition in South America of British goods, and I hope we are represented by some really nice garments. This month I am able to report an item that ought to make women "sit up and take notice." A beautiful society girl has had her nose pierced for a diamond ornament!

I am told it is no bigger than a pinhead and is fastened on at the base of the nostril. So that noses will not only shine in future but sparkle! But, joking apart, this is a fashion that ought to appeal to South America, where diamonds are to be had for the picking, as it were.

Certainly I don't know what we will come to next; it is already permissible to hang decorations from one's ears, wrists, arms, necks, chests and backs, so I suppose it has only been an oversight that has kept our noses out of their own so long.

Business made easy for Bill Sikes.

This year there are two direct fashions with regard to backs. All the summer gowns of the lacy type and the majority of tennis frocks are cut as low as evening dresses; but the afternoon frocks, and the evening ones as well, are high up at the back. This, too, is where we are to sport our jewellery. Mr. Sikes and his confrère ought to be delighted with the change, as it ought to be comparatively easy to rob a back.

After an earnest interview with a man friend, who has nothing much to do but spend quite a big income, I have gleaned the following information. Single-breasted lounge jackets will have three buttons, the two-button style being voted suitable only for tweedy wear. The shoulders are to be very broad and square, which is a style that the C.3 type of man will welcome.

A manly appearance will also be further enhanced by the six-button double-breasted jacket—the four-button one now being out of date. All lounge jackets are to be longer (an item that will be hailed with delight by those gentlemen who spend a good deal of time on an office stool!). This increases the height of the wearer in the eyes of the ladies. The double-breasted waistcoat to be the last word is to be made with an "apron front," that is, it slopes towards the centre to form a point. The buttons on this waistcoat slant inwards, narrowing as they go down. A style meant especially for those gentlemen who have not kept "that schoolboy figure."

Known by their stripes.

The single-breasted waistcoat must have a very long and narrow V-shaped opening, the points at the waist being short and near together. There is a tiny pleat above the watch pocket. Trousers are neither narrow nor "Eton and Oxford," but a nice blend of the two. They are made on a belt and have one or two pleats at the waist; one pleat for those with salaries up to £600 a year and two for those with £1,000 and over! The second pleat must lie right on the crease. Stripes are the rage, and can be either single ones or in the group formation. The favourite colours are grey, navy, chocolate, blue-grey and a very dark chocolate brown.

Fine weather in the Straits of Magellan. Sarmiento Mountain, Tierra del Fuego.

There seems to be quite a determined effort being made to introduce more dressy and pleasing styles for men. Some people favour cloaks and sashes, and even the postmen have petitioned the P.M.G. for open-necked shirts to wear in the hot weather. I have just been reading George Wycherley's book, "Buccaneers of the Pacific," and he gives a wonderful description of the splendour of the clothes of the sailors on board the *Desire*, when Cavendish brought her up the Thames in state. No rough tweeds for them; even the topmasts were wrapped in cloth of gold! "The hardy sea-dogs lolled, like gentlemen-born, about the deck, magnificently clad in such splendid and almost priceless brocades, satins and silks that any prince or princess might well have envied them."

In advance of her time.

Great store was, of course, set on silk of any kind in those days and only people of great wealth could obtain any. Queen Elizabeth herself wore only woollen stockings until some lady sent her a pair of silk ones, after which she wouldn't wear anything else. Certainly Queen Elizabeth was a good deal in advance of her time; she encouraged privateering (especially when the hero came home laden with silk), and it was for their success on the high seas that she knighted both Drake and Cavendish. But life wasn't all silk sails and satin brocades for the buccaneers in the Pacific; listen to this :—

"By ten o'clock at night the buccaneers were back aboard their ship, after one of the most desperate battles ever fought by pirates. . . The Spaniards in Arica slaughtered all the wounded buccaneers in the church but spared the lives of the doctors, as the town were in need of medical services for their own wounded citizens."

It seems to me that there must have been some interesting stories attached to most of the silk worn by English girls in Elizabethan days. But I always think that if a thing isn't worth a fight it isn't worth anything at all!

GWEN.

More about Capsizing of the *Lodore*

By an Eye-witness

In the October issue last year of *Sea Breezes* is an inquiry from a correspondent concerning the capsizing of the Liverpool barque *Lodore* in the harbour of Newcastle, New South Wales.

When this happened I was an eye-witness of the actual capsizing. The *Lodore* at the time was at anchor well up the Hunter River waiting her turn to go alongside the Dyke to load coal for the West Coast; I think she had a few tons of stiffening on board. If my memory serves me rightly, the time would be between six and seven in the evening, when the Southerly Buster came along and struck the *Lodore* on the starboard side, and what with the heavy squall and the ebb tide on her lee, the combined forces were too much for her stability, and over she went to port, her yard-arms touching the bottom of the river.

We put a boat in the water and pulled off to the *Lodore* along with several other rescuing parties. The only man we could see was the old steward, who was standing on the side of the chart-house looking through the doorway, but he refused to leave the ship, saying he would wait for the captain, who was ashore, and also remarking that he suffered with rheumatism and didn't want to get wet.

A smart piece of work.

Very few men were on board at the time and no lives were lost. The mate and two of the apprentices belonging to the *Lodore* were taking shelter under our stern in the barque's dinghy, having just landed two ladies who had been on board for tea. The *Lodore* remained on her side for some weeks before she was righted. The uprightening was considered by the experts and nautical critics to be a smart piece of work, which undoubtedly it was. I lost trace of the vessel when she left Australia, but I do believe she sailed to the West Coast as arranged before the capsizing. One of the rescuing crew in our boat was at that time a well known Australian coasting captain, William Butcher, or better known by all and sundry along the water front as Billy Butcher.

He was a wonderful character, and marvellous stories were related concerning him and his achievements on the coast. He proved himself to my knowledge a master hand at sailor's language, being profound and efficient. I have no doubt that many of the readers of *Sea Breezes* would come in contact with and remember the gentleman when in one of the Australian ports.

K. Carey.

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

There is still (19th April) no news of *Kobenhavn*, and for some days the rate on her has been 90 guineas per cent., which indicates that she is regarded as almost uninsurable on the London market. Her owners state that she left Buenos Aires with 1,200 tons of water ballast and 700 tons of sand ballast, and had water and provisions for six months. She had 60 men on board; 45 cadets and 15 crew, and was commanded by Captain H. F. Andersen. This was his second voyage in command and before that he had acted as mate.

At the request of the Danish Government the British Admiralty appealed for a steamer to search the Southern Islands in case *Kobenhavn* is ashore there or possibly ice-bound. In response to this appeal the Blue Funnel liner *Deucalion* has been directed by her owners to visit the Prince Edward Islands, the Crozet Islands and the Island of Kerguelen on her way to Fremantle, thereby covering a great part of the area which it is desired to search. The Admiralty have lent the *Deucalion* an additional navigating officer and have installed a high-power wireless set in the vessel with two operators to work it. She sailed from Cape Town on 10th April.

It is significant that the Finnish barque *Killoran*, which sailed from Gravesend on 20th December, six days after *Kobenhavn* sailed from Buenos Aires, arrived safely at Port Lincoln on 3rd April.

The honour of being the first vessel home of the Australian Grain Fleet belongs to the Finnish four-masted barque *Pommern*, ex *Mneme*. She arrived at Queenstown on 16th April, 122 days from Sydney. The rest of the fleet are for the most part homeward bound, *Hougomont* and *Olivebank*

Full-rigged ship *Western Monarch*, built in 1875, for the Royal Exchange Shipping Co., for the Colonial Emigrant Trade. She was only 79 days on her Maiden Voyage to Port Chalmers, N.Z. Bought by Thomas & Co., Liverpool, who sold her to Norwegians in 1900. Photo lent by Mr. S. C. Forrest.

both sailing on the same day from Port Lincoln. The dates of sailing are given below. *Ponape* and *Killoran* are still in port in Australia, but the latter appears to have been unable to get a wheat cargo, as she was reported as ready to sail for Ilo, Peru, only three days after arriving at Port Lincoln.

Sailed (all for Falmouth or Queenstown for orders) :—

Pommern—Sydney, 15th December. Arrived Queenstown 16th April; 122 days.

Lawhill—Port Lincoln, 5th January.

Beatrice—Adelaide, 11th January; spoken 22nd February, 42.16 S., 39.1 W.

Herzogin Cecilie—Port Lincoln, 18th January.

Mozart—Wallaroo, 6th February.

Penang—Wallaroo, 6th February.

C.B. Pedersen—Melbourne, 20th February.

Archibald Russell—Melbourne, 4th March.

Garthpool—Adelaide, 10th March; spoken 18th March, 35 deg. S. 120 E.

Favell—Wallaroo, 21st March.

Hougomont—Port Lincoln, 3rd April.

Olivebank—Port Lincoln, 3rd April.

Grace Harwar—Wallaroo, 17th April.

Other Movements—

Bremen—German barque. 9th April, arrived Danzig from Kiel.

Carl Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Santa Fe, 26th March, for Antwerp.

Christel Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Sailed Brunsbuttel 30th January for Buenos Aires and arrived 15th March.

Claudia—Danish barque. Calais, 27th January, and arrived Pointe à Pitrie 22nd March.

H. C. Christensen—Danish barquentine. Sailed Rio Hache 5th February and arrived Hamburg 25th March.

Dorothy H. Sterling—U.S.A. six-mast schooner, built of wood in 1920. This vessel recently brought a cargo of lumber to Port Adelaide and is now tied up in that port unable to pay her harbour dues or pay off her crew. The captain and mate have returned to the States leaving the second mate and the crew, who are all Swedes, in possession of the ship. The second mate is offering to sell her for £500, although her value is estimated to be £10,000.

Gerda—Danish Western Ocean schooner, 120 tons net register, built of wood in 1920. This vessel sailed from St. John's (N.F.) on 16th January for Rose Blanche, on the S.W. Coast of Newfoundland, in ballast. Two months went by without anything being heard of her, and she was considered very much overdue when she turned up at Plymouth in a badly-damaged condition on 22nd March. Her master had been unable to enter the harbour of Rose Blanche owing to the

Auxiliary barque *Kungran*, fitting out off Kemmendene, Rangoon River. Photo lent by Mr. B. Warrington Smyth.

prevalence of ice, so eventually abandoned the attempt and sailed across the Atlantic for orders.

Germaine—Danish barque, ex *Oakhurst*. 22nd March, arrived Havre from Black River.

The Iceland Cod Fishery—

The ketches *Goelo*, *Violette* and *Broceliande*, and the schooners *Butterfly* and *Glycine* sailed from Paimpol at the end of February for the Iceland fishing grounds. Last year only three vessels sailed from Paimpol—a contrast to the big fleet of pre-war days. Several Paimpol schooners of this type are engaged in the onion trade to British ports.

Jeanne D'Arc—French barque. Black River, 21st February, for Havre and arrived 1st April.

Killoran—Finnish barque. Sailed Gravesend 20th December and arrived Port Lincoln 3rd April; 104 days. 6th April, reported ready to sail for Ilo.

Kundgram—British aux. barque, 698 tons register, built of wood at Rangoon in 1919. After a long lie-up at Rangoon this vessel has had a thorough refit and sailed from the port on 26th February. It is rather surprising to find some dozen brigs and barques on the British Register which were built at Rangoon or Moulmien during the years 1918-20. Some of these vessels are laid up but others are still in service. There were lying off Moulmein one day in February a brig, a brigantine and a barque, besides a fine brig anchored off the mouth of the river.

L'Avenir—Belgian four-mast barque. Sailed Tampa 5th February, with a cargo of phosphate for Rotterdam and arrived Pernis 24th March. 5th April, arrived Antwerp in tow to refit. Built in 1908, she is 2,074

tons net register, and is owned by the Association Maritime Belge. Besides the captain, she carries six mates, a doctor, chaplain and wireless operator, and is manned by some 50 to 60 cadets. She is equipped with wireless, steam heating and electric light. The cadets enter when they are 16 and after spending a year on the barque *Comte de Smet de Naeyer* (ex *Linlithgowshire*, ex *Jeanie Landles*) which is permanently moored in the river Scheldt, are drafted to *L'Avenir* and serve at least two voyages in her.

Lwow—Polish aux. barque. Gdynia, 11th April, for Danzig.

Lydia Cardell—British aux. barquentine. 14th March, was sunk in collision with s.s. *Broadgarth* four miles S.E. of Flamborough Head during a fog. Crew saved. Built at Appledore in 1873, she was 215 tons gross, and in her early days was a well-known fruiter under the ownership of Wm. Geake, of Fowey. A particularly handsome vessel, she is a serious loss to our fleet of sailing coasters, as with *Hilda*, *Frances and Jane* and *Waterwich* she was one of the very few barquentines left.

Magdalene Vinnen—German aux. four-mast barque. Antwerp, prev. 7th February, for Buenos Aires and arrived 18th March.

Melbourne—Finnish four-mast barque, ex *Gustav*, ex *Austrasia*. Now owned by Captain Erikson, of Mariehamn. Sailed Oslo, 23rd March, with a cargo of lumber for Melbourne.

Oldenburg—German ship. Sailed Bremerhavn, 1st April, for the West Indies and passed Beachy Head in tow, 3rd April. Like *Bremen* she is a training ship for the Norddeutscher Lloyd.

Neptunus—Dutch three-mast aux. schooner. Arrived Ahus, 14th April, from Cadiz. 395 tons gross she was built of steel in 1919, and with *Oceaan*, a similar vessel, 453 tons gross, built in 1925, is owned by Mr. J. J. Onnes, of Groningen. They are the largest auxiliary schooners under the Dutch flag and often discharge their cargoes of Baltic timber or Spanish locust beans at Fowey, where they load china clay.

Privall—German four-mast barque. Sailed Hamburg, 20th December, and arrived Talcahuano 24th March.

Pehr Ughland—Norwegian barque. St. Louis, Rhone, 24th December. Arrived Haiti 5th March

Schulschiff Deutschland—German ship. Sailed Porto Rico 22nd January, and arrived Bremerhaven 25th March. Of 1,257 tons register, she was built as a training ship in 1927. With the exception of a schooner, built in Newfoundland, she was the only real sailing vessel launched that year.

Thekla—Finnish barque. Sailed Gravesend in tow for Sunderland to be broken up and arrived 30th March. Built by A. Stephens & Sons, Dundee, in 1881 for the Dundee Shipowners' Company as *Glenfarg*, she was constructed of iron and had a gross tonnage of 917.

Winterhude—Finnish barque. Antwerp, 18th January, for Peru, via the Panama Canal. Arrived Ilo, 13th April.

Werner Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Memel, 14th April, for Zarate.

R. H. Swann.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 115, Vol. XII. June, 1929

Swiftly o'er the bosom of the ocean curling,
The gallant bark upon her mission glides,
Cleaving her pathway, and the dancing riplets hurling
With playful grace, far from her dripping sides.

O. F. NICHOLSON.

Voyage of the *Hannah*

INTRODUCTION.

As one coming of seafaring stock—my father was lost at sea in the brig *Dove*, of Maryport, in 1859—and who has been so much entertained and refreshed in memory by reading that excellent magazine *Sea Breezes*, I venture to submit the following story as told to *The News*, a local paper, of 14th April, 1888, by my old friend Captain Mounsey, long since departed. It relates to the voyage of the barque *Hannah*, of Maryport, when engaged in taking emigrants to America in 1847, and provides matter for thought and comparison. Think of the difference between the miserable emigrants of 1847 and those of 1928. Think also of the *Hannah*, devoid of all amenities, and compare her with the palatial and majestic liners of the P.S.N. Co. They afford hospital accommodation as well as ample medical and nursing skill, and annually transport thousands of emigrants, in luxury and comfort, with speed and safety, over the intervening oceans, in a few days as compared with the weeks of agony and suspense inseparable from those early ships. All this wonderful improvement has taken place within the lifetime of myself and a few others still living.

The Narrative

TOLD BY CAPTAIN MOUNSEY, OF MARYPORT.

The following narrative, as told to our Special Commissioner, by Captain Mounsey, of Maryport, will probably be read with interest.

Yes! I can tell you something about that remarkable voyage of the *Hannah*, although there are several others in Maryport who could tell you quite as much, if not a little more.

My old friend Mulcaster, for instance, could give you a rare yarn about it, and he would be sure to tell you the truth.

However, I will do my best. The *Hannah*, you must understand, was a barque and carried 580 tons deadweight. She belonged to Mr. Henry Shaw, of Maryport, and was the largest ship that sailed from here at that time. Of course, times have altered since then. There was no Senhouse Dock; in fact, the Elizabeth Dock had not been built then, and the *Hannah* was regarded as a pretty big craft.

We sailed away from Maryport on the 15th April in the year 1847. Carrie Shaw (son of the owner) was captain, John Ormondy was mate, and I was second. There were fourteen of us all told, and most of us belonged to Maryport.

You remember the Irish famine, of course. No! Well, but you know there was a famine in Ireland in 1847. The distress, I suppose, was truly awful. The Government was sending a whole heap of half-starved Irish people out to the Colonies and various places. The *Hannah* was one of the ships chosen by the Government for this purpose. We had 150 tons of coal by way of ballast, and at Sligo we shipped 390 of the Irish emigrants.

Of all the poor distressed beings I ever saw those beat the lot, gaunt and weak, and some of them only half clothed. Starvation was written on their faces. How we managed to pack the 390 in is more than I can say. I am sure that the *Hannah* would not be allowed to carry more than 80 passengers nowadays at the very outside, but we did pack them in, although it was a close fit I can assure you. Men, women and children were all crowded together in open bunks like herrings in a box or pigs in a sty.

Ship *Westland*. Shaw Saville & Albion Co., at Port Lyttelton, N.Z. Photo sent by L. B. Greenwell.

No doubt they tried to be as decent as they could, but you can imagine how much decency there was with people crowded together in this way. Well, fever broke out on board before we left Sligo, and we had to bury two before we weighed anchor. No doubt it would have been better to have stayed until the ship had been disinfected, but we had our orders and off we had to go.

If we had had a fair voyage the passengers would have suffered enough, but we had not gone more than 300 miles when it began to blow great guns. Before and since I have been in many a gale, but I think this capped them all.

The poor emigrants were in a fearful plight. Most of them were sea-sick, and many of the men and women were as helpless as the children they brought with them. We could hear their shrieks above the howling of the wind and the roar of the waves.

A number of them went down on their knees and shrieked for mercy, some calling upon God and others upon the crew to save them. Those who could keep their feet wanted to go on deck. This would never have done, so we just fastened them down below, then they made more noise than before, although we could not hear them so well. Of course, we felt sorry for them, but what could we do? We had all our work cut out to save the ship.

The mainmast went by the board, and at one time it looked very much as though we were going to the bottom. Three days elapsed before the storm abated, and it was not until then that we could properly attend to the passengers.

I don't think I ever knew what real misery was until I went below after that storm abated. The emigrants looked bad enough when they first came on board, but they looked fifty times worse now. They had had a fearful time of it. During the height of the storm, one side of

the bunks had given way and all the poor beggars were thrown together in a heap. The stench was awful, and to hear the children crying and the women moaning was just one of those things one never wishes to experience a second time. Of course, we did what we could for them, but it was not much; we had enough to do on deck.

As I have said, the main mast was gone, and there was no help for it but to return to England to repair damages. We should have gone back to Sligo but the wind was against us, and so we went on to Maryport.

The natives were surprised to see us back again so soon, I can tell you. The *Hannah* looked very different to what she did when she sailed away a few weeks before, but she was well known in Maryport and was recognised afar off.

Timely hospitality from citizens.

The people came down to the shore to meet us. They were, if possible, more anxious to get news in those days than they are now, and they all wanted to know what the Hannah had returned for. Our dilapidated appearance told them a great deal. The people who had relatives among the crew were very anxious to know if their friends were safe.

Fortunately we could soon satisfy them on that score. It leaked out, however, that we had fever on board and the authorities wanted us to go into quarantine a mile or two off the land.

I do not remember much about this part of the business, but I know there was a rare fight about it. Eventually we were allowed to land such of our passengers as wished to come ashore. As you may imagine they had had enough of the ship for a time, and were glad enough to get on dry land. I must say the Maryport people were very kind to the storm-beaten emigrants. I cannot mention names, for just now I do not remember anyone in particular. All I know is that the poor people were very kindly treated.

Of course, some of the inhabitants were afraid of the fever. On the other hand, some went fearlessly among the sick emigrants and did their best for them. There was a tallow chandler's shop, where Mr. Bell, the hairdresser, now lives. Some of the inhabitants established a soup kitchen there, and the poor emigrants were supplied with many a good meal. Many of them were accommodated in the old watch-house close to where the lime-hurry now stands. Altogether we were in Maryport about three weeks, whilst our ship was being repaired and cleaned at Wood's Yard.

Once bitten; twice shy.

Most of the emigrants had altered their minds about going abroad. The storm and the sea-sickness had knocked the notion out of them. Those who could find means to take them back to their homes in Ireland did so, and went back. Four of the crew had enough of it and refused to go out again. I forgot to tell you that whilst we were waiting at Maryport, the fever asserted itself and eight of the passengers died. They were buried, I believe in St. Mary's Churchyard.

What with one thing and another we only had about 330 passengers on board when we re-started from Maryport. As we went out the people stood on the shore and cheered. They little knew then how many were going out to meet their doom.

We had not left Maryport many days before fever again broke out. I cannot describe the horrors of that voyage. I was growing accustomed to

death and danger, but I shall never forget the scenes we witnessed on board the *Hannah*.

Although we had so many emigrants on board we had no doctor. That was the worst of it. The captain did the best he could with his medicine chest, but what we wanted was a medical man.

As I have told you, the people were all huddled together in bunks. We did not know any of them by name, we simply called them by the number of their bunks. Every morning we called upon the head of each family to come forward for provisions, and those who were well enough were not slow in doing so.

Those who were able to do so cooked their food on stoves we had rigged up on deck. There was many a squabble at cooking time, as all wanted a first turn. There would have been more quarrelling, only twelve of the best-behaved men among the emigrants had been sworn in to preserve order. I must say they did their duty well.

Unpalatable duties amid heartrending scenes.

The fever still kept on raging and getting worse. We could not save the sick, do what we could. Sometimes as many as three or four of the emigrants died within the twenty-four hours. It was a singular thing, but most of them (no matter how they had been all day) kept alive till midnight and then died. Of course, we had to throw the bodies overboard. We sewed them up in hammocks with lumps of coal at one end to make them sink. At first the burial service was read over them, but as the funerals grew more numerous I am afraid we omitted a part if not the whole of this ceremony.

I tell you, some of these scenes we saw were heartrending. The strangest thing of all was that when a man, woman or child died their friends left on board did not care to part with their bodies. The task of taking the bodies on deck and committing them to the deep always fell to the lot of the crew. In this respect we could get no assistance from the passengers. When a death occurred they concealed it from us as long as possible.

They crowded round the body as it lay in the bunk and tried to persuade us that the dead man was asleep. Then what a scene there was when we insisted on taking the body away for the sake of the living. If they had all been swimming in the waves with only one lifebuoy between them they could not have stuck to the buoy closer than they did to those dead bodies. The women shrieked, the children screamed, and the groans of the men when they saw the bodies of their dear ones taken away were loud and deep. What could we do? We were bound to get rid of them as soon as possible.

From bad, to worse: A well-earned "Tot."

I do not say violence was actually used, but sometimes we were almost obliged to be violent in order to do our duty. Ay, man, it was a fearful time. A death nearly every day, and sometimes three or four. The sharks followed in our wake almost from first to last. An undertaker ashore keeps his eye well open when he thinks there is going to be a funeral, but a shark beats an undertaker hollow. It was almost as bad for the crew as it was for the passengers. Three of us (Nicholas Finlinson, Thomas Mullin and Henry Bell) succumbed to fever and had to be thrown overboard the same as the rest of them.

Before it was over we were pretty nearly all worn out. The captain gave each one of us half a pint of rum every day, and I can tell you we wanted it. Of course, most of us got pretty well accustomed to the funerals before the voyage was over.

One of the crew, however (he was not very old then), was always terribly frightened at night. Knowing this, one of his mates determined to give him a greater fright than ever. So one night he put on a sheet over his head and approached that part of the deck where the timid sailor was doing duty. If you had seen that man's face when he saw the sailor with the sheet over his head you never would have forgotten it. I never shall. He did not shout, he was too frightened for that, he simply retreated just as fast as the supposed ghost advanced. I am sure he would have jumped over the side if the man with the sheet (thinking the joke had gone far enough) had not made himself known.

Well, our destination was St. John, New Brunswick, but we landed our fever-stricken passengers on an island thirty miles away. We really had "a ship full of fever," and the authorities would never have allowed us to land at St. John in our then state.

We stayed on the island under canvas for about a month. The ship having been cleansed, we went on to St. John and thus ended one of the most unpleasant voyages I ever had.

By the time we got to St. John many of the passengers had pulled themselves together, but I and some of the others of the crew had to remain behind in hospital.

THOMAS CAREY.

A devotee to the Swimming Bath on the magnificent P.S.N.Co.'s liner *Oropesa*.
Another pretty picture appears on page 154.

Whaling Stories

Victor Outward Whaling Passage

CHAPTER III (*continued*).

Our North-Wester blew itself "out" (and so did the next one, and the one that followed it)—meantime the stumpy little funnel aft was not "even an ornament," and our canvas, even the "bentic foresail," with its slovenly looking, but handy boom, saved much coal. The deck pump "boxes" clucked, and clinked, merrily, until the old ship's topsides felt the benefit of her immersion, and the planking tightened up. So the pump "sucked" sooner, and at last was itself an ornament. So the ship was pushed to the north-westward for Cape Farewell. The weather moderated as we approached Greenland, and on inquiring we learned that our "Westing" was helped by the "Polar current," which curves into Davis Straits from Denmark Strait. At last we sighted land, 25 miles off, on our starboard beam. A high rugged coast-line, about one thousand to two thousand feet high, and covered by ice and snow. Somewhere about Godhavn. Next day, calm and fog, steaming with sails furled, amongst loose sea ice. So we continued, and crossed the "Arctic Circle," May 18th, 1877. A few days afterwards there was no night; the sun describing a small circle—during the 24 hours—and being high in the heavens. After passing many icebergs and much loose ice, we called at Lively Harbour, in Disco Island.

Disco Island.

A Danish trading station on the Greenland side of Davis Straits. The Danes on these settlements were a governor, schoolmaster, cooper, blacksmith, carpenter, their Danish wives and a few of their families. A Danish Government sailing brig used to make one voyage a year, calling along the Greenland coast for oil, furs, ivory, etc. The Scotch whalers were made welcome at these settlements, and the welcoming shout of the Eskimo, "Chimo-Chimo," was proof that for years a good feeling had existed. After permission had been obtained from the Governor, a picked landing party, in charge of an officer, was allowed to "kick up their heels" on a large flat rock. The Eskimo lasses had crude and very strenuous ideas of dancing. The schoolmaster was M.C., and an efficient "Vigilance Committee" of the "rude fathers" of the Innuit Tribe shepherded their fat little "Kudlays" and "Evaloos." We literally *dragged* them through reels, polkas and any old thing that would fit the occasion. But there was no "sitting-out." We had been allowed *ashore* to *dance*, and by the "Great snatch block" there was no time allowed to "rub noses" (the Eskimo equivalent for billing and cooing). So at one a.m. we parted. After thanking the Governor, and an exchange of threepenny-pieces and sixpences for highly-dyed seal skin, tobacco, fobs, etc., and escorted by the happy-faced little women and their men folk, not forgetting whole troops of dogs, whose barking and howling sent back strange echoes from the hills.

We took to our boats, and back to the ship as she weighed anchor and so proceeded north. Whilst we had been ashore the disgruntled ones had expressed disapproval of the doctor, who had been deputed to "pick" the dance party. The little "medico" demanded a "take back." The hesitation of the "looker-for-trouble" left him on his back "looking" up with unseeing eyes at the doc. standing over him for a few minutes. There were some questions asked aft, and the captain said the men who were especially allowed ashore at Disco, "had *stayed* by the ship at *Lerwick*, and *that* was the *end* of the matter.

The Dundee Whaler "*Eclipse.*" Photo sent by W. J. Barr.

It was said that some of the *'ero's* of the "hat raid" in Shetland heard the "old man" singing his newest song after sailing from Disco.

Rob Roryson's bonnet, "lang syne" it was new,
It's red tooree's awa', and it's gay ribbons, too,
And its liker a "nose bag" than a bonnet o' blue,
It sairs for a kale bag and tattee poke, noo;
And he tried it wi' brose, but it loot out the brew,
And you've aw heard tell o' Rob Roryson's bonnet,
You've aw heard tell o' Rob Roryson's bonnet.
But, it wasna the bonnet, 'twas the *head* that was in it,
Made the hale village talk o' Rob Roryson's bonnet.

Chapter IV.

Melville Bay.

We were now steaming along the Greenland coast—about 15 miles off—to the northward, and thus avoiding the strong southern drift of the Polar current and its flotsam of large bergs and heavy field ice. To reach Melville Bay and pass through its dangerous area to the *expected* open water in Smith Sound, and on our fishing grounds, and then follow the ice south, along the western shores of Baffin's Bay and Davis Straits. The Greenland coast was lined by stranded bergs of massive size and fantastic shapes, which our "old hands" recognised as having been *there* for more than an Arctic whaleman's lifetime. To the writer, young and impressionable, it was a delight to sit forward on the "head"—when not shifting coal or on watch—and forget my losing fights with Jock Mullock,

in the blue transparent sea—visible clear down for many fathoms—with eider duck, looms and geese, which mesmerised by the rushing, noisy monster which was thrusting aside with its iron-shod forefoot the heavy drifting ice-floes, darting ahead under water, with outspread wings until, becoming tired, they swerve and come up alongside, to dive and swim again and again. Ah! snow-covered blue ice, sunshine all the time, and a sea of sapphire; the teeming bird and animal life of Arctic spring, and health to enjoy it all.

So we passed Upper Navic and ziz-zagged to pick up leads of loose ice to work north, and keep the coast aboard, just able to see the rushing waters in the valleys as the snow and ice melted. So in a few days we see in the clear air a steamer's smoke ahead, and find *Narwhale*, *Intrepid* and *Active*, who are stopped by an ice jamb that has piled layer after layer of two-feet cakes of floe, one above the other; they had rammed it for some time and had tried gun-cotton, etc. We are soon busy ramming the neck and "rolling ship," and after a few hours of this smoke is sighted to the southward, and when the newcomer was seen to be *Funnel Amidships*, otherwise *Arctic*, our operations were suspended for the assistance of the heavier ship. She had left Dundee some days after us, and was, by some, considered too long for her job, but as she approached one could see that in *this* ice her power and weight were in her favour. Her *usual good fortune*—she was always a "well fished ship"—helped her, for just as she came up a report was spread from our mast-head that the "pressure" was easing. Jock Mullock sneered at the "Bullefer" *luck*, and I failed *to reach him*—anyhow the "Schieman" refused to see his nice clean decks all blooded and dirty, and also it was a good Sunday and I would not look nice, when prayers were read by the doctor, after *our* usual slogging match.

An Ice Jamb.

As the *Arctic* approached we backed away and left a clearance for the new arrival to try "his metal" in forcing a passage. So with our "Sunday Ensigns" flying at the peak we awaited the *Arctic*, whose master hailed us, from her nest, and inquired if "there was a wedding." There was a flutter of excitement as she took the neck in her stride, and, with her masts and gear all "a shake" and rattling with the shock, her bow was thrown to starboard with a heavy roll, her head lifted, and bore down on the over-lapped floes, and broke them, and so she screwed, and rolled, her way through into the loose ice of the lead, northward. The other ships followed *only* after some more punching, as the moving floes caused "a nip" that quickly closed the "lead" after *Arctic* had got through. In this connection, an argument on our ship as to the merits and popularity of the various skippers resulted in our "alleged" poet, "The Baazer" having the "last word" by writing on the school slate the following :—

Arctic—Your straight, hard punching made out toil a *jest*,
We "cut no ice"—wanting an A.1. "clipper;"
Here's to the *whiskers*, *brain* and *brawn* that overflows *your* nest,
Thank Providence who sent *a ship*, and much the heaviest skipper.

We gradually fought our way towards, and through, Melville Bay, after being beset at one ice jamb after another, or, we had left some ship beset by the heavy ice. The *Active*, being the smallest, and least powerful, was badly used and suffered from the nips, and, on one occasion, was partly covered by the ice driving on and *overlapping* her. The crew and boats, stores and food, were on the crushing, grinding floes, and the almost capsized ship, whose main hatchway was described as being "diamond

shaped," had been "given up," when the ice ceased "running" and the squeeze died down. After some time she uprighted herself, and with some assistance from other vessels was able to (as I heard the story) "prosecute the voyage." Anyhow, there is no "turning back" from Melville Bay. Our little ship *Victor* was no better for the squeezes of "The Bay," but like the rest of the grand old fleet, settled back to her old shape with a squeak from her timbers occasionally, as she resumed her normal condition. We had killed four walrus and three bears before sighting McCarey Islands, and our taxidermist (the blacksmith's mate) had caught, and was stuffing, several "snow bunting" to add to his collection of looms and eider ducks. Although we were late in arriving off Carey Islands—being the last days of May—permission was given to try and get some eggs, and a boat was sent ashore to do so. Many hundreds must have been brought on board, and stored in a tank in layers of salt. The ducks themselves who sat on the eggs, on the bare rocks, until they were "knocked off" and killed, were brought off by a second boat, and the breasts fried in their own fat were on the menu for three weeks at breakfast, and five or six eggs—*a la* "panhag"—for a week or two for tea. Here in lat. 78 deg. N. and long. 73 deg. W., the land and sea "teemed" with life. As the weather became warmer, fog became frequent, and we had, after leaving "Heyes Peninsula," a succession of foggy and overcast days. The ice, however, was loose, and waterlogged, and we proceeded cautiously towards "Devon Land," keeping as good a look out as was possible for whales and drifting bergs. We were now close to the magnetic Pole, and a slight change in our position to the westward produced a large change in the variation (which is nearly 100 degrees), the compass becomes sluggish, and almost useless for making a course in thick weather.

NOTE.—Melville Bay accounted for the loss of 14 whalers in 1819 and for 19 in 1830; of course, these were sailing vessels.

(*To be continued.*)

A very fine model of *Herzogin Cecilie*, complete from keel to truck, by E. B. Bell, Victoria, Aus.

Some More Old Timers

Interesting facts about them

It was very interesting to read sometime ago the account of the *Barcore's* passage from Vancouver to Adelaide in 1907, by Mr. C. Forbes.

It is rather a coincidence that the *Great Admiral* was commanded by Captain Sterling, for on August 28th, 1896, whilst in the Tasman Sea, bound from Newcastle, N.S.W., to the Pacific Coast, the American ship, *Patrician*, commanded by the same Captain Sterling, was abandoned, the crew being rescued by the Glasgow s.s. *Fifeshire*, Captain Wilson. For many years now Captain Sterling has owned and sailed the six-masted barquentine, *E. R. Sterling*, ex *Everitt C. Griggs*, ex *Lord Wolseley*.

About four years ago, the American four-masted schooner, *Helen B. Sterling*, commanded by Capt. Sterling, Junr., a son of Capt. E. R. Sterling, was abandoned, also in the Tasman Sea, whilst bound from Newcastle, N.S.W., to the Pacific Coast, and the crew were rescued by H.M.A.S. *Melbourne*, after a thrilling experience.

If I may, I would like to correct a mistake made in a previous issue. Mention is made of the *Adelaide Mary* having run down the *Kapunda*. The following are the particulars, which, I hope, will be of interest. The barque, *Ada Melmore*, of 569 tons, homeward bround from New Zealand to London, when 90 miles south of Pernambuco, ran into the ship *Kapunda*, of 1,095 tons, bound from London to Fremantle on January 1st, 1887. The *Kapunda* had female passengers aboard, and she was cut right through to the keelson and sank in 16 seconds, with the loss of 300 lives, whilst only 20 were saved. *The Ada Melmore* sank, and the survivors from both vessels were picked up by a French barque, and landed at Bahia.

A nasty smack in the eye.

I have a picture of the *Torrens* taken after she reached Adelaide, after being in collision with an iceberg. She left London on the 26th October, 1898, with a few passengers for Adelaide. On the 11th January, 1899, when 40 miles off the Crozets, and without warning, she struck an iceberg. The ship was only doing six knots. The iron bowsprit was driven right through the forecastle right into the apprentices' house. The jib-boom carried away and was lost, as also was her figurehead. The fore-topmast and everything above came down, but the old ship was so well built that when the main well was sounded, it was found that she was making no more than the ordinary amount of water, and her voyage was continued.

Perhaps Mr. W. D. Cassady would like to know the dates of the passage of his ship, *Greta*, also of the *Coriolanus* and *Wellington*.

The *Coriolanus* arrived at Lyttelton on the 2nd February, 1891, from Brisbane.

The *Greta* arrived at Lyttelton on the 5th February, 1891, also from Brisbane.

The *Wellington* arrived at Lyttelton on the 16th of January, 1891, from London.

The *Coriolanus* loaded and left on the 19th March, 1891, for Queenstown, the *Greta* left on the 23rd March, 1891, for Queenstown, and the *Wellington* left on the 20th March, 1891, for London, and, no doubt, an interesting race ensued, as the *Wellington* was a very fast ship as also was the *Coriolanus*.

"Vancouver" wants to know about the *Ballochmyle*. She was launched at Sunderland in January, 1873, and I think her construction was completed by Mr. Watson's creditors. She only made one voyage to New Zealand, and that was her maiden one. She arrived at Lyttelton on the 3rd June, 1874, from London with a load of immigrants, and left again in ballast on the 14th August, 1874 for 'Frisco, where she loaded grain for home. She was afterwards in the Calcutta trade for many years.

In connection with the *Blythswood*, the following may be of interest. She originally hailed from Greenock, but was later owned by Messrs. C. E. de Woolf & Co., of Liverpool, and was sold to the Danes in 1911 for £2,300, and renamed *Lysglimt*. She was abandoned on fire on the 4th May, 1921, whilst bound from Delagoa Bay to Christiania with a coal cargo in lat. 27°55′ N., long. 4°21′ W. The crew were rescued by a steamer and landed at Marseilles. The derelict was sunk on the 23rd July, 1921, by the s.s. *Kingsbury*, with the fire still smouldering. I have a photograph of her after she had been burnt and was floating about, taken from the s.s. *Specialist*.

Nearly sixty years service.

Mr. Eadie wants to know about the old *Lancing*. Well, she was built by R. Napier & Sons in 1866 for the French mail service from New York to Havre and vice versa. In 1894 she was purchased by London buyers, and had her engines removed, and was converted into a four-masted ship. She was of 2,764 tons gross, and had a length of 356 feet, beam 44 feet, and depth 27 feet. She was a very fast ship, like almost all steamers which have been converted into sailing vessels. She was so well built that she retained her 100 A1 class in Lloyd's during the whole of her career. She was sold to Christiania owners many years ago, and she left Lamlash Bay in February, 1925, to be broken up at Genoa.

Mr. E. B. Bell, of Melbourne, writes about having spent a holiday aboard the *Charlotte Gladstone* at Lyttelton, N.Z. Perhaps the following particulars will not be amiss. She made two voyages to Lyttelton under Captain Fox, with 900 immigrants altogether, and one to Port Chalmers under Captain Paddle. She arrived at Lyttelton on the 30th January, 1871, and on the 2nd February, 1872 from London, and at Port Chalmers on the 16th February, 1873, also from London, and soon after this she was lost, as the following will show. On the 10th July, 1879, the barque, *Halton Castle*, put into Table Bay, bound from Wallaroo to London, with the mate in charge. She had fallen in with the ship *Charlotte Gladstone*, bound from Moulmein to Falmouth, in a sinking condition and took off the crew. The captain and five of the crew of the *Halton Castle* left in a boat, hoping to bring the *Charlotte Gladstone* into Table Bay, and thereby claim salvage, but neither the *Charlotte Gladstone* nor the six members of the *Halton Castle*'s crew were ever heard of again.

GEO. IRVINE.

The Luck of the *William Jolliffe*

Some years ago, the "Jolliffe" tugs were probably the best known and most powerful tugboats operating in and out of the port of Liverpool. On various occasions I have been towed by the "Jane" and "Sarah," but I rather think that the "William" was the best all-round tug of the fleet; in any case, she has the credit of finding and towing the abandoned steamer *Loch Maree* into port, after other salvage vessels had failed to locate her. The *Loch Maree*, bound from Galveston with a cargo of cotton, ran out of bunker coal when about 150 miles off the South-West coast of Ireland, and as she was drifting hopelessly, the crew refused to remain, although a boat had been despatched for assistance.

If I remember aright, the captain was given the option of leaving the vessel or being left on board by himself; he accepted the situation, and the steamer was totally abandoned. Search was made for her by two salvage vessels, and although I think she was taken in tow by a passing steamer, she could not be held and she broke adrift. Days went by, and the search for her having been without success the question of the day was "What had become of the *Loch Maree*?" In the meantime, the captain of the *William Jolliffe*, a highly-experienced tug captain, conferred with his owners, with the result that, after mature calculation, he estimated her position, after allowing for currents and winds, and supplying himself with two extra hawsers and taking on three extra hands, he set out to seek the missing steamer. According to his calculation he placed her somewhere to the North-West of the North Coast of Ireland, so he took the North Channel out to the Atlantic, and after steaming some 100 or more miles to the N.W. a shout of glee came from a member of his crew, for there was the *Loch Maree*, almost dead ahead a few miles off. The *Jolliffe* soon ranged alongside, put three men aboard the steamer, passed a new hawser, and towed her in triumph to Belfast Lough, which he reached on the following day. Perhaps Lady Luck helped a bit, but the calculations of the Captain of the "William" proved to have been made with almost uncanny precision. The *Loch Maree* was a fat prize, she was practically undamaged when discovered; and that was the luck of the *William Jolliffe* and her capable skipper.

CAPT. J. JONES.

S.S. Concepcion **sinking in Valparaiso Bay, January 30th, 1929. P.S.N.Co.'s Tug *Poderoso* may be seen on the left.**

Thrilling Experiences of a First Voyager

I first went to sea in the year 1886, joining the ship *Ben-y-Gloe*, of Glasgow, as an apprentice, at Penarth in the month of October. She was a brand new ship, having been towed round from the Clyde. We sailed, as far as I can remember, on the 10th October, with a cargo of coal for Singapore. We had got as far as Lundy Island in tow, but, as the weather was so very bad, and we had parted our tow-rope, the captain decided to run back for shelter. We got back as far as Nash Point, where we anchored. During the day our windlass carried away, and in the afternoon, first one cable went and then the other, and about 6 p.m. we went on the rocks on our beam ends. All hands took to the mizzen rigging, except the carpenter, who went up the main.

Shortly after we struck the mainmast went by the board, and that was the last we saw of the carpenter, the only member of the crew who was lost. During the night the waves were constantly breaking over us, and we were calling out "Help!" at intervals. The people on the shore were trying in vain to get the rocket-line over us, but the gale was too fierce.

About 2 a.m., the tide having gone down, and the waves breaking over us with less force, the captain ordered us down into the saloon. And there we sat on the sloping deck, wondering what would happen next. After we had been there for about two hours we heard footsteps overhead, and then a voice "Is there anyone alive?" It was some fishermen who had made their way over the rocks at low water.

When we came on deck they told us to go up to the village, and they would look after our things, which they certainly did, because we did not see them any more. At any rate, we were only too glad to take their advice, and go up to the village inn, where we sat over the fire and tried to get our clothes dry. There was very little to be got to eat, but what there was we were very thankful for. The captain went off to Cardiff to make arrangements about us.

The Earl of Dunraven, who had an estate near, sent for the crew and they were hospitably entertained at a village called Southdown. The officers and we apprentices stayed on in the village where we had first landed.

It was Friday morning when we landed from the wreck, and on the Sunday numbers of people from the surrounding country came down to view what was left of the once fine ship. We apprentices had numerous offers of help from people. One lady especially I remember, a Mrs. Groves, who had lost her husband at sea, tried hard to get us to accept some money from her.

On the Sunday night, about midnight, we were woke up by the captain arriving with three waggonettes to take us back to Cardiff. We left almost at once, calling at Southdown to pick up the crew. We stopped at Cowbridge for a meal. The gates of the town were locked and we had to wake up the watchman to open them. The hotel people were all prepared for us, and we had a glorious meal, after which we continued on our way to Cardiff, arriving there at 8 a.m. We then went to the Sailors' Home and had breakfast.

Some other ships that had sailed at the same time as ourselves were the *Inversnaid* and *Nerbudda*, lost with all hands, and the *Teviotdale*, half of whose crew were saved. After being at home three weeks, I was appointed to the *Udston*, loading in London for Calcutta. When I had been about ten days by her, I developed scarlet fever, and was home about four months. Then I joined the *Benvenue*, in Dundee, and on our way round to Cardiff I fractured my ankle, and had to go into hospital on arrival there, and I came out the day before the ship was ready for sea.

CAPT. A. DOWNS.

Hulks of Melbourne

My son being a subscriber to your very interesting magazine, I read in a recent issue a list of old hulks in New Zealand ports. If it is of any interest to you or some of your readers, who are more numerous than perhaps you think, I am enclosing the names, with a few remarks, of those still afloat and doing good service in Melbourne.

Auriga (coal hulk)—Iron barque, 476 tons; many years in sugar trade, Mauritius and the Colonies.

Agnes Muir (coal hulk)—Iron barque, hailed from Glasgow.

Campana (coal hulk)—Iron barque, hailed from Liverpool.

Elizabeth Graham (coal hulk)—Composite barque, old Colonial trader.

Mary Moore (coal hulk)—Composite barque, old Colonial trader.

Garthsnaid—(coal hulk)—Barque, formerly *Inversnaid* (Milne Line).

Shandon (coal hulk)—Barque, for a while named *Victor*, re-rigged during the war and owned by Victorian Government.

Rathlin Island (coal hulk)—Barque built in Liverpool.

Marjorie—Barque, formerly *Hirotha*, in New Zealand timber trade. Captain Sundberg, who had charge of her, was formerly skipper of a little jackass barque *Devonport;* running before a moderate gale, Australia to New Zealand Port, he was taking the sun at noon when a heavy lurch sent his wife flying across the "break" of the poop. The mate made a grab at her, and her skirt came away in his hands. She went overboard and was lost. A few years after, on the anniversary of her death, a tug came alongside to move the *Hirotha*, then in a New Zealand port. They knocked at the captain's door to tell him all was ready to shift, but got no response. Later, when they forced the cabin door, they found him in his chair dead and his lost wife's skirt spread over his knees!

Laira (coal hulk)—Iron barque, 476 tons. I saw this little vessel in London Dock in 1896. She was on the berth for New Zealand, later in the Australia-New Zealand trade.

Rona, formerly *Polly Woodside* (coal hulk)—Iron barque, Belfast.

Casablanca (coal hulk)—Iron barque, 568 tons, built 1869.

Geographe—Formerly American wooden ship *Republic*.

White Pine—Formerly *Hazel Craig*, originally *Quathlamba*, now doing duty as a coal hulk for Harbour Trust.

Chusan (coal hulk)—One a tea clipper (comp. ship).

Verulam (cargo lighter)—Barque. Old-timer in London-Adelaide run.

Dunloe (coal hulk)—Clipper, iron barque, 674 tons.

Ecclefechan, about a week after going ashore near Barn Ness Lighthouse, Haddington Coast. Photo lent by Duncan Murchie

Nor'-wester (coal hulk)—Was a little barque of 500 tons, now dismantled and waiting to be towed outside Pt. Phillip Heads to be sunk.

Helen (cargo lighter)—A little comp. barque in the London-Tasmanian run.

River Boyne (coal hulk)—Iron brigantine, Sydney-New Zealand trade.

Jerfalcon (cargo-lighter)—Iron barque. Malden Is., guano trade.

Orange Grove (coal hulk)—A little iron barque, 385 tons.

Birch Grove (cargo-lighter)—Built of wood, Sunderland, 1856. Still going strong.

Palace (cargo lighter)—Blue nose barque, 1866. Still going strong.

Marie Laure (coal-lighter)—Built at Seychelle Is., 1840, and still sound as a bell, for many years was a whaler out of Hobart, Tas. When being dismantled 30 years ago they found that the bowsprit was made of rosewood; it was sold to a furniture factory for a considerable sum. She is only 268 tons, but a wonderful tribute to the old-time shipwrights who built her over 88 years ago.

By this mail's issue of your paper there is a photo of an American ship *Paul Jones*. You ask if anyone knows anything about her. I remember her well, although very young at the time, in about 1883. She came to Melbourne from New York; she was white painted, beautifully kept, and had flush decks. She left here in ballast and was burnt at sea off Cape Otway; her crew were rescued and brought here by the old *Antiope*, one of Heap's, Liverpool, ships.

Hartley R. Watson.

A group of Ships' Captains taken in Melbourne some years ago. From left to right: (1) Captain Mitchell, Stevedoring Co. (2) Captain Donaldson (3) Captain Jones, *Cardigan Castle* (4) Captain Peden, *Loch Lomond* (5) Captain Heddle, *Loch Ness* (6) Captain Clark, *Loch Garron* (7) Captain Fishwick, *Loch Etive* (8 Captain Patman, *Loch Torridon* (9 , Captain Ogilvie, Stevedoring Co. Photo sent by George Schutze

The "Grasshoppers" of the Eighties

Not many of our young readers will remember the "Grasshopper" barques of the seventies and eighties, which traded to Quebec in the summer, and to the North African esparto grass ports in the winter; hence the name grasshoppers.

I have also heard them called "South Spainers." They were small wooden barques about 350 to 400 tons, and a great number sailed out of the North-East Coast ports, many fine seamen being trained in them.

In 1885 my father sent me a trial voyage in one, with a view to knocking all ideas of a sea career out of my head. He succeeded, but only for a time, I am sorry to say, as I am still at sea.

It was September of that year that I joined the barque *Celurca*, of Montrose, 356 tons register, loading coal on the Tyne for Toulon. Although hailing from Montrose she was owned in North Shields and was commanded by Captain William Henderson, her chief officer being Mr. William Scott, a typical hard-case mate of that period, the total number of the crew being 10 all told.

I had to do all sorts of odd jobs on deck, including helping to pump her out every two hours, but was principally employed in assisting the cook (who acted as cook and steward), washing pans, peeling potatoes, etc., both in my watch on deck and below; so that I did not get much rest.

The mate's favourite mode of addressing me was "Move along 'ere you crab of h—," and many a night, while on the look-out, under the lee of the main staysail, with legs dangling over the side of the deck-house and peacefully sleeping, he would lay a belaying-pin across my ankles, which rudely disturbed my pleasant dreams.

The passage to Toulon was uneventful and occupied about five weeks, out of which we were in Grimsby Roads a couple of days, wind-bound. At Toulon, we had to work out our own cargo, which I found very hard work, not being accustomed to shovelling coal from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Although I was only about 14 at the time, what apparently impressed me most in that port was the size of the "bustles" worn by the French ladies, and my parents were highly amused at me noticing this. Of course, at that time "bustles" were all the fashion, even in England.

After discharge of our cargo, we proceeded to Oran in ballast, to load grass. Again we had to work our own cargo, which was in bales, and full of small prickly thorns which got into the fingers, causing great irritation. The harbour of Oran was full of small sailing vessels, all loading grass. Many were Norwegians, but I remember one English barque, the *Leonidas*.

On completion of loading we proceeded to Tayport, near Dundee, to discharge, arriving January, 1886, making the passage in about six weeks, the total voyage occupying about four months.

We experienced heavy weather in the North Sea, but these little vessels were like ducks on the water, especially grass-laden. I might mention that during heavy weather the old skippers always wore a high hat, similar to what Mr. Winston Churchill now wears, and ours was no exception. We always knew when we were in for a blow.

After my discharge, I got on board the old *Pladda*, the Dundee-Newcastle passenger boat, and made tracks for home as quickly as possible; vowing I should never go to sea again.

Sixteen months later I signed my indentures with the Glasgow firm of Messrs. Thos. Dunlop & Sons, owners of the Clan Line of sailing ships, but will give an account of my apprenticeship in another article.

J. H. B.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

Obituary Notice.

I have been asked by one of our subscribers to publish the passing of a fine old sailing ship master, Captain Richard Knight, of Cumberland, who died during April, 1929, aged 85 years. He was for 20 years in command of the two-skysail yard barque *Remonstrant*, trading chiefly to Australia and West Coast of South America, between the years 1883 and 1904; perhaps there are among our readers some who sailed under Captain Knight when serving their time.—EDITOR.

Re "Ships of long ago."

"Teana Tamaiti" writes: Since reading the above in the March issue of *Sea Breezes*, I have come to the conclusion that the writer, Captain James Steele, was, in 1882 (or thereabouts), in command of the P.S.N.C.'s s.s. *Osorno*, a little twin-screw steamer which was especially built to trade between Valparaiso and Valdivia. In the event of my surmision being correct, I wonder could he give me the date of the loss of the s.s. *Eten* somewhere north of Valparaiso, the cause of her stranding, and the loss of life arising therefrom.

The convict ship *Success* her life history.

In the "Signal Station" of the August number of *Sea Breezes* I read that the old convict ship *Success* was built in 1840. I beg to correct that statement as I possess a catalogue of that ship, when she was on exhibition in Liverpool, before the war, and this is a copy of it.

The old *Success* left the slips at Moulmein (British India) in 1790; she was constructed throughout of solid teak. This bluff-bowed barque has filled many important parts during her remarkably long career.

As an armed merchantman, she sailed from Britain to the Indies; and in 1829 she was chartered by the Admiralty, and became the pioneer vessel in Western Australian waters.

The *City of Perth* (West Australia) was named after the Scottish birthplace of Captain Stirling, who commanded the ship on that occasion. In 1847 Captain Abbott had charge of the vessel between London and Port Adelaide.

Basely deserted by captain and crew.

The last Australian voyage was made in 1851, when 200 hopeful immigrants were carried to the land of new-found gold. Being there deserted by both captain and crew, she was pressed into Prison Service, and formed one of a felon fleet of five: the *President*, *Lysander*, *Sacramento*, *Deborah* and herself. They were moored off Williamstown (Victoria), and now, this grey old prison ship is the only one remaining.

FRED. J. CRATE.

Loss of the *Carpathian*.

A statement appeared in your issue of July, 1928, re the loss of the above ship, written from some log by a survivor and signed by T. H. Findlay; he also has one Finday as Master. I do not know any one of them and I have never at any time given out any statement of the disaster to anyone, especially for publication.

I just want the readers of *Sea Breezes* and those interested in the above to know that I was master of the *Carpathian* at that time, and had charge of the gig with 11 hands all told when rescued by the *Marion Crosbie*, of Glasgow.

A. A. Findlay.

The fate of the *Richelieu*.

The French four-mast barque *Richelieu*, a school-ship, was destroyed by fire in Baltimore some time ago, while lying at the dock with a cargo of pitch. She was sold at Marshall's sale on January 9th, 1929, to the Boston Iron and Metal Co., of Baltimore, for $3,600. The pitch cargo was sold for $3,100. Photo appears on this page.

No doubt my fellow-readers would also be interested in knowing that the schooner *Herbert L. Rawding* was sold at auction on January 24th, 1929, to Lewis K. Thurlow, for $1,600. Mr. Thurlow (of Crowell & Thurlow, Boston) is going to recondition her and put her in trade again. Crowell and Thurlow operate a very large fleet of big coasting schooners, four and five-masters. The *Rawding* is 1,109 tons, and judging from this must be a five-master.

Speaking of records, how's this? Schooner *Anna R. Heidritter*, New York to Charleston, South Carolina, four days' passage, arrived on January 28th.

H. J. Millar.

A beautiful picture of *Richelieu* referred to above, has appeared in a former issue of *Sea Breezes*. Photo lent by H. N. Cooper

Some facts concerning *Maulesden*.

I note in the August number, page 154, re *Maulesden*'s record trip to Maryborough, Mr. Sindall asks for confirmation of his figures. In May, 1926, just prior to his death, I was in command of a steamer discharging flax at Dundee, and Mr. R. Ritchie was my agent. He it was who introduced *Sea Breezes* to my notice, and one day, in the course of a conversation on sailing vessels, he mentioned that his firm bought the *Maulesden* from D. Bruce & Co., her original owners, and put a book into my hands which, on examination, I found to be the log book of the *Maulesden* for her record passage. I do not remember the actual mileage sailed, but can vouch for the average speed being 9.0 knots per hour for the passage.

Some Old Hulks.

Some time back a correspondent in *Sea Breezes*, whose name I forget, was questioning if the *Fortuna* hulk, at Algiers, could have been the *Fortuna*, ex *Ems*. I am now able to inform him, if he has not found out already, that the *Fortuna*, now at Algiers, was the iron ship *Crown of Scotland*, owned by Robertson, Cruickshank & Co., Liverpool, and was built by T. Royden in 1883; registered tonnage 1,550, 249.7ft. x 38.3ft. x 22.0ft. In 1902, I believe, she was owned by J. and R. Young & Co., London, and registered at 1,483 tons. In about 1906 she was re-sold to Javarone Bros., Genoa, and re-named *Gavarone Fratelli*. I have not been able to trace her between that date and her arrival as a hulk at Algiers.

Another hulk was broken up at Algiers last year. This was the *Holt Hill* 2, a Russell-built steel four-mast barque, built 1890, for W. Price and Co., Liverpool. She was abandoned in the North Atlantic in 1916, being then, I believe, Russian owned, but appears to have been salved, as she arrived at Algiers for a hulk about 1919. Perhaps someone can tell the story.

Some "Old Timers" re-christened.

On page 85 of Vol. 11, D. R. Bolt, in his corrections to Mr. W. L. Leclercq's "Old Timers," referring to *Edith Jones* (page 290), states she was formerly *Edith Waldron*. I may be mistaken, but give my record for what it is worth.

Barque *Ednyfed*, London; built 1882, Doxford, Sunderland; registered tonnage 1,081; owned by R. Thomas & Co., Liverpool. Sold and re-named *Erna*, subsequently re-named *Edith Jones*, then *Edith Wolden*, and in 1924 registered as iron barge *Oriole*, owned by Lipsey Towing Co., New Orleans.

Another "Old Timer" mentioned in January, 1928, was *Antelope*. I think this was the *Antilope* ex *Evesham Abbey*.

Trusting that neither Mr. Leclercq nor Mr. Bolt will object to my giving my views, as my sole object is to have my own notes corrected if I am wrong.

J. Beard.

The Old Windmill Line of Liverpool.

These ships were owned by the families of Davies and Pierce, of Menai Bridge. The registered owners were Hughes & Co., Menai Bridge, but all hailed from Liverpool. The firm started with North American wooden ships, bringing timber to Menai Bridge to their timber yard, and afterwards went into the guano trade, and later in the rice and 'Frisco trade with iron ships.

The firm got the name of the Windmill Line, on account of Mr. John Griffiths, the overlooker, putting on board all wooden ships a windmill pump, of which he was the inventor.

Schooner *Ada* on River Gannel, Newquay—see Article below. Photo lent by L. Jenkins.

The ships were : *Arizona*, *Etta*, *Edinburgh*, *Glentilt*, *Minni Ha Ha*, *Magnificent*, *True Britain and British Princess*, all these were replaced with iron ships. *Chinsura*, *Malleny*, *Sarah and Emma*, *Lord Cairns*, *Bacchus* and *Dolbadarn Castle* all bought.

Then Messrs. Royden, of Liverpool, built for the firm : The *Anglesea*, *Flintshire*, *Cardiganshire*, *Carnarvonshire*, *Denbighshire*, *Montgomeryshire*, and *Merioneth*, and later the *Afon Alaw* and the *Afon Cefni*.

After running these iron ships for years they sold out of sail and I never heard that they went into steam.

I may say that I was with this firm from a boy to master and left to go in steam. I was first mate of *Merioneth* on her record passage.

Geo. E. Stewart.

Schooner *Ada* and Ketch *Triumph*.

On the slopes of the River Gannel, a tidal estuary at the southern end of Newquay about four furlongs distant, there once existed a shipyard, where vessels of from 100 to 200 tons were built. The last ship to be built there was the *Triumph*, a ketch, in the year 1884, registered tonnage 80, gross 160, of oak and pitchpine, and classed A1 at Lloyd's 12 years. This vessel was built by Thomas Clemens at an approximate cost of £2,000, the principal owner being Captain R. J. Hockin, the Harbour Master at Newquay, and he steered this vessel out of the Gannel.

The other print is of the schooner *Ada*, which, on July 18th, 1928, was towed to her last resting place immediately in front of the slip from which the *Triumph* emerged. This vessel was built at Barrow in July, 1876, by Messrs. Peet, length 88ft. 6in., beam 22ft. 3in., draft 11ft. 5in., M.D. 11ft. 10in., salted gross tonnage 133, nett tons 95, new decks in 1905. Captain R. J. Hockin steered the *Ada* into the Gannel under the pilotage of Mr. Williams.

L. Jenkins.

Indenture of Mr. Andrew Melville.

A particular friend of mine, viz., Mr. W. B. Melville, has just handed me the indenture of his brother, Mr. Andrew Melville. It is dated 16th July, 1858, made between Andrew Melville, aged 13, of Kirkcaldy, and Pollok, Gilmour & Co., of Glasgow. The indenture is registered at the Port of Greenock, signed by "John Wyles," master, on behalf of Pollok, Gilmour & Co.

It appears that Andrew Melville became first mate at the age of 21. He was on an iron full-rigged ship, which, after being spoken off Madeira in 1866, was never heard of again, all hands being lost. I believe Pollok, Gilmour & Co. were the same firm as Rankin, Gilmour & Co., Liverpool, as I notice an endorsement on the indenture that Rankin, Gilmour & Co. paid Andrew Melville £1 on October 16th, 1861. This seems to be confirmed, as from my *Lloyd's Register* of 1876, I cannot trace any ships owned by Pollok, Gilmour & Co., but (wooden) *Adept*, *Advance*, *Advice*, *Arran*, *La Plata*, *Marchmont*, *Miranock*, *Ronochin*, (iron) *Saint Magnus*, *Saint Marnock*, *Saint Monan*, owned by Rankin, Gilmour & Co., including the *Saint Maur*, built in 1858, the year Andrew Melville was apprenticed.

Unfortunately I do not know the name of the ship Andrew Melville was first mate of in 1866.

Perhaps some of your readers can tell the name of the ship John Wyles was master of in 1858, or the name of the ship which Rankin, Gilmour lost in 1866 after being spoken off Madeira.

The witness to the indenture is William Beveridge. Andrew Melville received the sum of £25 for four years.

I also observe from my 1876 "Lloyd's" that Rankin, Gilmour & Co. got a few new ships in 1867; probably to replace that lost in 1866. They also had vessels built in Quebec by Gilmour. I observe that Andrew Melville was twice in Quebec.

I served my time in the office of Messrs. S. Lawther & Harvey, formerly Samuel Lawther & Co., who owned in '76 the following ships engaged in the Canadian deal trade : *Ann Augusta*, *Ellen*, *Fanny Atkinson*, *Forest Queen*, *Howard*, *L. G. Biglow*, *Lothair*, *Presto*, *Savanna* (wooden). They latterly owned : *W. J. Pirrie*, *Walter H. Wilson*, *G. B. Harland*, *G. W. Wolff*, *Queen's Island*.

Can any of your readers tell anything of these vessels? My father met Captain Hawthorne, of the *Lothair*, may times. He was a bold and fearless sailor. My father tells an incident which he heard related. How the *Lothair* going up the Miramichi River to load, passed one of Dixon's barques coming down loaded for Belfast. Captain Hawthorne, who knew the skipper of Dixon's vessel, hailed him in a bantering friendly spirit with "All right, captain, I'll see you in Belfast." The story goes that after Dixon's vessel had been some days out, the captain sighted a vessel bearing down; after scanning her closely, the captain is reputed to have shouted : "Clap on every stitch, boys, it's the *Lothair*." It was useless, however, for the *Lothair* reached Belfast a good day or two in advance of Dixon's boat.

ROBERT MCCALLUM.

Some notes about brig *Jumna*.

Not be confounded with J. Nourse's *Jumna*.

I notice in the March edition, Mr. T. Digby asks about John Willis's *Jumna*. In 1882 I was serving part of my apprenticeship in his coolie barque *Coldstream*, Captain R Woodget, in the East Indies, and remember hearing him tell the mate the *Jumna* had been lost with all hands after

loading sugar in the Mauritius for Australia, and that she was an old ex-Naval brig, manned with 4 A.B.'s and 16 apprentices. Like all Willis's ships, she carried a lot of boys.

A. CHITTENDEN.

Re R. W. Pierce's Enquiries: Cape Horn passages— Lat. 50° S. to 50° S.

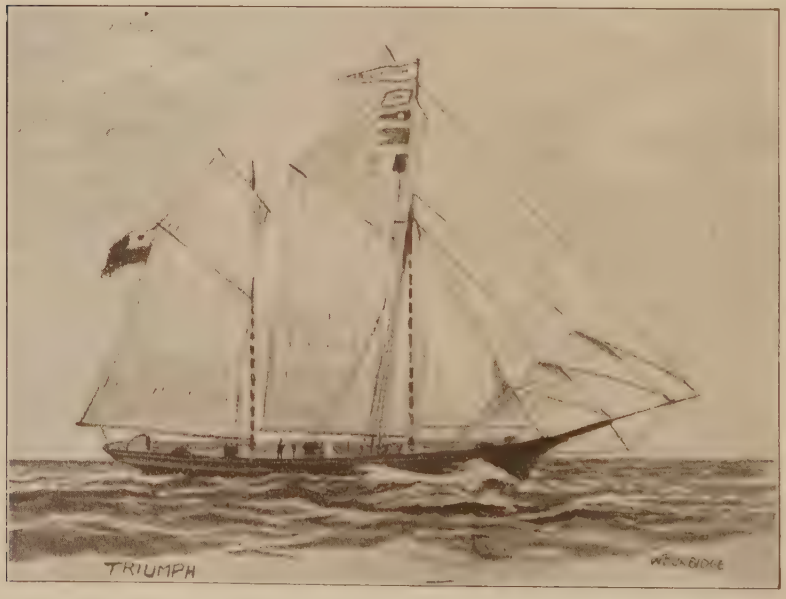
Replying to above in January *Sea Breezes*, I send a brief account of the ship *Merioneth's* record passage, which was sent by me and appeared in October, 1926, issue of *Sea Breezes* in full.

Ship Merioneth. Sailed Cardiff for 'Frisco, October, 1887. Sailed April, 1888.

OUTWARD PASSAGE.			HOMEWARD PASSAGE.		
Passed	Position	Days out	Passed	Position	Days out
Equator	Atlantic ...	23	Equator ...	Pacific ...	14
50° South ...	,, ...	43	50° South ...	,, ...	37
Staten Island ...	East Side ...	45	—	—	—
Diego Ramerize ...	,, ...	50	Diego Ramerize	,, ...	43
50° South ...	Pacific ...	54	50° South ...	Atlantic ...	48
Equator	,, ...	74	Equator	,, ...	65
Arrived	Frisco Harbour	96	Arrived	Queenstown ...	95

Total days at sea taken on the two passages, 191 days.

GEO. E. STEWART.



The ketch *Triumph*, from a pencil sketch. Subject of Article on page 150. Lent by L. Jenkins.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

This is the time of year that the young woman's fancy earnestly turns to thoughts of clothes. Of all the four seasons, Spring seems to insist on a new outfit. Not one single garment appears to be of any use; winter things are too heavy and summer ones too light, and who knows a girl who would care to come out (or even stay in, for that matter) in last spring's costume? Not only do the majority of the good shops hold mannequin parades, but catalogues arrive by every post. All idea of saving any money simply has to be put out of one's head.

I have on my left hand a selection of these brochures, and on my right hand my bank pass-book. The problem being to get the two to meet; one might as well try to get parallel lines to do the same! We will forget the pass-book for the moment and turn to a really delightful booklet a big firm has favoured me with containing the latest in coats. The pièce de résistance is a really gorgeous mink coat made with the new belle sleeves, the skins below the elbow being put round instead of straight up and down. The collar is a big one, the gathered-in shawl type. The price is but £1,367, or about 25s. a week for life at 5 per cent.!

Another very effective coat is one in Chinese broadtail, trimmed with a tapering roll collar of coco-dyed ermine. A third coat is of dull black satin trimmed with a heavy flounce of moleskin, the collar and deep cuffs also being of that fur. The fourth model is a delightful one in beige-dyed Chinese caracul, with a tie-collar and cuffs in natural brown lamb. Well, well, I suppose there really are people who could bring themselves to pay £1,367 for a fur coat. And it is not only the price but the upkeep; think of the shoes, frocks, hats, stockings and gloves one would need in order to live up to a coat of that description.

Not long ago I heard a woman speaker say that it was nothing but sheer snobbery to buy one's clothes in France as there were things in this country quite as good. This is, of course, true as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. The best frocks in this country are certainly very well made and often really stylish, but they are too dear for the majority of young women. Our money is worth much more than the French money, and it does pay to buy there. Not long ago I spent a day in Southport looking for a nice coat; there were lots to be had but the prices were very high. So I sent to France and I got a heavy crêpe-de-chine coat for less than half the Southport ones!

There are several new touches introduced into this garment which are worth mentioning. When I took it out of the box I noticed a sort of tuck about four inches down the seam under the arm. My first thought was that a mannequin had perhaps torn it getting the coat on or off. Then I saw the other side seam was the same. I don't quite know the precise value of this tuck but I expect it affects the "hang" of the coat, but I defy any girl over here to introduce such a thing without spoiling the garment. Tucks are still the rage, both ornamental and useful. There are three tiny tucks put in at the inside bend of the elbow, a distinct improvement on the old creases we have been accustomed to.

Swimming bath on R.M.S. *Oropesa*, one of the most appreciated of the many luxuries provided on board the P.S.N.C. liners.

Tucks (wrong side out) supply all the fullness on the shoulders and across the back.

A truly magnificent sailing ship has just come up the Mersey, and she is causing quite a sensation among local ladies. The *Herzogin Cecilie* has docked at Birkenhead, and everybody wants to hear the story of the girl stowaway.

In his book, "Falmouth for Orders," Mr. A. J. Villiers gives a graphic account of this girl's determined attempts to sail on this ship, perhaps the most beautiful vessel afloat. She came on board at 3 a.m. dressed in trousers, a jersey, a cap and shoes. She had no luggage and no other clothes and no money. She knew that the *Herzogin Cecilie* was setting out on a four months' voyage from Australia to Falmouth for orders.

Satan's Satan.

Mr. Villiers writes: "On the starboard hand the heights of Kangaroo Island, hidden now and then in the rain, were steadily slipping by. Every stitch was aloft and the ship was doing a shade under thirteen knots. Petrén was aft, working in the jigger rigging, seeing that the ratlines were fit for the long run. . . When he chanced to look down on the deck he saw a slim youth in a blue jersey and grey trousers, with long black hair hanging over his forehead, emerge from the lee charthouse door and go to the rail. Who could it be? Then he looked again and he saw it was not a youth at all; it was a woman. He nearly fell out of the rigging. Swinging out on to a backstay, he slid down to the deck and rushed for'ard to tell the mate."

The stowaway didn't send to France for any clothes but set to work and made herself some dresses out of an old cloth from the cabin table, and good dresses they were." I rather think this girl set up a record, for not only did she stowaway but she said she would do so beforehand!

Gwen.

The Loss of the *San Rafael*

On the 4th of January, 1876, the Liverpool barque *San Rafael*, owned by Messrs. Balfour, Williamson & Co., became a total loss by fire in the region of Cape Horn, and the crew were forced to take to the boats.

Early in April in that same year, a wandering band of Fuegian Indians reported to the Missionaries at Ooshooia Mission Station the discovery of a number of bodies on a near-by island.

Immediately the mission schooner *Allen Gardiner*, under the able command of Captain Willis, was despatched, and, under the guidance of the Indians, was directed to the spot, which proved to be Hoste Island.

After successfully negotiating a difficult landing on the steep, rocky sides of the island, the search party found themselves on a high peninsula roughly measuring 100 yards by 300 and some 150 feet in height. It required very little searching to disclose the remains of seven people, very much decomposed but well clothed, in a long trench about six feet deep. Close by in the open were two more bodies. One end of the trench was roughly roofed over with canvas, the flapping of which had attracted the attention of the keen-eyed Indians. This covered-in part had evidently been used as a sleeping compartment, for there it was that the bodies were lying, the captain beside his wife. In the other end of the trench were empty beef-tins and mussel-shells, which proved how meagrely the unfortunate people had lived. Search was made for letters, etc., among the belongings of the men, and enough evidence was collected to establish the identity of the remains and of the vessel to which they had belonged. Beside the captain was found a pencilled note on two pages of a pocket-book, dated the 15th of February, 1876, in which he stated "We have been on this inhospitable island for forty-one days. . . I am nearly blind and cannot see the paper clearly," and signed "James McAdam."

On making a rough survey of the island the men were astounded to find that an abrupt chasm completely cut them off from the main island, making escape for the shipwrecked crew an utter impossibility without the assistance of a boat.

The rising wind and imminent bad weather forced the party to curtail their search, hastily the bodies were given a Christian burial and the schooner returned to Ooshooia.

Shortly afterwards appeared in the *Liverpool Weekly Mercury* for the 15th of April, 1876, the following article, which removed such few doubts which remained as to the identity of the bodies found on Hoste Island :—

"The *San Rafael*, bound from Liverpool to Valparaiso with coal, was burnt out on the 4th of January in Lat. 53 deg. S., Long. 76 deg. W.

Eleven of the crew were picked up by the *Yorkshire*, from Melbourne, on the 31st January, and arrived at Gravesend on Wednesday. The captain and the remainder of the crew are missing.

"The following further particulars have been received. On the night of leaving the vessel the boats parted company, the captain, his wife, and eight others being in the long boat. The crew of the other boat were picked up in a bad state and had suffered greatly from hunger, sores and frostbite. Some days were passed in shelter on the numerous small islands to the south-west of Tierra del Fuego, but owing to their barren nature only mussels and limpets were obtained. On the 24th of January, the cook, Henry Hill, died from exposure, and the remainder were rescued by the ship *Yorkshire* on the 31st of January. George Hind, one of the apprentices, had two toes amputated."

Had the captain steered further up the sound he would have reached comparatively calm and sheltered water, and would, in all probability, have met with friendly natives who would have taken them to the mission station. Needless to add, the Board of Trade suitably rewarded the Indians for reporting their discovery to the missionaries.

"Bo'sun."

The full-rigged ship *Criccieth Castle*, built of iron in 1887, by R. Williamson & Sons, Workington. Photo lent by S. C. Forrest.

Western Ocean Schooners

An Epilogue

The recent articles in *Sea Breezes* on "Western Ocean Schooners" have given us a good record of the splendid passages these sturdy wooden vessels consistently make. Facing the Atlantic in its wildest moods they make trips in almost incredible time. I believe the record trans-Atlantic run for this class of vessel is eight days, made as long ago as 1871, while passages of nine days are also on record. These remarkable runs lead one to wonder what is the greatest 24-hours' run for a schooner under 300 tons, and who claims it?

The smartest passage mentioned in "Western Ocean Schooners" is 13 days by *Enid E. Legge*. Readers will be sorry to hear that this vessel caught fire and was abandoned early in January, the crew being taken off by the steamer *St. Dunstan*. Another vessel mentioned, the *General Trenchard*, was lost during March, her crew being taken off and landed at Barbados.

On January 13th, the Danish schooner *Gerda* left St. John's, N.F., in ballast for Rose Blanche, N.F. She did not arrive at her destination, and nothing was heard of her for a considerable period. On March 17th she appeared on the overdue list, but five days later she turned up at Plymouth, England, after a passage of 64 days. Her story would no doubt make good reading. In all probability blown out to sea and unable to again make the Newfoundland coast owing to adverse winds, she had run east before the wind, thinking that under the prevailing weather conditions it would be quicker to reach Europe than America. Her food supplies would be in a precarious state after 64 days should she only have been provisioned for a coasting trip.

A rather queer adventure befel the three-masted schooner *Marion G. Douglas*, of Le Havre, N.S. She was found abandoned and drifting off the Scillies towards the end of November, 1919. On boarding her it was found that all her sails were furled with the exception of the main sail, which had been let down. The only noticeable damage was to the steering gear, which had carried away. She was flying a string of flags reading "Send boat for crew." A week after the finding of the vessel there was still no news of the crew. I have never heard the explanation of the abandoning of *Marion G. Douglas*, or what happened to the crew. Perhaps some reader of *Sea Breezes* can give us this—or is it another mystery of the sea?

R. P. Hirst.

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

As reported in last month's Signal Station, the Finnish four-masted barque *Pommern* arrived at Queenstown on 16th April, 122 days from Sydney. She was ordered to Liverpool, and took six days to sail there from the Irish port owing to head winds.

Herzogin Cecilie arrived at Falmouth on 3rd May, 104 days from Port Lincoln. This compares with her passage of 96 days last year and 88 days in 1927. Captain de Cloux reported that she was becalmed for ten days off Tasmania and for a week at the mouth of the Channel. She also was ordered to Liverpool, where she is discharging her cargo of 52,600 bags of wheat.

Beatrice reached Falmouth on 14th May, 123 days from Adelaide, and *Lawhill* on 15th May, 130 days from Port Lincoln; so *Herzogin Cecilie* beat them by a substantial margin.

The majority of the sailing vessels comprising this year's Australian grain fleet are lucky to have been fixed as far back as July and August, 1928, at rates varying between 35s. and 40s. per ton. Since then there has been a steady fall in the freight rates for Australian grain and the current steamer rate is only 25s. from Western ports to the Mediterranean-U.K.-Continent.

* * * * *

Unsuccessful Search for "Kobenhavn."

The Blue Funnel liner *Deucalion* has reached Fremantle, after searching the Prince Edward, Crozet and Kerguelen Islands without finding any trace of *Kobenhavn*. The St. Paul and Amsterdam Islands have also been searched by the P. & O. steamer *Beltana* without success.

Other movements :—

Bonneveine—French barque. Miragoane, 18th April, for Havre.

Bonchamp—French barque. St. Laurent, 20th April, for Jamaica.

Bossuet—French barque. Havre, 18th April, for Jamaica.

Bremen—German barque. Sailed Danzig, 4th May, for San Antonio. 7th May, arrived Hamburg.

Christel Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Santa Fe, 21st April, for Antwerp.

Eskualduna—French three-mast schooner, 611 tons gross, built of wood in 1919. 20th April, reported sunk on Grand Banks; crew taken off by steam trawler *Caucasique*. *Eskualduna* is the fourth fishing schooner to have been abandoned at sea since the fleet sailed from their home ports in the middle of March. Photo on page 159.

Forest Friend—Five-mast barquentine, owned at Adelaide. Has been libelled at Victoria (B.C.), for repairs done to the vessel. She is 1,436 tons net register, and with her sister ships *Forest Dream* and *Forest Pride*, was built of wood at Aberdeen, U.S.A., in 1919.

Garthpool—British four-mast barque, *ex Juteopolis*. 10th March, sailed Adelaide-Falmouth f/o. Spoken 18th March, 35 S. 120 E. 1st May, passed Table Bay.

Grosshezogin Elisabeth—German ship. Sailed Pernambuco, 11th February, and arrived Elsfleth, 18th April.

Helen B. Sterling—U.S.A. six-mast schooner, built of wood in 1920. Adelaide for Astoria. Spoken 23rd April, 22.5 N., 151.21 W., short of provisions, which were supplied.

Herzogin Cecilie—Finnish four-mast barque. Sailed Port Lincoln, 18th January, and arrived Falmouth, 3rd May, 104 days. Sailed for Liverpool, 9th May, and arrived 12th May.

L'Avenir—Belgian four-mast barque. Has been fixed to load cement at Antwerp for Charleston (U.S.A.), and to bring back phosphate from Fernandina to Malmo. She will probably sail at the end of May.

Lingard—Finnish barque, ex *Wathara*. Sailed Mariehamn, 25th April, for London, and arrived 16th May.

Joseph Dollar—U.S.A. four-mast barque. Sailed Port Angeles, 15th February, for Shanghai, and arrived 22nd April. It is reported that the entire Dollar sailing fleet, now laid up in Lake Union, Seattle, is for sale.

Letizia—Italian barque. St. Louis, Rhone, 26th April, for Genoa.

French N.F. fishing schooner *Eskualduna* off the Lizard, October, 1926. Mentioned in "Signal Station." Photo taken by R. H. Swann.

New Sailer.

The French Société de Navires Ecoles is considering the construction of a training ship to replace the four-masted barque *Richelieu*, which sank after an explosion at Baltimore two years ago. The proposed vessel will be built in Germany to Reparations account if certain negotiations with the French Government relating to taxation can be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Padua—German four-mast barque. Sailed Caleta Buena, 19th March, Channel f/o. Passed Falkland Islands, 23rd April.

Pamir—German four-mast barque. Hamburg, 23rd April, for Chile. Passed Ushant, 30th April. Madeira, 10th May.

Parma—German four-mast barque, ex *Arrow*. Tocopilla, 1st March. Channel f/o.

Passat—German four-mast barque. Sailed Caleta-Caloso, 11th January. Passed Falkland Islands, 11th February, and arrived Delfzyl, 7th May.

Pinnas—German ship. Sailed Hamburg, 22nd January, for Chile. 24th April, reported dismasted and sending out wireless S.O.S. 27th April, abandoned off the coast of Southern Chile; crew taken off by Chilean Government steamer *Alfonso*. 1,946 tons gross, she was built of steel in 1902 by W. Hamilton & Co., for Montgomery, of London, as *Fitzjames*, and in 1909 was bought by F. Laeisz, of Hamburg. She had been in the nitrate trade ever since.

Priwall—German four-mast barque. Iquique, 14th May, for Hamburg.

Ponape—Finnish four-mast barque, ex *Bellhouse*. Geelong, 30th April. Falmouth f/o.

Pehr Ughland—Norwegian barque. Sailed Haiti, 5th April, for St. Louis, Rhone.

Prompt—Finnish barque. Gothenburg, 1st May, for Umea.

Suzanne—Danish barque, ex *Kylemore*. Arrived Havre, 6th May, from Montego Bay.

Susanne Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Arrived Hamburg, 17th April, from Zarate.

Tille—Peruvian aux. barquentine, 465 tons gross. Sailed Amsterdam, 18th April, for Puerto Colombia. She has a cargo of empty beer bottles, and after dischargement in this harbour will proceed in ballast, via the Panama Canal, to Callao, where she will be employed in the coastwise coal and lumber trade.

The Newfoundland Cod Fishery.

The French fishing fleet this year consists of 43 steam trawlers and 90 sailing vessels, as compared with 44 trawlers and 97 sailers last year. The number of sailing vessels continues to decrease since 1924, when the fleet of sailers fitted out for the Banks Fishery was 129, the biggest fleet since the war. Most of these vessels are three-masted schooners, and a fair number have been built since 1918, but as they are lost in sea or become too old to continue in service they are gradually being replaced by steam trawlers. The port of St. Malo, which did not fit out a single steam trawler in 1923, fitted out 9 in 1928.

Winterhude—Finnish barque. Sailed Ilo, 22nd April, for Guanape Islands.

Western Ocean Schooners.

Some 20 vessels, mostly Portuguese, have sailed from Lisbon for Newfoundland during the last few days. They usually return in the autumn.

R. H. Swann.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 116, Vol. XII. July, 1929

Gallant Rescue Work off The Lizard. The five-masted auxiliary vessel *Adolph Vinnen*, of Bremen, which stranded on her maiden voyage. Crew of 24 rescued by rocket apparatus. Some of the crew held on to the rigging all night.

—By kind permission of Topical Press Agency, London.

Samuel Plimsoll

The Sailor's Friend

Samuel Plimsoll was one of a family of twelve children, and was born in the great western seaport of Bristol on 10th February, 1824. The family circumstances were such that the children were early compelled to fight the battle of life unaided.

In the prosecution of this mission, Samuel, while quite a lad, removed to Penrith, Cumberland, and after a short stay there proceeded to Sheffield, where he became a solicitor's clerk. He speedily sprang to the front as an ardent worker in local affairs and, in 1851, was appointed local honorary secretary of the Great Exhibition. As a result of his exertions Sheffield took a very prominent position in the World's Great Show.

At the age of 28, Mr. Plimsoll decided to commence business as a coal merchant in London, which he did with a very limited capital. The originality of Mr. Plimsoll's genius was not long in making his newly-adopted business a prosperous undertaking, and he also invented and patented a system of loading coal, which proved a great commercial success. The hardships of his early life exercised a great influence on his career and, when he had prospered sufficiently to feel independent, he devoted much of his leisure to improving the conditions of those who had enlisted his sympathy.

But the great mission of his life was to remove some of the many dangers to which the men of the Mercantile Marine were exposed. For years he laboured in the collection of statistics, photographs and evidence which would aid him in the coming struggle. He concentrated on the evils of "Coffin Ships"—rotten or worn-out vessels, entirely unseaworthy—which were sent to sea under-manned, over-loaded and over-insured with an earnest hope—frequently realised—that they would never be heard of again.

Unable to induce Parliament to terminate such practices, Mr. Plimsoll decided to enter Parliament himself, which he did as Liberal Member for Derby in 1868. His efforts to pass a Bill dealing with these abuses were futile until the publication, in 1873, of his book "Our Seamen : An Appeal," which bore the characteristic dedication, "To the Lady, gracious and kind, who, seeing a labourer working in the rain, sent him her rug to wrap about his shoulders." This book stated the case for reform and made a great impression on the public. In the same year, on Plimsoll's motion, a Royal Commission was appointed, which resulted in the introduction of a Government Bill. Despite its shortcomings, Plimsoll resolved to accept it as a stepping stone but, to his consternation, on 22nd July, 1874, the Premier (Disraeli) announced that the Bill would be withdrawn. Plimsoll was furious. In half a dozen strides he was in front of the Mace at the Table, applied the term "Villains" to members of the House, and shook his fist in the Speaker's face. This breach of conduct caused Disraeli to move that Plimsoll be reprimanded, but, on the suggestion of Lord Hartington, the matter was adjourned for a week to allow Plimsoll time for reflection. He apologised, but his outburst had done its work, the country was roused and shared his view that the Bill had been stifled. Public opinion forced the Government to pass a Bill, which, in 1876, was amended into the Merchant Shipping Act, and made the old abuses impossible. By this Act sweeping powers were vested in the Board of Trade, which had authority to detain, for survey or permanently, any vessel deemed unsafe in hull, machinery or equipment, or by reason of faulty

loading or overloading. Restrictions were placed upon the loading of grain in bulk, also upon the carriage of timber on deck, and were enforceable by heavy penalties. Although the Bill had passed the lower House, the Lords nullified it by declaring that individual owners might fix the load-line at their discretion. This caused one of Plimsoll's opponents to fix the load-line on the funnel of his steamer. This jocular demonstration of the futility of the load-line as then enacted played into the hands of Plimsoll with telling effect. After years of perseverance and propaganda, and after the Committee of Sir Edward Reed, in 1885, had shown the practicability of framing general rules concerning freeboard, Mr. Plimsoll had the satisfaction of seeing a common scale of freeboard adopted and become law in 1890. After more than 20 years' incessant toil, Plimsoll's life purpose, for which he had sacrificed both health and fortune, was accomplished, and the "Plimsoll Mark" became his undying memorial. It has been said that Plimsoll was not a *great* statesman. Be that as it may, he was a statesman of no mean order and a great humanitarian. Had it not been for Plimsoll and his efforts on their behalf many seafarers of the 1876 and later vintages would not have had an opportunity of contributing to *Sea Breezes* their experiences on the briny.

For many years the name of "The Sailor's Friend" was kept green by the splendid Aberdeen clipper bearing his honoured name and having his bust as a figurehead. In the near future there will be erected in the chief city of our maritime Empire, a statue to perpetuate his memory. The site chosen is at the Westminster end of the Victoria Embankment, flush with the railings which bound Whitehall Court Gardens. The memorial —the work of the sculptor, Mr. F. V. Blundstone, of Kensington—will be a bust on a granite pedestal with the figure of justice on the one hand and a seaman on the other, each paying tribute. This memorial is the result of the labours of the late Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., who assisted Mr. Plimsoll in his great work of securing a statutory load-line, and the cost will be borne by the Seamen's Union, of which Mr. Wilson was President.

"PROXY."

The full-rigged ship *Samuel Plimsoll*.

Whaling Stories

The Whale Boat

CHAPTER IV (*Continued*).

To the modern whale "bomber," with his blubber and whale meat "digesters" and his equipment for "inflating" his easy "quarry," the following details will not appeal, but to those who can appreciate the qualities of head and hand necessary for the *hunt* of the whale in a 24-ft. boat, they should act as a reminder of the men who did "so much" with "so little." Like the "old has-beens" of "sailor" times, they were proud of "doing" the lot themselves, and did not ask for handy "little buttons" to "push."

Mainly explanatory, but nevertheless interesting.

The boat is "caulker" built with a bluff, roomy stern to coil the whale-line in (4½ lengths of 90 fathoms—say, 400 fathoms of 2½in. hemp—requires some space and reduces the boat's freeboard) and a little stiffened forecastle deck is fitted in the bow. The harpoon swivel gun is mounted on a hard wood bollard, slightly on the port bow, on this little deck. A small kid, to hold six fathoms of 2in. manilla, called the "foregoer," projects half over the starboard bow, a 9in. hardwood bollard is fitted between—and just abaft of—the gun bollard, and the foregoer kid, or tub. This bollard is used to "wring" the fish, when the harpoon has been fired into it and is "said" to be "fast." The manilla "foregoer" is spliced into the wire shekel of the harpoon, and the end of the 2½in. hemp (tarred) whale-line is brought from aft, passed *above* the thwarts, *between* the crew, on the left of the stroke No. 4 (line manager), right of No. 3, left of No. 2, right of No. 1, and left of harpooner, so that when he stands up to his gun the whale-line will be on his right hand ready (for the use of the bollard), it is spliced to the inner end of the 2in. manilla foregoer with a short splice.

When the gun is fired the "foregoer" follows the harpoon, and if the fish is fastened, the boat-steerer runs out his steering oar, steps off the coiled whale-line (which he has been standing on) into a little foot space in the run of the stern, whips off the canvas cover from the lines, which tows by its lanyard and squats there, only allowing one fake to rise at a time. The crew lay their oars across the boat at the sound of the gun, and lean on them, to keep the line free from jumping when the fish "sounds." The stroke pours water on the line during the rush, to avoid the line heating the bollard, and when the fish "easies her sound" the harpooner gets a turn, perhaps two, on the bollard and tries to "wring her." The danger then is that a sudden "sound" will fill the boat—from over the bow—if too many turns are on the bollard. The longer the fish can be "kept down," the longer she has to stay on top, and gives a second boat an opportunity to get "fast." In shallow water, where the fish cannot "sound" the whale is liable to keep the boats pulling here, and there, in attempts to get more harpoons in her, and guessing where she will "come up" next time, for many hours. Ice and bergs are dangerous to boats and hard on whale-lines.

There are five oarsmen, including the harpooner. All oars are pulled *from* a hardwood pin with a weezee mat on the thole pin, and a paunch mat on gunwale. A loose grummit strop and *away* from the pin, a fixed pin, and the oar is pulled *on* the strop and *away* from the pin, a fixed grummit is worked on to the "loom" of each oar so that they can be "run out" and will then lay in a fore and aft line outside the gunwale. Everything is done to deaden noise, and much grease is used at the thole pin to ensure proper feathering of oars. Swabs are laid on bottom boards

as a hint that clattering the feet about is not a popular (if noisy) way of warming them. The heavy steering oar is fitted like the rest—with mats and grummits—and with an iron pin on a *cross* plank, which projects about 18in. *to port*; this gives the boat-steerer power to "sweep" the boat quickly from his foothold on the canvas cover of the whale-lines.

With her equipment of sail, mast, grapnel, two lances for killing, rocket-gun, hand harpoon, fresh water, whale-line, harpoon gun, bread, canned food and a (so-called) "conjuror" to make tea, etc., and swabs and bailers, she always was to me a *wonder*, and it was fine to see her in a jump of a sea, "ran up" by her tackle—crew, guns, whale-lines, harpoons and gear *all in place*. The davit tackles hook on to ring bolts in front of the stem, and outside of the stern; there is no rudder or other fitments. Well might the writer's "Sire," an old (84) and experienced whaler, when speaking of the results of a naval polar expedition of that time, remark "They couldn't have done *less* if they had *gone* in a 'whale boat.'"

The Nest.

Sometimes called "the barrel," is a specially-made elongated "barrel;" it is substantial and securely clamped to the specially-made main topgallant mast *pole*. The hinged bottom rises when the head and shoulders push it up; it is furnished with a flap seat, a wire to the engine-room gong, an iron circular bar to spread a little "dodger," and a signalling disc, like a "frying-pan." Long distance signals to boats are made by the fore-topgallant sail and its clues, also yard, up or down.

A substantial wire ladder comes down to the after shroud of the main rigging.

The "North Water."

The narrative resumed: arduous and uncongenial work.

We were now in comparatively ice-clear water, except for the land ice, which extended in places for many miles from the shore. In some places—at the mouth of a stream swollen by the glacier melting in a valley—the land could be approached by the ship. So we work our way westward up Lancaster Sound in light winds, and under sail (to husband our fuel), and near the North Devon Land, the boats are sent away to a school of White Whales, off an inlet, in a small bay. We "pulled" across and across its entrance, making whatever din and noise with mallets, etc., on the boat's bottom boards, that could be made, and after many hours of splashing, rattling of tins and much continuous rowing, we got the school started for the rocky beach at the head of the bay. The idea was to get them in the shallow water at or about high water, where they become stranded, and are killed by lances, as the tide recedes. Many lance shafts were broken by the struggles and "lashing about" of the dying mammals. There were some hundreds in the school, but our bag was about 50. They were 10 to 14 feet long, and the thick coating of blubber had to be stripped off and then towed about three or four miles off to the ship. An arduous and miserable job with all hands, the boats and the beach, a wretched welter of blood and filth. A waterfall, splashing from the high land was—although ice cold—a godsend. The weather being fairly warm—the sea water blood-stained and infested with ground sharks—was welcomed as a dipping pool at intervals. The result was about five tons of blubber. A couple of tides afterwards we landed again at the same fiord to try for bears, but had to be content to stick a harpoon into a shark or two, who were busy "cleaning up" the beach; one of those, after being hauled ashore and his tail chopped off, still floundered away, and managed to escape to the water, where his brother scavengers "took him to their bosoms" at once.

(To be continued.)

The Development of the Orient Line

The Orient Line was originally started by Mr. James Thomson and Mr. James Anderson, and the clipper *Orient*, of 1,033 tons, was the first of their Australian line. Prior to this their interests had been in the West Indian trade. The *Orient* was built by Messrs. Bilbe and Perry, in the Nelson Dock, Rotherhithe, and was launched in 1853. Length 184/4, breadth 31/7, depth 21/1, she was to have taken part in the gold boom to Melbourne, but was taken up by the Government and sent trooping to the Crimea, and she outrode the gale of 14th November, 1854, off Balaclava, when so many ships and lives were lost. She carried the 88th Connaught Rangers, and I am sometimes given to wonder whether any one of these is still alive and thinks of the old ship and the time when he once so proudly trod her deck.

A favourite passenger ship.

In 1856 she was put on the berth for Adelaide under Captain A. Lawrence, and became a favourite passenger ship, continuing till 1877, by which time she had done twenty-one voyages, an average of about 84 days. The old flag, blue square with white diagonal cross, was hauled down, and she passed to other owners, eventually finding her rest at Gibraltar in the lowly capacity of coal hulk, and was in 1925 broken up.

The *Orient* was followed by many other clippers, some of which were the *Red Riding Hood*, *White Eagle*, *Argonaut*, *Heather Bell*, *The Murray*, *Coonatto*, *Gookwa*, *Borallis*, *Darra*, *Yatala*, and finally the three fine ships *Aurora*, *Hesperus* and *Harbinger*, and each of these has it history, from time to time some of them have had mention in your *Sea Breezes*. From the time of starting with steam, the Orient Steam Navigation Co. have gone steadily ahead, and their history is well worth following. At first only a monthly service was intended, but it was soon found that traffic demanded fortnightly sailings, and with the co-operation of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., this was achieved. The vessels used were gradually replaced by larger vessels specially designed and built for the service.

For subject of the following paragraph, see page 167.

The s.s. *Orient* was a bold step, for, with the exception of the *Great Eastern*, she was the largest vessel in the Port of London to that date, and great excitement was caused at the port. On her first voyage she beat all previous records by doing the distance to Adelaide in 38 days, some 12,000 nautical miles. It would be about this date that the Orient steamers were fitted for carrying refrigerated cargo and became the pioneers of that most important trade. From records I see that in 1880 ten tons of mutton and lamb were brought from Australia, and in 1886 two tons of butter from Australia and 5 tons of butter from New Zealand were brought home. In 1912, 164,560,747 carcases of mutton and lamb were imported.

In about 1908 the Orient Line took over the whole burden of the fortnightly service, and the combination with the P.S.N. Co. and the Royal Mail Steam Packet ended.

The first s.s. *Orient*. See page 166.

The following list will give an idea of the growth in the fleet and increase in tonnage :—

In 1902—

		Tons.	H.P.
	s.s. *Austral*	5,524 ...	7,000
	s.s. *Cuzoo*	3,918 ...	4,000
TS	s.s. *Ophir*	6,814 ...	10,000
	s.s. *Orient*	5,365 ...	7,000
	s.s. *Orizaba*	6,297 ...	7,000
TS	s.s. *Ortona*	7,945 ...	10,000
	s.s. *Ormuz*	6,387 ...	9,000
	s.s. *Oroya*	5,297 ...	7,000
	s.s. *Orubu*	5,857 ...	7,000
TS	s.s. *Omrah*	8,130 ...	10,000
	s.s. *Orontes*	9,023 ...	Building

TS Twin-Screw

In 1914—

Triple-Screw	s.s. *Orama*	12,928 ...	14,000
TS	s.s. *Orvieto*	12,130 ...	14,000
TS	s.s. *Osterley*	12,129 ...	14,000
TS	s.s. *Otranto*	12,124 ...	14,000
TS	s.s. *Otway*	12,077 ...	14,000
TS	s.s. *Orsova*	12,036 ...	14,000
TS	s.s. *Orontes*	9,023 ...	10,000
TS	s.s. *Omrah*	8,130 ...	10,000
TS	s.s. *Ophir*	6,814 ...	10,000

To-day (1928)—

TS	s.s. *Orontes*	...	20,000	...	Building
TS	s.s. *Orford*	...	20,000	...	
TS	s.s. *Orama* ...	...	20,000	...	
TS	s.s. *Oronsay*	...	20,000	...	
TS	s.s. *Otranto*	...	20,000	...	
TS	s.s. *Ormonde*	...	15,000	...	
TS	s.s. *Orvieto*	...	12,000	...	
TS	s.s. *Osterley*	...	12,000	...	
TS	s.s. *Orsova*	...	12,000	...	

Owing to war losses the following German steamers were re-named and used in the fleet for a period :—

Omar, late *Konigen Luise*, *Orcades*, late *Prinz Ludwig*,
Ormuz, late *Zeppelin*,

also the British India *Indarra* ran for some time under the Orient flag.

It is not to be thought that this progress was all "fair sailing;" there were many "set backs," but with those in "command," who knew what the public required and were prepared to meet the changing demands, and with that determination to win through that only strong men possess, the present high level of efficiency has been attained, and a full history of the Orient Steam Navigation Co. should prove interesting reading to your numerous subscribers, who so evidently take a great interest both in "Ships of the Past" and "Ships of the Present."

S. Sindall.

The once-famous ship *Antiope*, now a hulk in Zambesi River. Photo lent by Mr. H. Th. Fries

In the Seventies to Queensland

Recollections of Fifty Years Ago

As a preliminary to my yarn of more than fifty years ago, I would say "Once a Sailor always a Sailor." The truth of this comes home on any part of the earth, and this has been proved to me, as a dweller on the prairie for the past sixteen years, by the demand for my copy of *Sea Breezes*, although twelve hundred miles by rail from one ocean and about two thousand from the other. In Regina, Saskatchewan, and the surrounding country there are many who have had experience of one sort or another on blue waters, some of recent date in steam, others who have done their time in sail, while the Sea Scouts and the Canadian Naval Vounteers are also to be seen; and they are all eager to take a turn with the Liverpool Magazine and its pictures of the windjammers and the adventures of those other days. But the writer of these few lines has lately changed his venue from the central plains to Victoria, Vancouver Island, where shipping and blue water may again be viewed, bringing a copy of *Sea Breezes* in his hand. Though not unexpected, the change in build and the lines of both deep sea craft and of those of lesser size, has been a disappointment, the impression left on the whole being one of ugliness. The only boats with any pretension to good form, so far, have been those of the C.P.R., mostly built on the Clyde, and they stand out in relief by comparison with all others. It goes to show how times have altered since the year 1875. Many of your readers will be able in their memories to come back with me to that time, when London and Liverpool showed masts and yards high above the dock sheds and warehouses, and craft of two or three hundred tons voyaged under sail to the furthest and uttermost parts of the world. At that time there was quite a movement of emigrants to Queensland under the aegis of the Government of that Colony. One shipping firm under contract was that of Taylor, Bethel and Roberts, of London, whence their ships sailed. In addition to their own ships, known as the London Line, there were others under charter, the names which I recollect just now being *Royal Dane*, *River Indus*, *Lady Douglas*, *Toowoomba*, *Darling Downs*, *Ramsay*, *Sepia*, *Great Queensland*, but it was the wooden barque *Star Queen* which I joined in the last week of April, 1875.

She then lay in the East India Docks, London, fitting for sea, a state of great turmoil below and aloft, carpenters and shavings, riggers and rope-yarns; even then a few of the passengers aboard. In about two days she was hauled out of dock and towed down the river to Gravesend, where she remained in the stream completing, taking in stores and embarking the remainder of the emigrants, for about eight days. A big full-rigged ship named the *Alumbach*, of Shaw, Savill & Co., also happened here at the same time, and the steamer *St. Osyth*, ready to depart for Melbourne, the first steamer, I believe, to make the trip as a regular sailing. The *Star Queen* was a wooden barque, copper fastened, about seven hundred tons register, built in Sunderland probably about twenty years before, having in her locker the Black Ball house flag. I afterwards learned that at one time she had been under the command of the well-known Captain Forbes, but of her previous history I know nothing. She had double topsail yards and royals, her rigging being outside the bulwarks with fore, main and mizzen chains, while she had heavy quarter galleries, a square stern with big windows. Her poop was a long one, extending before the mizzen mast, but it was divided into two saloons, the first class and the officers coming on deck by the companion, while the second class passengers, of whom there were sixteen, went straight on to the main deck.

In the 'tween decks, fore, main and after hatches, there were emigrants, respectively single men, married people and children, and single women, the latter being in charge of a matron, a surgeon superintendent in charge of the whole number, some three hundred and twenty in all.

Midshipman and "Jimmie Ducks."

The ship was under the command of Captain H. M. Downing, whose nephew I was, and he had before that commanded the *Nagpore* and the *Belpore*, in the Indian trade, owned by Eyre, Evans & Co., of Liverpool. He was a Great Yarmouth man, having served his time in the Fruit and Fish Schooners. The mates were, first Gibbs, second Fleet, third Bellamy—another nephew of the skipper -with apprentices F. W. Wood and Herbert Beatty, these two and myself first voyagers, with Goy's outfits, gold lace and brass buttons, leading to the idea of the importance of the individual.

At Gravesend a letter came addressed to Midshipman F. W. Wood, who was found scraping the inside of the pig-sty with a sheathknife, hardly the kind of work he had expected. Another trivial incident, perhaps, but one of those well remembered, it was forcibly inculcated that an officer, even when a cousin, and wearing a bucko cap, must be answered by "Sir." The remainder of the crew consisted of a boatswain, a purser, three stewards, a cook, and about sixteen A.B.'s. The purser and the third mate slept in at night and served out stores and rations during the day. From among the emigrants, assistants to the doctor, the matron and the cook were selected, as well as one to look after the condenser from which soft water was obtained. It will be conceded that the *Star Queen* was well manned for her tonnage, yet more than this, there were always many volunteers when hauling on the braces was necessary, and indeed for any other work if they were called upon.

Wm. Dollar, ex *Walkure*, ex *Alsterberg*, discharging lumber at Shanghai. Photo lent by Captain P. A. McDonald.

It may be contrary to the experiences of others of those days, but of bad weather during a passage of about a hundred days there is nothing to recount. With no cargo in the 'tween decks, the old barque was fairly light; she rode all the heavy seas without shipping much water, seldom were the decks wet; nor do I remember flooded main decks on the trip home, such as one reads about on the heavily laden four-posters of later date, then with a cargo of wool from Brisbane to London, this in a seven hundred ton iron barque, the *Ramsay*, Captain George Cator.

Among the passengers, naturally from time to time, there were anxious enquiries as to the likelihood of seeing land, and they were told in due course of St. Helena, Tristan da Acunha, St. Paul and the Crozets; but the first land sighted after leaving the Channel was King Island, in Bass' Straits, where as a matter of fact we should never have been; our first port of destination was Maryborough, to land passengers, then Brisbane with cargo. But owing to the perversity and obliquity of the Surgeon Superintendent, who bombarded and worried the old man continually with hand-written correspondence, maintaining that the rations were short, the skipper was prevailed upon to put into Port Philip to replenish.

After beating thirty-three miles to windward on short tacks, in one day, we anchored inside Port Philip Heads, off Queenscliff, from whence we were towed right up into Hobson's Bay, where we remained four days, only to tow out again beyond the heads into a gale of wind, when the hawser parted, leaving the old ship with but little sail set and on a lee shore. However, another big rope was brought into use, and so the danger was averted. In Melbourne a coasting pilot had been engaged, coming aboard very much the worse for drink, but explaining that it would be different when once the ship got under way. It was so, and though small in stature, the little man proved himself to be more than a mere pilot, he was a fine seaman, who slept only in short naps, and looked well to his duty.

No Grape Fruit and Ice Cream in those days.

Although ordered from Melbourne to Maryborough, Hervey's Bay, somewhere off the coast we were instructed to go into Moreton Bay, and this call was made, the Lieutenant Governor coming on board to hold an enquiry, the finding of which I do not remember, though it related to the alleged shortage of provisions. Evidence was taken from among the crew and the emigrants, and this, to say the least, was not all in confirmation of the charge. The greater number of the passengers were from the Emerald Isle, and they, with their ready wit, had at an early stage facetiously transformed the ship's name into *Starve Queen*, and it may have been that the easy joke was in the first instance the groundwork of the idea of being short. It is true that the flour was sour, but as well as I can recollect no one was ever short of necessary food; the Government scale might not have been strictly adhered to, yet there was sufficient for all. Leaving Moreton Bay, in a few days we rounded the spit, a reef extending about thirty miles north of Sandy Cape, and then heading south, we anchored in Hervey's Bay below Woody Island, perhaps twenty-five miles from the town of Maryborough. Here the passengers were taken on board one of the A.S.N. steamers, the *Boomerang*, and into town.

(To be continued.)

Reminiscences of an Old Sea Captain

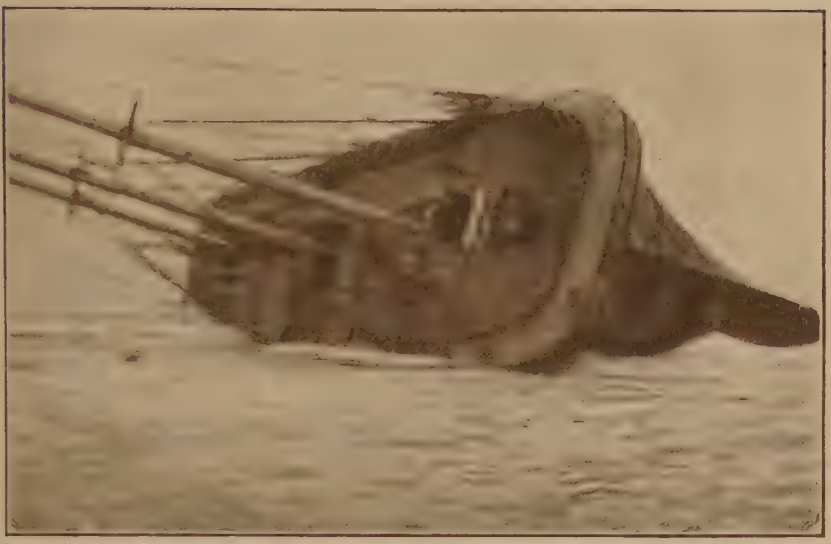
Captain J. Jones, of Newport News, has kindly written several articles for *Sea Breezes*, which we purpose publishing monthly as long as he keeps us supplied; I have found them very interesting, and I feel sure they will be appreciated by our readers.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

As my seagoing days commenced at Liverpool in August, 1877, I have had during the course of my long career at sea many experiences which prompt me to submit them from time to time for publication in *Sea Breezes*, your most interesting magazine. I shall retain copies, so that in the event of any or all of these articles being considered not quite suited to your paper, I shall pass them on to my brother in Balboa, California, who was an eye witness of the *Glamorgan* rescue, an account of which I submitted to you a few days ago, with whom I keep up a regular correspondence and who is always glad to read my "stuff."

A preliminary canter as an office-boy.

In April, 1876, I saw an advertisement in a Liverpool paper which called for a "Junior Clerk, apply Liverpool School Board, Municipal Offices, Dale Street," so having become tired of quadratic equations and the fifth proposition of Euclid—Pons Asinorum—and being desirous of earning my own living, being but 13 years of age, I applied for the job, in competition with seven others. We underwent a strict examination in arithmetic, dictation, writing and spelling, in addition to which we were given a sentence out of Shakespeare to "parse;" we even had to translate a few phrases of French into English. My knowledge of shorthand won me the job at the magnificent stipend of 7/6 per week with a promise of an increase to 12/6 when I was able to take down an ordinary letter in shorthand and write it legibly for signature by my immediate "boss," Mr. Meikle. I got my rise in three months after a night school study of Pitman's shorthand, and my job was to keep a record of all letters coming to and going out of the office, which required to be listed under the heading of their respective subjects. This involved the keeping of a set of books, an experience that benefited me in after life, but quite a responsible job for a kid of my age. There was also an office boy employed—we called him "Ginger," for his shock of red hair, and this writer was designated officially as "junior" by the office staff. The question of seniority soon arose between "Ginger" and "Junior," which was usually settled, with varying results, in a secluded corridor of the Municipal Buildings and which was witnessed by an admiring group of boys from near-by offices. We were both haled before the august presence, Edward Walker Brandard Malkin Hance, Esq., LL.D., L.C.B., Barrister-at-law, Clerk to the Liverpool School



The *Talus* ashore near Dunbar; she was subsequently righted, and towed to Leith for repairs. Photo lent by Duncan Murchie.

Board, who deplored the desecration of the Municipal Building by such unseemly conduct and pointed out, in his usual verbose way, that if such a scandalous occurrence was repeated he would be compelled to consider the whole circumstances of the case with a view to arrive at a just and equitable appreciation of the matter, which meant that if we had any more scraps on the question of seniority, it meant the "sack" for the pair of us. "Ginger" almost upset the proceedings by pinching "Junior" at a critical point of the harangue. The estimable Mr. E. M. Hance was a very learned gentleman, who wore a frock coat and silk hat; he wrote with a quill pen and was very just withal.

The call of the sea, which had been slumbering within me, now came to the surface, and I realised that the sea was to be my profession, so on appeal through Mr. Hance, Mr. Samuel Greig Rathbone, a noted shipowner of that day, who was chairman of the School Board Directors, gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Orchardson, the shore superintendent of the Lamport & Holt Line at Huskisson Dock, and I was duly installed as "Jimmy Ducks" in the s.s. *Gassendi*, in which steamer I made my first trip to sea.

In my next article I propose to describe my experiences and the rudimentary elements of seamanship that I learned from my good friend, Able Seaman W. Code, whom I had to thank for friendly protection from attempts at "hazing" and funny jokes on the part of the "smart Alecks" amongst the forecastle hands of the steamer.

(To be continued.)

The Loss of the *Port Yarrock*

Terrible Experiences Attending It

The *Port Yarrock*, a fine Glasgow ship of 1,500 tons, laden with a cargo of 2,200 tons of a particularly high grade copper ore, left Santa Rosalia for Glasgow in January, 1894.

After a prolonged and trying voyage, which resulted in the general sickness of the crew, during which their miseries were heightened by the want of food (incidentally, the cook jumped overboard and was drowned, 14 days out) they sighted Brandon Head, and the ship brought up in Brandon Bay, Kerry, and a doctor was sent for, and the hospitable cottagers sent off what food could be spared, and also watered the ship.

Good advice unheeded has tragic results.

At this time, only Captain Forbes, the mate and two apprentices were able to crawl about, the rest were sick in their bunks. Captain Forbes was advised by the local fishermen to get his vessel into Tralee Bay or the Shannon, and help was offered, the fishermen told him that the Bay (Brandon) was a very dangerous place for his ship should the wind fly offshore.

But it seems Captain Forbes had wired to Liverpool for a tug and decided to wait where he was for it. He waited a week and at the end of the week the wind flew into the N.W. and blew a gale and the *Port Yarrock* started her anchors and drove ashore, just as the tug came into the Bay. The tug had to let go and steam ahead on her cables to prevent being driven ashore. It was dark when she arrived, and the local people say she made an attempt to get near the ship but without success.

Mate reaches the shore.

The winter morning's dawn showed the anxious coast watchers that the ship was still intact and the crew lashed in the rigging of the mizzen, with the exception of two, who were trying to float lines ashore, but without success owing to a change of wind, which also made the sea break further out and the position of the ship worse.

Shortly after 9 a.m. the spectators saw the masts and crew-laden rigging fall and disappear in the breakers, only one man (the mate) reached the shore with any semblance of life, but even in this case the efforts to revive him failed; the others who were washed ashore were all cut to pieces by the fearful seas raging.

By the time the coastguards, with the rocket apparatus from Dingle, reached the beach all was over, a crew of over 20 being drowned in full view of the coast watchers. Some brave attempts were made by farmers to get the bodies from the surf. Riding on horses they dashed in after each receding sea and made a grab and back again ere the next comber broke.

The Rocket Brigade had to make a 17-mile journey, which took them over Connor's Pass, over 1,000 feet up on the mountains, a bad road by day but a terror at night.

One can picture the heroic efforts of the captain and mate, getting sick men out and up aloft, lashing them there, and then trying to get lines ashore and the ship simply smothered with seas.

I have seen her anchors, they were both locked together; 15 years ago a portion of the ship still showed at low water, having withstood the Atlantic's battering for over 16 years. They *built* ships in those days.

On the West Coast of Ireland lies another fine ship, the *Falls of Garry*, inside Summer Cove, near Kinsale; she was lost there about 17 years ago, She was laden with wheat; a fine 4-masted steel ship. My father pumped her cargo out, but a change of wind stopped salvage operations and she broke up. I do not remember him saying whether any of the hands were lost or not, she got in there in thick weather while making Queenstown.

W. J. B. Moncas.

The *Falls of Garry*, wrecked in Summer Cove, Cork, about 1911. Photo lent by W. J. B. Moncas.

"Collision, and a Happy Sequel"

Daybreak at sea, on the 26th of July, 1871. The clouds hang low, scudding across the heaving sea, the wind shrieks in the rigging. The ship *Flower of the Forest* is bowling along under close-reefed topsails, steering north-east. She is a big ship for those days, her tonnage being 937 tons. She has filled up with guano at Callao for Valencia, and at present she is making for Port Stanley. Her crew are practically worn out, for four days they have had hardly an hour's rest, being continually on the pumps, for the ship has suffered and is leaking badly, so badly that the captain has doubts as to whether they will reach Stanley. The day drags on, one watch on the pumps and the other working the ship. There is no hot food, the galley having been stove in by the heavy seas, the remaining boats are badly knocked about, and it is quite evident that no boat could live in such a sea.

Eagerness to render assistance has disastrous consequences.

About daybreak arises the welcome cry of "Sail on the starboard quarter and bearing down on us." She comes bowling down on the sinking ship, sliding along under foresail and reefed maintopsail. She bears up on our starboard beam, clews up the maintopsail and keeps within hailing distance. Her name is discernable on her bows, the *Galatea;* she was anchored just inshore of us at Callao. A smart little barque, only 350 tons, and ready to leave when we left and loaded with copper ore. Her captain fetches her within speaking distance. Dangerous? I should say so, she might be a nippy little craft, but there's a nasty sea running and the *Flower of the Forest* is yawing and keeping her two helmsmen busy. The two boats keep company all day till about five o'clock that afternoon when, the *Galatea* being close on our starboard beam, a sudden squall sweeps down. The *Flower of the Forest* yaws to starboard and the *Galatea* to port, there is a grinding crash and the *Galatea*'s bow is into our fore chains. As we pay off again she falls away from us, her bowsprit gone, figurehead and cutwater. A seaman leaps from her forecastle into our fore rigging. Down sweeps another snow squall, the foresail splits and disappears down the wind, there is nothing but to run before the wind. When the squall passes there is no sign of our late companion, it being practically dark. Flares are burnt and lights shown, but none answer. Next day there is no ship in sight, and it is the general opinion that the *Galatea* has gone down with all on board. The seaman who came aboard via the fore-rigging tells us that she left eight days behind us and had, therefore, made a splendid trip till meeting us.

Next day, the 28th, we sight land and make Port William, and three days later go into the inner harbour.

A fine painting of the *Moshula*, ex *Kurt*, by A. V. Gregory. Photo lent by Captain P. A. McDonald. See "Notes," page 182.

Epilogue.

On the 28th July, 1871, was seen off Cape Pembroke a large ship, evidently making for this port. She proved to be the *Flower of the Forest*, and leaking badly, the men being worn out, having been on the pumps for six days. She was boarded by the pilot at some risk well out to sea and was brought into Port William, and three days later entered the inner harbour. The captain immediately made known the foregoing facts and expressed grave doubts as to the possible survival of the *Galatea*.

Just a week later, on the 4th August, there came limping slowly round the south coast of these islands a little barque with a jury foremast and bowsprit. It proved to be the *Galatea*.

In the collision her bowsprit had snapped short and all the forestays with it. In the subsequent squall her fore-topmast had gone just above the foretop carrying with it the fore-yard. Owing to the vessel being by the bow, a large quantity of the copper ore was jettisoned, which brought her on an even keel once more, and she safely made Port Albemarle, where a jury rig was effected, by which she reached Stanley.

It was by making nought of such hardships as these that British ships gained premier place in the carrying trade of the world.

"Bo'sun."

Taken from Official Documents by permission.

Voyage of *Maletta*

Foreword.—In the July number of 1928, we published an "Article" by the Rev. E. Clafton Illingworth (under the heading of "Ice in the Southern Ocean; Marvellous Escape of the *Maletta*"), in which were recorded incidents that occurred during a passage from the River Plate to Port Adelaide South Australia; the following "extracts" from that gentleman's diary (made during the *Maletta's* run from Newcastle, N.S.W., to Valparaiso) are also interesting reading.—Ed.

Incidents on the Homeward Passage.

1909, June 3rd—Left Port Hunter, with coal for Valparaiso; after the outward journey in ballast, the ship seemed down in the depths.

June 4th—Encountered bad weather, with heavy squalls; big sea running; carried away "fore-stay" and spanker; obliged to "heave-to;" new crew, of not much account.

June 5th to July 12th—Nothing of particular interest to record.

July 13th—Off "Mas-a-Fuera" (92 miles W. of the Island of "Juan Fernandez"), 6,035 feet high; 8 miles long, N. and S., and 5 miles broad; ship becalmed about 8 miles off the island.

During the afternoon we espied a large "school" of whales, extending in line, like "troops," for about three-quarters of a mile. One "sat-up," about 100 yards off the ship, and the captain "let fly" twice with a snider; but neither shot took effect. Frank T. Bullen says, re Sperm whales: "They have ability to communicate with one another, without the aid of speech, sight, or touch;" thus, after the captain had fired the second shot the whole "school" dived out of sight instantaneously; nor did they reappear until almost on the horizon. It would thus appear evident that "wireless" has existed as long as whales.

July 15th—Off "Juan Fernandez" (Mas-a-tierra). This island, better known, perhaps, as "Robinson Crusoe Island," was discovered in 1563 by a Spaniard named Juan Fernandez.

It is situated about 350 miles from Valparaiso, in an almost due westerly direction; and, in days gone by, was much visited by Buccaneers, enemies of Spain. In 1681 the ship that Dampier was on left a Mosquito Indian there. He lived there alone, feeding on goats which Fernandez had introduced, until Dampier took him off in 1684.

In 1709 Captain Woodes Rodgers took off Alexander Selkirk, who had been left there by Captain Stradling, of the *Cinque Ports*, four years and four months previous. Selkirk subsequently dictated his experiences to Daniel Defoe, who was thus inspired to write "Robinson Crusoe."

In 1749, Lord Anson recruited the "scurvy" crews of his three ships by feeding them on goats, dogs and fruit.

From 1819 to 1835 the Island was used by Chile as a Convict Station.

Sunday, July 18th—A glorious day; wind, light S.W. We ran into Valparaiso Bay and dropped anchor at 2-30 p.m., having made the passage from Newcastle (7,684 miles) in 45½ days.

E. Clafton Illingworth.

Note.—Juan Fernandez is a favourite resort of certain of the residents of Valparaiso and Santiago, who eagerly look forward to the one or two annual opportunities of visiting the island afforded by the P.S.N.C. mail steamers.—Editor.

Shipbuilding at Dundalk

A Once Flourishing Industry

Half a century ago, or thereabouts, saw the meridian day of a thriving shipbuilding industry at Dundalk. I have just collected a quantity of data from the one-time proprietor of the yard, who, at the venerable age of eighty odd years, can still recall with the most amazing lucidity, all the events and outstanding details of his erstwhile prosperous concern.

The story is not without its pathos either, for Mr. Wall, who is quite confined to bed owing to an unfortunate fall some years ago upon a slip, is also totally blind. And as I sat and listened to his interesting and colourful narrative—so well and clearly told—about this successful venture of his early years, a verse of John Masefield's came to me. It is from "Spanish Waters," and it runs thus :

> "I am old and nearly blind;
> And an old man's past's a strange thing,
> For it never leaves his mind;
> And I see, in dreams, awhiles,
> The sun's disc dipping red,
> And the tall ships, under tops'ls,
> Swaying in round Nigger Head."

It was strangely appropriate to this old man who, blind and bedridden, calmly reviewed for me the whole panorama of his lost youth.

From Carpenter to Ship-builder.

It was on the Clyde that Mr. Wall served his apprenticeship to the shipbuilding trade; before he sailed as carpenter in the Ardrossan vessel, *Harvest Home*, and subsequently in the *Steady Connor* and *Quebec*. But when he left the sea, the old impulse was still strong in him, for he then threw all his heart and energy into the concern of which he was the sole founder and director.

In the latter half of the last century, he commenced the building of barquentines and schooners behind his house at Soldier's Point. The *St. Catherine*, *St. Patrick*, *Slieve Donard* and *Cinderella* were all 50-ft. fishing boats, lugger-rigged. They were almost immediately commissioned by the Fisheries Department for the West Coast of Ireland. Then followed fourteen all-wood barges, for the Grand Canal, and one for Barcroft, of Newry. Afterwards Mr. Wall turned his attention to the construction of bigger craft; notably the *Lake Pathos*, to the order of a Liverpool firm, and the *Irish Girl*, both of these being three-masted schooners. Then came the two-masted schooner *Wild Pigeon*, and the barquentine *Challenge*, this latter being lost, with all hands, on her second voyage, after a collision with the Glasgow steamer *Vernon*. The barquentine's two boats came ashore, one in Spain and the other in Portugal; and at a point of the coast-line between the two was found a boat from the *Vernon*.

The *Irish Minstrel* was the last ship to be built at Dundalk; originally brigantine-rigged, she was afterwards changed to a three-masted schooner. All the vessels, excepting the *Lake Pathos*, were built at Connick's Wharf, the latter was constructed on the grassland at the rear of Mr. Wall's house, and hauled over to the slip. She was just completed when, on low tides, two Robinson boats came up the river, and the crews were agreed that the schooner was the handsomest vessel of her class they had ever seen.

Scotsmen came to Dundalk and built off the models, and the plucky little yard held its own, as long as sail continued to resist the onward march of steam. Among the fishing boats, the *Cinderella* was admittedly the finest; but of the others, the ill-fated *Challenge* stands out pre-eminently. Her launch was an event in Dundalk, all the shops being closed that day, and a dance was held in the evening in her honour; the Colonel of the English regiment in garrison at the time providing a fife and reed band.

A craft to be proud of.

The *Challenge* was a beautiful ship, and in a gale of wind, under jib and forestays'l, could sail like a witch. One of the passages of her short career was from Cardiff to Rio de la Plata with coal—62 days, port to port. And once she made a passage from St. Johns with deals in 18 days! And this, despite the fact that for part of the time she was becalmed. On her last voyage she was bound to Santa Catarina.

From Cardiff to Rio de la Plata she once raced the American ship *Vividere*, getting there in the face of head winds, which necessitated the trimming of the cargo, in 41 days; while the American took 60 days on the same run. While lying at the latter port, discharged and waiting to load sugar, a pilot was asked if he had a barquentine there called the *Challenge*—copper very high up and orange-green topsides. For the barquentine was already known in the port for her fine lines and smart appearance.

When she overhauled the *Vividere* and the two vessels spoke each other, the Yankee commander said that she was the first which had overhauled him in eight years. The two ships were said to be the finest sailing out of Cardiff at the time. The *Challenge* had a gold band right around, and was a beautifully-finished ship. In light winds she could do eight knots; sometimes she averaged fifteen. The *Vividere*'s speed was always three knots less.

Reminiscences of a by-gone Industry.

Another vessel built at Dundalk was the three-masted schooner *Irish Chieftain*, which, when already fourteen years old, was classified as "A1 "at Lloyds; as also were the *Lake Pathos*, the *Irish Minstrel*, and the *Irish Girl*.

But it was the *Challenge* which met her untimely end in the Bay of Biscay, that evokes the proudest memories in the heart of the old builder. Like her must have been the dream ship of Masefield's "Spanish Waters." Truly

> "An old man's past's a strange thing,
> For it never leaves his mind!"

Fourteen years has Mr. Wall lain upon his bed; and yet, as clearly as though it all had happened only yesterday, does he tell of the three ships which he once repaired for the Irish Lights; and of the triumphs that were his in the fire and the dash of youth. The caulker's mallet is no longer heard at Soldier's Point nor the shipwright's hammer. Only the cry of gulls wheeling above some sea-beaten hulks, riding, silent and sinister, to their moorings, speaks of the long-gone past that saw those white-winged wanderers gliding out towards the Great Unknown.

MacNally Barrington.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

Schooner *Husvik* and Brigantine *Virgo*, information of them desired.

I understand that *Husvik* changed hands in November of last year, but would be grateful of any information concerning her, At the time of my visit to Leith, her masts had been removed and the bowsprit cut off short, as can be discerned in the photo. I have a copy of *Sea Breezes* for November, 1927, with a photograph of her, in the Ribble, under charge of the tug *Perseverance*. I also saw the *Virgo*, ex *Island*. She was lying in the old dock at Leith. I have visited Leith on several occasions, and she was berthed in one or other part of the dock while I have been there, and does not appear to have been away for any length of time. In the "Signal Station" for April, mention is made of her as having been the *Lady of Avenel*, and later Commander Worsley's exploration ship *Island*. I would also like to hear something more of her doings, as she is an old boat compared with *Husvik*, which was built in 1920.

E. J. Wylie.

Some interesting details concerning the fate of once-famous ships.

Dunsyre, 2,036 net tonnage, built 1891, Hamilton & Co., Glasgow. Engaged in lumber and coal trade on the Pacific for a number of years. Last trip as sailing ship was from Philadelphia to San Francisco with steel rails in 1921. Since then laid up in San Francisco. Captain P. A. McDonald was commander on the last voyage.

Jane L. Stanford, 850 tons, American barquentine, built 1892, Eureka, California. Noted for fast sailing. Made many smart passages. Now laid up. Her last trip was to North China with lumber for the Robert Dollar Company. Made passage, 1920, from Chin-wang-tao, North China—Royal

Schooner *Husvik*, ex *Danekonge* of Callao, in dry dock at Leith. Photo lent by E. J. Wylie.

Roads, Victoria, in 42 days, Captain P. A. McDonald; best on record from most northerly port in the Yellow Sea. Now a barge in Southern California.

Moshula, one of the last big square-riggers built, 2,911 tons net, built 1904, Hamilton & Co., Port Glasgow. Ex German ship *Kurt*. Became American during the World War, and has since been engaged chiefly in the lumber trade, having quite recently returned from Australia after making a trip to Melbourne.

The *Moshula* is considered one of the finest ships which have sailed under the American flag. Laid up temporarily in Lake Union, Seattle, Wash. Commanded by Captain P. A. McDonald.

Wm. Dollar, ex *Walkure*, ex *Alsterberg*, built in 1902, MacMillan and Co., Dumbarton, net 3,036 tons. During the war she was interned in Santa Rosalia, Mexico. After the war was acquired by the Robert Dollar Co., and put in China trade. Made passage, 1922, from Shanghai to Port Townsend in 32 days in command of Captain McDonald. Captain McDonald was also in command of her on her last trip from China. Now laid up in Lake Union.

Muscoota (2) ex *Flying Cloud*, ex German *Ottawa*, ex German *Bertha*, ex four-mast full-rigged *Buckingham*. Built in 1888, T. Royden & Sons, Liverpool. During the World War, interned in San Francisco, and acquired by the U.S. Government and sailed under the American flag for a number of years. Is now a barge in Sydney. While in command of the above ship in 1918 during typhoon season, in the Western Pacific, I encountered by far the worst and most terrific gale during my more than 30 years in sail.

Capt. P. A. McDonald.

Re *Madagascar* and *Mozambique*.

In the October *Sea Breezes*, No. 107, vol. xi, under the heading "Notes," page 212, "R.S.M." mentions the *Madagascar* and *Mozambique*, two of Boyd's ships, of Glasgow. I was second mate of the *Madagascar*, four-mast barque, Captain A. Slade in command. I joined her in Swansea, June, 1898, bound out to 'Frisco. Our chief mate was Mr. J. Gray, of Broughty Ferry, and the third mate Mr. Di Williams, of Portmadoc. The four-mast barque *Balmoral* left the same tide as ourselves for 'Frisco. We made a good time down to the Horn, through Straits of Le Maire, and whilst under lower topsails head reaching, sighted the *Balmoral* again in a heavy snowstorm. After the usual drilling we got out to the westward, and fetched port after 127 days' passage. On arrival off the Golden Gate we sighted the *Balmoral* again away to leeward of us; she dropped her anchor about a couple of hours after us. On arrival we heard that the *Balmoral* and another four-mast barque, the *Glenericht* (I believe it was) had been in collision off the Horn, and Captain Davies, of the *Glenericht*, had lost his wife. The latter ship put back to Monte Video for repairs, as she was badly damaged, whilst the former made her passage. The *Madagascar* was a fair sailer, and though inclined to be wet, a very comfortable ship. We discharged in 'Frisco and went to Port Costa and loaded wheat, Channel for orders, made the passage home in 112 days. She then went to Cork and discharged and ballasted for New York where, I believe, Captain Slade died. I met the *Madagascar* some time after in Antofagasta, under command of Captain W. McFarlane, whilst I had the *William Tillie*. He then mentioned that after that voyage he was retiring.

J. Phillips.

Hulks in Lyttelton, N. Z.

Darra, 999 tons, composite built, Aberdeen, 62 years ago, teak planking, and still shows graceful lines.

Barquentine *Jane L. Stanford* mentioned in "Notes" Sent by Captain P. A. McDonald.

Raupo, ex *Louisa Craig*, ex *Peru*. In *Sea Breezes*, November 28th, I notice a Captain "Shakings" is wondering what has become of some of J. Stewart's fine ships. Well, here's one of them. She is now used as a store ship for the Canterbury Steamship Co. She was successfully run by Scales & Co., during the war period.

Waiti, ex *Signe*, Norwegian.

Frank Guy, of Paraguan fame.

Belle Isle and *Chittor*, recently broken up. *Belle Isle* I remember in the West Indies in the late '70's or early '80's.

A. C. Smith.

The loss of the *Cadzow Forest*.

On page 11 of No. 3, vol. XII of *Sea Breezes*, reference is made to the sad loss of the *Cadzow Forest* off the Columbia River Bar, Portland, Oregon. Perhaps some people who read this magazine would care to know particulars of the very last ever heard of that good ship.

On a cold morning of early January, 1896, we (*Cambrian King*) and the *Cadzow Forest* arrived in company off the Bar to take our pilots. We were shortened down, but she was not. Both ships were close together with main yards aback, and the captains were speaking together through megaphones. The pilot boat came to us first; the pilot on turn was not dressed, so the one intended for *Cadzow Forest* came on board, and our unfortunate pilot went off to her. Both vessels trimmed away to try and make the Bar, when a "buster" suddenly came down off the land, accompanied with heavy rain and fog, and we were driven out to sea, and did not get back for nine days, and got into Astoria. The *Cadzow Forest* has not been heard of since!

It was the general opinion at the time that the *Cadzow Forest* had capsized right there, as she had her topgallant sails and light staysails up, and when the gale struck us, though all our light canvas was down, we lay over on our beam ends, and let go topsail haulyards.

Andrew P. Purdon, Com., R.N.R.

Talus.

Mr. Duncan Murchie would like to know what became of the *Talus* (picture on page 173) subsequent to her repairs at Leith.

News wanted of *Drumburton.*

B. C. Whitfield writes :—I saw in one of your issues a photograph of the *Drumburton*. I served my time in the *Drumrock*, and was afterwards third mate. She was a four-masted barque, built by Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith, 3,010 tons, and owned by Messrs. Gillison and Chadwick; I wonder if any of your readers could tell me what has happened to her. The last news I had was that she was under a German name and flag.

A matter for controversy.

Referring to ship *Thornlie Bank*, on page 118 of May issue, Mr. George Irvine is also under a misapprehension. This vessel must have been built before 1896. I was in Fremantle in 1896 in command of the barque *Shenir*, of Glasgow, and the *Thornlie Bank* was being used as a hulk then. She was lying in Owen Anchorage. She was totally unfit for sea service again, owing to the plating of her sides being buckled with the fire which completely gutted her. J. and W. Bateman, I understand, bought her. A Captain Chapman was in command of her at the time she went on fire. I met him in Port Pirie in May, 1897. He was in command of the *Chiltonford* then, and had been over a year in this vessel. I saw her in Fremantle—still a hulk—only as far back as 1923. She was never re-conditioned and sent to sea. I have no doubt but that some of your Australian readers will agree with me in this respect.

J. Mason.

Some British Western Ocean Schooners wanted.

"Bobstay" writes :—I have been very interested in your articles in the February and March numbers of *Sea Breezes* dealing with "Western Ocean Schooners." I note, however, that it is with "Bluenose" and Danish vessels you deal with in those articles; so I would like you to give us as much as possible of the history of the Portmadoc and Salcombe schooners that were engaged on that trade.

Also there were two schooners built in Peel, I.O.M., by Messrs. Greaves, the *Kate* and *Western Maid*, both about 225 tons deadweight. The former is still afloat, I understand, and owned in Amlwch, Anglesey; the latter, I think, was sunk in collision off the Longships, her captain at the time being the late Captain H. Doran, of Port St. Mary, I.O.M.

As far as I can remember, the *Kate* was in Rio in about 1886, when her captain—Captain Watterson—died, and she was taken home to Antwerp by the chief officer. Perhaps some of your readers would give more particulars of the history of these two vessels.

There was a big fleet out of Portmadoc on the Newfoundland and Labrador trade, including the barquentine *Edward Seymour*, and three-masted schooners *Frau Minna Petersen* and *C. E. Spooner*. Some of your readers might be able to give some particulars of their history, passages, &c.

Out of Salcombe there were, I think, quite a number of fore-and-aft schooners, the *Little Secret* and *Little Puzzle*. I remember being in Bristol in a sailing ship in the year 1898 (about) when the *Little Secret* was fitting out for a Newfoundland voyage; she hailed from Fowey.

I look forward to having some interesting accounts of these vessels, as, in their own class, I think they were clippers, and having only small crews, there was no room for shirkers, and they bred sailors. (See picture of Portmadoc schooner on page 192.)

Kirkcudbrightshire and her passages.

In the October, 1928, issue of *Sea Breezes* reference was made of the ship *Kirkcudbrightshire* and her passages. I served on board her from 4th April, 1899, until 22nd April, 1900, from Glasgow to Sydney and Newcastle, N.S.W., to Portland, Ore., where we loaded a cargo of flour, Queenstown for orders, and then on to Limerick; she was commanded at this time by Captain Robert Purdie.

After discharging at Newcastle we loaded coal for Portland and arrived at Astoria after a passage of 59 days and seven days less than the ship *Alcinous*, of Greenock, one of Carmichael's Golden Fleece Line, and a ship that held the 1891-92 record from 'Frisco to Queenstown.

On the homeward passage, left Astoria along with the same ship and beat her by 28 hours, our passage being 118 days to Queenstown. The barque *Inverurie*, of Aberdeen, also left along with us and made the same time home. She was fairly fast, was the old "Kirk," but very wet, and was liable to poop when running heavy.

In the February magazine I was interested when I read the account of the ship *Benmore*, by A. Halcrow. She was a magnificent vessel and a credit to her builders, John Reid & Co., Port Glasgow, where she was built in 1870, and was a sister ship to Messrs. Heap's famous ships *Antiope* and *Marpesia*.

Benmore was commanded by Captain John Edwards from May, 1897, to October, 1898, when she was sold to the Norwegians, and Mr. Joys was her chief officer until December, 1927, when he went from New York to Baltimore to take command of the barque *Orellana*, of the same company. He was a fine man and a good sailor, and knew how to carry sail. He was relieved by Mr. Taylor, who, like Joys, had also been chief officer in Carmichaels, his last ship being the *Argonaut*, and although she was a fine ship, in his opinion there was nothing to touch the *Benmore*, but Taylor was an old *Benmore* apprentice and knew her well, and also could carry sail.

Brigantine *Virgo*, ex *Island*, in the old Dock at Leith. See page 181.
Photo lent by E. J. Wylie.

On 1st January, 1898, we left New York along with ship *Earl of Zetland*, Glasgow, also a fast ship, and arrived Sydney Heads on the 80th day, the "Earl" arriving ten days later, on this passage overhauled and passed Devitt & More's cadet ship *Illawara*, of London, also bound for Sydney. It was with regret I learned of the death of Captain Joys, when the French authorities treated him so badly after the stranding of the s.s. *Edith Cavell* at French Guiana, and which no doubt hastened his end. Another of her old boys, Thomas R. Bannerman, and who put up such a fine fight against a German submarine while in command of the Yeoward liner s.s. *Aguila*, and poor fellow went a-missing the next trip.

Benmore finished her career under the Stars and Stripes, left Norfolk, Virginia, 9th July, 1924, for Genoa, put into New York on 13th July leaking, and was sold May, 1925. She was a well-kept ship while under the house flag of Nicholson and McGill, and was known in Liverpool as Nicholson's yacht.

James Bews.

A sailing list of famous East Indiamen.

It is interesting to note the small tonnage of some of these ships, nine of them under 500 tons and one of only 352 tons, which undertook the long voyages to Calcutta and Madras, and perhaps some of your many readers may be able to give even earlier information of this firm's ships, as I believe they were known in the shipping business back in 1795/1800, and in 1828 were building ships for the East India Trade.

1857. T. and W. Smith will dispatch the following superior ships, built expressly for the East Indian trade, at the undermentioned dates :

Ships.	Tons.	Commanders.	Destinations.	To Sail.
Fort William	849	J. B. Bates	Calcutta	Mar. 4
Theresa (new ship)	705	T. S. Kennedy ...	,,	April 4
Madras	479	T. Patterson... ...	,,	May 4
Bucephalus	985	W. F. Peppercorne ...	,,	June 10
Sir Robert Sale	741	Edward Coppell ...	,,	July 1
Hotspur	1,200	Joseph Toynbee ...	Cape and Calcutta	,, 15
Blenheim	1,400 (? 1,392)	J. F. Atkinson ...	Calcutta	Aug. 1
Marlborough	1,400 (? 1,387)	W. Fulcher	,,	,, 25
Gosforth	810	C. R. Lansdown ...	,,	Sept. 26
Cornwallis	650	R. W. Ker	,,	Oct. 15
British Lion	657	G. H. English ...	,,	Nov. 5
Antipodes	420	George Rowe ...	Madras	Jan. 12
Beecher Stowe	352	William Jack ...	,,	Feb. 12
Queen of the Wave	496	William Peacock ...	,,	Mar. 10
Mallard	479	J. C. Lamprell ...	,,	April 9
Norman Morrison	529	W. Orchard	,,	May 9
Mary Henzell	368	F. W. Dale	,,	,, 25
Lebranon	406	T. Flint	,,	June 10
George Avery	463	—. Turner	,,	July 1
Clive	593	A. Shaw	,,	Aug. 10
Gloriana	1,056	Henry Toynbee ...	,,	Sept. 1
Warren Hastings	569	T. L. Porteous ...	,,	Oct. 1
Ostrich	425	W. Richards... ...	,,	Nov. 10

S. Sindall.

Ship *Dunsyre* in Holiday Attire, at San Francisco, 1921 Photo lent by Captain P. A. McDonald.

Barques *Procyon, Orion* and *Castor* information concerning them.

Reference D. S. Simpson's inquiries in April, 1929, number, about the Dundee barques *Procyon*, *Orion*, *Castor*. I served two voyages in the *Procyon*, Captain W. Johnston, of Arbroath (1907). She was a large three-masted barque, heavy rigged and carried skysails. Her lowermasts and topmasts were in one; she was really too large for a three-master, and I think all three barques were similar. She was built by Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith, in 1892, for the Calcutta jute trade, registered tonnage 1,995. On her maiden voyage made a record passage from Leith to New York, south about, in 15 days; being only partly loaded and being unable to take the mainsail off her for some reason or other, had, I think, something to do with the fast passage. She was not in Leith again until about the middle of 1910, when the pilot, Mr. Noble, was very keen to get the job to pilot her in, which he did, as he had piloted her out on her first voyage. She was then sold to the Russians, or Finns, who, I believe, still have her, and I frequently heard of her in New York. The *Orion* was lost on the French side of the Straits of Dover, I think about 1905, but am hazy about the particulars. I believe the *Castor* was sold long before 1905; I did know, but have completely forgotten. The last British owner of the *Procyon* was John Wilson, of Dundee, she being the last ship of that line, and I would like to get hold of a picture or photo of her. T. Panton.

Information asked for in return for some given.

In "Notes from Everywhere," in the April issue of *Sea Breezes*, I see that D. S. Simpson inquires about the Dundee barque *Castor*. My brother, now deceased, was boy in that ship, in, I believe, 1887, going to the ship, or barque *Lintrathen*, to serve his apprenticeship. The *Orion* was lost on Ushant about 1904 or 1905, I believe. Could anyone give any information about the loss of the *Guy Mannering* at Cape Horn about 1891 or 1892, where from, where bound, tonnage, rig and owners and port of registry, or any information regarding her. I was brought up on the East Coast of Scotland, hence my interest in shipping and anything pertaining to the sea. I would like to correspond with any "Sea Breezer" who cares to write.

E. A. Laing.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

As I expect quite seven people out of every ten who read this article will be on board ship I am going to introduce a little distraction, which ought to be good fun. The game has many advantages; it can be played equally well by one person or any number; not only can you try it on people you know but people you only know of will do just as well. It is not too great a tax on the brain and the results certainly are both curious and interesting. It is called numerology, which is really a combination of numbers and figures and letters that are applied to the names of persons, revealing their characters.

According to numerology, all our lives are subject to certain influences, and by reducing the letters of our names to figures we find out what these influences are.

A., J. and S. are ruled by 1—brave, independent, powerful, free-thinking.

B., K. and T. are ruled by 2—gentle, peaceful, tactful and social.

C., L. and U are ruled by 3—lively, talented, fearless and tactful.

D., M. and V. are ruled by 4—defeat, poverty, monotonous toiling.

E., N. and W. are ruled by 5—restless, unstable, but full of life.

F., O. and X are ruled by 6—stalwart, honest, high-minded, successful.

G., P. and Y. are ruled by 7—lonely, misunderstood, poetic, unhappy.

H., Q. and Z are ruled by 8—powerful, successful, dominating, wealthy.

I. and R. are ruled by 9—artistic, dramatic, charming, talented.

There are two numbers which are exceptions to all rules, 11 and 22. They are never reduced to single figures, but are permitted to stand as they are considered to be the vibrations of genius. Twenty-two is a vibration of mystic power and beauty, while 11 is a fiery, unconquerable number full of power and greatness. In this game the letters Y. and W. side with the consonants. Having chosen the name you wish to analyse, reduce it to numbers by the table. Add all vowel numbers; these tell the inner characteristics. Then add the consonant numbers to find the outer influences. Lastly add the two together to find out the full meaning of your life.

All figures are reduced to single numbers (bar 11 and 22); so if the total vowels add to 39 it is treated as two numbers, 3 and 9 and added again; it equals 12, and is again added, when it is reduced to 3. I will now take the name of two well-known men in public life and see what their real characters are.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

Vowels: A. E. A. I. = 1, 5, 1, 9 = 16 = 7.

Inner characteristics—Lonely, misunderstood, poetic and unhappy.

Consonants: S. T. N. L. Y. B. L. D. W. N. 1, 2, 5, 3, 7, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5 = 37 = 10 = 1.

Outer influences—Brave, independent, powerful, free-thinking.

Full meaning of life (vowels and consonants added together) 8. Powerful, successful, dominating, wealthy.

Sir Alfred Mond.

Vowels: A. E. O. = 1, 5, 6 = 12 = 3.

Inner characteristics—Lively, talented, fearless, tactful.

Consonants : L. F. R. D. M. N. D. = 3, 6, 9, 4, 4, 5, 4 = 38 = 8.

Outer influences—Powerful, successful, dominating, wealthy.

Full meaning of life—Fiery, unconquerable, full of power and greatness.

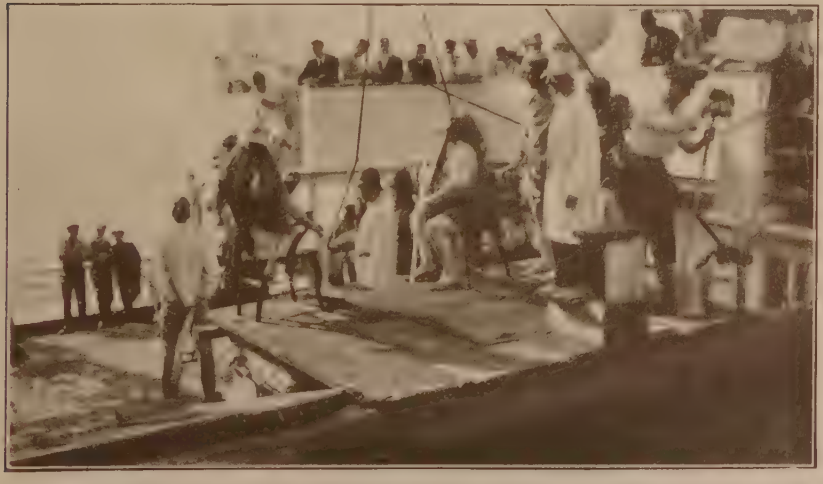
Now try your own name and the rest of the passengers. It is good fun and very true of quite a number of people I know.

Somebody has been writing to the papers about all the stockings we wear and somebody else has been writing about all the stockings we *don't* wear. Taking the former first, it appears that the well-dressed woman buys more than 50 pairs in a year, or almost a pair a week. The 100-gauge stockings—those worked by 100 needles—are very fine, and although they look nice and cost a lot, they don't wear well. So that when you decide to venture 35s. on a pair, remember that they will have holes in them by the following Saturday. After that come the 55 and 50-gauge stockings, which cost about 25s. a pair. These are a bit more serviceable, but nothing to mention. Really, I have found the 5s. 11d. to 7s. 11d. stockings the most durable. I get them 90 per cent. silk and the rest cotton, and I also can say a word for the 3s. 11d. stocking, all artificial silk.

I was quite interested in what was said, and I am going to see how many pairs I buy this year. It must be quite a lot judging by the number of "rejects" lying about my various drawers. As to the stockings we don't wear : a young woman from South Africa came over to England last year and played international lawn tennis without any stockings on. She is here again this season, and now all the bright young things want to play with bare legs.

It is rather silly, really, as it is hardly ever hot enough in this country to necessitate such a drastic step. It was just the same with the eye-shade, introduced by Helen Wills. Nobody ever thought of wearing one before she came here, and now everybody has one. The management at Wimbledon are concerned about the bare-legged brigade, and they are to "leave it to the players' good taste." Which I translate as meaning "we hope you will come in stockings." Another U.S.A. innovation seen everywhere this year are the "Walter Hagen" shoes, white canvas with brown leather toe-caps and strappings. They don't look too bad with summer tweeds, but I loathe them for games.

GWEN.



Ceremony of "Crossing the Line," enacted on board our Liner *Orita*, October, 1928.

The Landlubbers' Page.

By the Editor.

One of our correspondents, who describes himself as a "Landlubber," in a recent letter to me, bewails the fact that by reason of his (natural) ignorance of terms nautical, contained in the majority of articles appearing in *Sea Breezes*, he is "all at sea" when perusing them. He concludes with the suggestion that I devote a small space in the Magazine each month to the purpose of alleviating the distress which our longshoremen readers experience, on account of their ignorance; I have decided, therefore, to follow his suggestion under the above title, which, I hope, will not be criticised too severely by my fellow "shellbacks."

Nautical Terms and their Definitions.

Bow—The end of a ship which gets home first.

Stern—The end of a ship which gets home last.

For'ard—The other end when standing aft.

Aft—The other end when standing for'ard.

Starboard—The right-hand side looking for'ard.

Port—The left-hand side looking for'ard.

Waist—Midway betwixt bow and stern.

Forecastle Head (Fo'c'sle)—The raised portion of a ship at the bow end.

Poop—The raised portion at the stern end.

Bowsprit—A short boom extending beyond the bow.

Jibboom—An extension to the bowsprit, which is held in its place by stays and guys.

Stays—Wire ropes which hold the masts from falling endwise.

Guys—Wire ropes which prevent the booms from moving with the roll of the ship.

Halliards—Ropes for pulling *yards* and sails up.

Braces—Ropes rove through *blocks* (pulleys) for regulating and holding the *yards* in their places.

Yards—Spars to which the square sails are *bent*.

Bent—The head of the sail is *bent* (secured) to the yard by *robands*.

Robands (Rovings)—Two or three stranded tarred string.

(*To be continued.*)

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

Alastor—Finnish barque. Sailed Kotka, 22nd May, for London, and arrived 13th June.

Archibald Russell—Finnish four-mast barque. Sailed Melbourne, 4th March, and arrived Queenstown 5th June; a smart passage of 93 days, and the best of this year's grain fleet to date. 12th June sailed Cardiff, and arrived 14th June.

Beatrice—Swedish barque, ex *Routenburn*. Arrived Avonmouth, 21st May, from Falmouth. 9th June sailed Avonmouth for Gothenberg; 10th June passed Barry Is.; 14th June passed Dungeness; 17th June arrived Gothenburg.

Bonnevoine—French barque. Miragoane, 18th April, for Havre, and arrived 25th May.

Bremen—German barque. Hamburg, 18th May, for W.C.S.A.; 21st May, passed Dover in tow.

Carl Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Sailed Santa Fe, 26th March, and arrived Hamburg, 5th June.

C. B. Pedersen—Swedish four-mast barque. 7th June, arrived Queenstown f/o from Melbourne (107 days) and sailed, 16th, for Rotterdam.

Candia—Danish barque, ex *Pestalozzi*. Arrived Jamaica, 25th April; June 1st, sailed St. Anne's Bay for Havre.

Christel Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Arrived Antwerp from Santa Fe, 8th June.

Forest Dream—Swedish five-mast barquentine. Jamaica, 15th May, for St. Louis, Rhone.

Garthpool—British steel four-mast barque. Spoken, 5th June, 5.33 N., 26.45 W.

General de Sonis—French steel barque. 12th June, arrived Havre, from Black River.

Germaine—Danish barque, ex *Oakhurst*. Calais, 17th May, for Fort de France.

Grossherzogin Elisabeth—German steel ship. 5th June, passed South Elsinore.

Herzogin Cecilie—Finnish four-mast barque. Liverpool, 28th May, for Fredriksstad, and arrived 6th June.

Jeanne D'Arc—French barque. Sailed Havre, 26th May, for Jamaica.

Killoran—Finnish barque. Sailed Port Lincoln, 6th April, for Ilo, and arrived 29th May; 5th June, sailed Sta. Rosa Is.

L'Avenir—Belgian steel four-mast barque. Sailed Antwerp, 16th June, for Charleston.

Lawhill—Finnish four-mast barque. Falmouth, 16th May, for Havre, and arrived 24th May.

Lingard—Finnish barque. Sailed London, 6th June, for Helsingfors, and arrived 15th June.

Loch Linnhe—Finnish barque. Arrived Skelleftea, 27th May, from Mariehamn.

Magdalene Vinnen—German aux. four-mast barque. Sailed Buenos Aires, 28th May, Azores f/o.

Elizabeth Llewelyn, of Portmadoc, leaving Grady Harbour, Labrador. Photo lent by Robt. S. Munn.

Mozart—Finnish four-mast barquentine. Sailed Port Lincoln, 6th February, the same day as *Penang*, and arrived Queenstown, 5th June (119 days). *Penang* arrived next day, so it was a close race. On the outward passage they both left the U.K. on 6th October, and arrived Port Lincoln on the 1st January, 1929. Sailed, 13th June, for Hull.

Oaklands—Finnish iron barque. Arrived Oleaborg, 4th June, from Mariehamn.

Parma—German four-mast barque, ex Arrow. Sailed Tocopilla, 1st March, Channel f/o; passed Dover, 5th June, and arrived Ostend, June 8th.

Peking—German steel four-mast barque. Arrived Talcahuano, 10th June, from Hamburg; sailed San Antonio, 17th June.

Penang—Finnish barque. Sailed Port Lincoln, 6th February, and arrived Queenstown, 6th June (120 days). See *Mozart*. Sailed for Belfast, 8th June, and arrived 11th June.

Plus—Finnish barque. Arrived Skelleftea, 28th May, from Helsingfors.

Pommern—Finnish four-mast barque, ex *Mneme*. Sailed Liverpool, 25th May, for Larvik; passed Fair Isle, June 5th; arrived Larvik, June 8th.

Priwall—German steel four-mast barque. Passed Port Stanley, 12th June, Iquique-Hamburg.

Prompt—Finnish barque. Arrived Umea, 15th May, from Gothenburg; 6th June, sailed Umea-London; 15th June, passed N. Elsinore.

Shakespeare—Finnish barque. Arrived Trangsund, 22nd May, from Lappvik; 31st June, arrived Borga from Trangsund.

Suzanne—Danish barque, ex Kylemore. Arrived Havre, 8th June, from W. Indies.

Susanne Vinnen—German steel aux. five-mast schooner. Arrived Fowey from Bremen, 11th June, and sailed Zarate, 14th June.

Tovaristsch—Soviet four-mast barque, ex *Lauriston*. Arrived Kertch, prev. 18th May.

Viking—Danish steel four-mast barque. Arrived Gravesend, 12th June, from Dunkirk.

Werner Vinnen—German steel aux. five-mast schooner. 7th June, arrived Buenos Ayres from Memel.

Winterhude—Finnish barque. Sailed Guanape Islands, prev. 28th May, for London; June 14th, arrived Panama.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 117, Vol. XII. August, 1929

Mr. F. V. Blundstone at work on the two figures at the base of the Memorial which will be surmounted by a bust of Samuel Plimsoll.

In the Seventies to Queensland

Recollections of Fifty Years Ago

While at anchor, and before the steamer had come down the coast, during the anchor watch of the first night, the boatswain, one of the emigrants, and one A.B., got away with one of the boats, and during the next night almost all the remainder of the seamen got away with another boat, landing in the bush on the shore of the bay. I do not recollect that there was much regret at their departure, nor that any effort was made to prevent it. In pay, not forgetting the dead horse, they had left about twelve pounds wages behind, which sum had also been lessened by slop chest dealings and tobacco. After nearly four months of a crowded ship there was a great change, laying in a deserted and desolate anchorage with less than a dozen all told on board. However, this was enlivened somewhat by the arrival of the schooner *Gem*, later by the auxiliary-fitted *Jabberwock*, each of which came alongside in turn and took the Maryborough portion of our cargo, the river approach to the town not having enough water to allow our ship to go up. Time was not considered in those days so much, we must have been in the bay over two weeks before sailing for Brisbane; while not discharging cargo the time was spent in getting fresh water from the creek on Sandy Island; one day a pretty long pull to see the lighthouse-keeper on Woody Island. The land all round was heavily wooded, mangroves grew right down into the salt water, and we got boat loads of oysters, some from the roots of these trees; it is difficult to get people to believe that oysters grow on trees, sometimes. Three or four men were picked up in town, not necessarily seamen, but the trip round to Moreton Bay was made with their help, a fine weather trip fortunately. Running well before the wind, everything drawing and everything set, getting too near Cape Morton it became necessary to haul up into the wind, no reliable hands to shorten sail in the emergency, and as a consequence of a very light ship, there was a narrow escape from capsizing. But that did not happen, and during two days we were towed up the river into Brisbane, where we moored off Harris's Wharf. In the stream and at the wharves at that time were some fine ships waiting shipments of wool, among them being *Sir Richard Wallace*, the *Isles of the South*, wooden vessels, as well as the *Ophelia*, the *Romeo*, the *Eden Holme*, *Renfrewshire* and *Pekina*; the *Ramsay* laying at anchor down in the bay ready to sail for London.

An awfu' waste o' guid liquor.

Of Brisbane, in the year 1875, one can recollect the fine Houses of Parliament, the bridge across the river and the theatre, where they were playing "The Octoroon," a drama, seen by the second mate and the steward and the cook's mate—one of the crew who had not run away with the rest—who that night managed to get gloriously drunk, and not content with that had a bottle of gin under his arm, which I, a nipper of thirteen years, thinking of next day's grub, managed to push into the water while in the boat going aboard. There was a fine regatta, the newspapers giving as a tip the *Star Queen's* gig to win, a most unlikely event seeing that she had no crew and only two apprentices, and this was won by the boat of the *Romeo*, as pretty as that vessel herself. *Romeo* was spick and span, yards all trimmed to an inch, all paint and brasswork polished as if of

the Royal Navy, three trucks of gold resplendent in the sun, a Liverpool craft under Bowring ownership; and I think that all old-timers who happen to read this will agree that the Liverpool ship of those days, the seventies, could always bear comparison in every way with the ships of any other port. At this time our old man, having had a bad attack of dysentery, was relieved of his command and given a passage home in the *Ramsay*, laying in Moreton Bay and ready for sea, and I went with him. We ran down the river in a stern-wheeler to find the *Ramsay* laying across the tide in a strong easterly gale. Although under eight hundred tons she was ship rigged, her hull of what is now known as naval grey, with masts and yards of pea soup colour; and though a converted steamer, by no means bad to look at, marred perhaps somewhat by the stumpy jibboom and bowsprit. While the old *Star Queen* had a big crew in the forecastle, this trip was being made with four A.B.'s and one O.S. in each watch, consequently chips and the doctor and the steward had often to lend a hand. She sailed in the teeth of the strong easterly gale, which lasted for three days, during which a four-hundred-gallon tank on deck got loose and stove in the side of one of the boats. Across the Pacific and well toward the Horn the weather was good, and we arrived in that longitude at Christmas time. The days were long, with no afternoon watches below, good care being taken to keep all hands employed scaling and chipping ironwork and work preparatory to painting when nearing home. One morning, after words between second mate Healey and an American sailor named Nolan, who was always sneering at the limejuicers, the old man gave the word to have it out on the weather side of the galley, the first mate to go and see fair play. It was probably a foregone conclusion, else such an order would not have been given. With almost all hands as spectators, it took about four rounds for Tasmanian Healey to finish off the other fellow, who was brimming over with the science of the ring, springs and feints, which could not avoid his exit from the encounter with a face like a plum duff, eyes and nose in a merger; his opponent with an abraided knuckle only, to complain of. At near sunset one evening, while we were running before the wind, I drew attention to what I claimed to be a sail on the horizon, right abaft the wheel, only to be ridiculed for my second sight; however, the morning proved the correctness of my assertion, for but little above the sea and skyline there was a big ship. She had evidently sighted us by that time, for though she had not come much nearer in the night, she overhauled us by two bells in the morning watch (9 a.m.), coming close enough to hail by the speaking trumpets. She proved to be a very fine example of the Aberdeen vessels, one whose name and description has been given not long ago, the *Miltiades*, double topgallant yards, fore main and mizzen. She seemed to pass us standing, evidently an effort was being made, and though it had been a long stern chase, in about three hours afterwards she was well down on the horizon once more. She arrived in London six days before us. We did not sight Cape Horn, but saw Staten Island, and when we should have had the south-east trades we found only winds that drove us close into the coast near Bahia. The ship, being dirty, would not head better than eight points of the wind, and it was wear ship all the time. An anchor was got ready in case of necessity, land was in sight, but at the crucial moment the wind changed to a fair one and we got away. And yet after that, one morning, bad as she was on the wind, the *Ramsay* managed to get to windward of a Liverpool ship, the *Hercules*,

I believe. In February we had reached the Channel, not having good latitude and longitude, running with the wind on the quarter at about seven knots in a slight fog, when breakers were seen by the man on the forecastle look-out. The helm was put down, the yards were braced up, and by a stone's throw the ship missed hitting what proved to be the Bolt Tail. After that, with a fair wind, we made the Downs, from which we were taken in tow, again into the East India Docks, on the whole a fair weather run of one hundred and two days, rather uneventful except for an occasional split canvas, and carrying away of the fore-topgallant mast, which had to be sent down and another rigged.

Swallowed the anchor.

In concluding a narrative which may not offer any excitement, written by one who swallowed his anchor on the completion of that voyage, but one who has never lost his interest in ships, I would say that for many years I bemoaned the passing of the ships with a romance, the pictures on the ocean, but latterly that regret has worn off. The inevitable had to conquer, the sailor of to-day has a far better life, the vocation is nearer worth while, the man is better fed, better paid, and is safer at sea. Will your readers, who are intimate with present conditions as well as those of the old times, agree?

As an interpolation, Mr. Editor, I might mention that on the outward passage in the *Star Queen* there were two births, one marriage and seven deaths.

H. D. Mathias.

A pathetic picture of the barque *Sofia* referred to on page 213.

An Old Fin Ship of the Far North

The Fur-trading Motorship *Nanuk*

The slim, white bow of the fur-trading motorship *Nanuk* is known throughout that cheerless stretch of north country extending from Kotzebue Sound over the peak of Alaska's roof to Herschel Island. She has poked into every tiny inlet and cove along the way in her many quests. Braving the menace of grinding floes and six-knot currents, she has been for years in the forefront of that venturesome fleet that takes traders, miners and fishermen out each Spring to the Polar seas.

This year the trim little veteran is exploring strange waters, working her way cautiously along the forbidding north coast of Siberia, from East Cape well past Wrangell Island into the Nordenskiold Sea—if she can get that far. To the vessel flying any colours other than those of Soviet Russia, this territory is strictly forbidden. So now the Stars and Stripes have been replaced by the banner of the Russian Republic, and from the look-out at the masthead come strange, guttural words directing her course. She has become the property of the Kamchatka Trading Corporation, which holds exclusive trading concessions from the Russian Government.

Before she joined the Bolshevik merchant marine, the *Nanuk* sailed under Captain Pederson. With skilful seamanship and uncommon daring, backed up by two-score years spent in navigating northern seas, he used to bring her up miles ahead of his competitors "over the hump" formed by Point Barrow. This is the goal of the racing fur traders—from Barrow eastward to the mouth of the Mackenzie River; it is here that the choicest furs are picked up, which lends meaning and substance to the title the *Nanuk* has long held of "first East of Barrow."

Trials of an Arctic Voyage.

In order to have his ship qualify for this title, the trading skipper must not only be a born navigator, quick, resourceful, but he must know his ship, and be as familiar with the swift, treacherous currents of the Arctic as with the streets of his home town. He must also possess an uncanny ability to pick a course through densely-packed seas of ice, estimating accurately the under-water size and shape of threatening bergs ahead.

One of his last voyages in command of the *Nanuk* furnished ample proof of Captain Pederson's skill. It was a late Spring in the Behring Sea. Beyond Point Barrow she and two other vessels, the *Arctic* and the *Lady Kindersley*, all three making for Herschel Island, found the going hard with "Arctic ice" in every direction—the clear, blue kind, fully as dangerous as a rock when grounded in shoal water. Slower and slower the three vessels surged. Finally the *Arctic* and the *Lady Kindersley* gave up. Their skippers and crews were forced to abandon them, locked tight between ponderous masses that refused to give another inch. The men were taken aboard the *Nanuk*, as well as the supplies bound for the Settlement at Herschel and members of the North-west Mounted Police on the mainland, and all were delivered to their destination.

To be a skilful navigator capable of handling his ship under conditions that try his soul might seem as though it would be enough, but it is not. The really big job is that of getting the furs. Captain Pederson has found that in most cases a good way to do this is through a friendly understanding with the natives, based on mutual confidence established through trading with them, father and son, over a period of many years.

A Rifle's Cost in Furs.

In the early days dealings were very haphazard. The native would clamber aboard a little trading packet and enter the dingy, smoky cabin with his furs, often with many misgivings. Among other things he would need perhaps a new rifle. The skipper would stand one up against the cabin bulkhead and the trapper had to stack one beautiful white fox skin atop another until the pile reached the very tip of the muzzle.

Nowadays, when a trapper swings aboard a fur-trader he takes his furs into a trading-room. There they are graded carefully into three classes, according to size and condition, and the gross value of the lot is estimated, figured at anywhere from $20 to $40 apiece.

All details having been settled and the amount decided upon, the trapper casts a twinkling eye along the shelves burdened with food, clothing, traps, fishing gear, knives, candy, chewing gum and tobacco—there must be plenty of tobacco aboard, for no matter how generously the natives stock up with it one year, nor how early the traders come up the following Spring, the local stocks are invariably low, if not entirely exhausted, as the first vessel arrives from "the outside."

The trapper takes his time about selecting what he wants. It is just as well that he does, as he is shopping for his business and household, too, for the next twelve months. The weightiest problems of supply having been settled, he motions for his wife to step up and select the goods for her Autumn, Winter and Spring attire. This is a grand moment for these stolid women of the Arctic, and they make the most of it.

Feminine whims are identical the world over, and the desire for exclusiveness is just as surely to be found in the remote polar regions as it is at Deauville, as Captain Pederson found last season when casting up accounts with Harry Sukuwuk. Harry's wife, it seems, was selecting material for her new dress. She pointed to a bolt of gaily-figured dress goods, muttering directions to her spouse, who turned to the skipper.

"How much?"

"One dollar a yard."

"No; not one yard. How much for whole piece?" This stumped the good skipper, but he obligingly figured the cost of the bolt.

"This all you got? No more like this piece?"

"No, Harry. No more like that."

"All right. I take him." As Mrs. Sukuwuk made her way on deck with her prized possession, Harry turned and grinned, shaking his head dubiously as he explained the reason for the quantity purchase. The captain grinned in return, for he, too, is a married man.

The natives of the North are nearly all trappers, some of their trap lines extending for thirty miles or more. Usually the native who hunts the white fox far to the eastward of Point Barrow calls it a poor season when he fails to gather fewer than fifty pelts, while another, whose traps are set along the stretch lying to the westward of Point Barrow, thinks he has had a prosperous season when he takes twenty or twenty-five hides. One year a husky young native brought Captain Pederson 265 furs. His record still stands in that locality.

Quantities of walrus are shot each year, and their hides and long ivory tusks are brought aboard the trading ships. Ivory carving is a fireside industry of the Far North, one that helps to while away the interminably dreary nights. The King Islanders excel at it, dainty specimens of their handicraft having found their way to many museums.

The *Garthpool* discharging ballast in Chaleur Bay, N.B., in 1924. Photo sent by J. F. Whitney Beazley.

The *Nanuk* is a three-master, schooner rigged. She is sheathed with Australian ironbark, which has turned the edge of many a good shipwright's auger, but offers the best-known protection against bad ice, and built of sturdy timbers. In her passages up the Pacific and through the Behring Sea she spreads her canvas, but when traversing ice fields and touching at the trading stations along the "top of the world" her 300-horse-power Diesel engine goes to work.

At her many ports of call, especially in Alaska, the *Nanuk* has been regarded as the true harbinger of Spring. Her anchor down, the natives literally swarmed over the side to replenish their sadly depleted stores.

Captain Pederson often had a little surprise up his sleeve for just such an occasion. There was the lamp chimney episode, for instance. The trading room was filled with natives. The captain had withdrawn, but he reappeared in a few moments holding a lamp chimney carelessly in each hand. He even tossed one playfully in the air. As he caught it, the Eskimos gasped: their beady eyes popped and blinked. "Suppose he dropped it!" whispered Ahlowuk to Penatuk.

"Oh, Charley," called the skipper. "You want one of these, don't you? They're pretty good." The frail-looking chimney came hurtling through the air, end over end. Charley Ilook made a desperate lunge for it. He fumbled. Pete and Jim tried to grab it before the inevitable crash. They, too, failed miserably. It fell to the deck! . . But there was no accompanying tinkle of shattered glass. Instead, the thing actually bounced! The unbreakable chimney had arrived.

So now, in the long winter's night, if Charley Ilook's fat little youngster becomes unruly and upsets the oil lamp, his mother has only to retrieve the chimney and set it in place again. Before, such an event would have proved nothing short of a tragedy, leaving the family with the choice of either living in the dark or getting along somehow with the smoky, open flame. And it's a long, dark winter, away up there on the roof of the world.

(By kind permission of the "New York Times.")

Whaling Stories

"Greenland's Icy Mountains"

Chapter V.

The ship is bow "on" to the land floe (ice), off Lancaster Sound, and about 15 miles from the land, which was "low" with mountains in the distance—she was moored with an ice anchor on each bow, with a 6in. rope on each, which kept her "stem on." Both sides of the ship were thus kept clear for boat work. We had been there a couple of days and had found all our defects as boatmen proclaimed to "Greenland's Icy Mountains" by "long suffering" leather-lunged mates and harpooners. The captain had called on "all his gods" to witness that he had never seen such a gory, blue-speckled lot of crab-catchers. All this, and a few changes and "cut outs," had shaken the crowd down, and now the carpenter is overside on a stage, caulking the topsides. The blacksmith is welding some broken lances. "Sails" is making blubber shoots and pudding bags for the galley, with No. 5 canvas. The bo-sun has some hands re-mousing the brace-pennant clip-hooks. The writer—known as the "Skipper's white-haired laddie" by some of the "hard cases"—and whose job on the articles was the high-sounding one of "line-manager," had been made captain's boy by someone, and I was overhauling the seizings on the wood ratlings of the captain's nest ladder, which ran from the main top to the crow's nest at the topgallant masthead. The harpooner in the nest reports "Eskimo sledges coming from the land." Shortly afterwards the captain goes aloft, and I can now see the three teams of sledges and dogs. The crew below hear of "Huskies" (Eskimos) and come up by ones and twos. In a while the dogs can be heard. The captain's glass, however, is not pointing to the land, but is "taking in" the "open sea" right astern, with some ice and bergs drifting south. Suddenly comes the order, "Lower away the watch," and then, "Stop all that row on deck." "Tell the engineer to get up steam." "Chips" tumbles inboard and dumps his gear below. The watch drop everything, and they—like the doctor, carpenter and second engineer—all jump for the two boats, and away they go towards a little berg, and what looks like a faint little lazy jet of steam in the cold air. Now the Eskimos can be heard exorting the dogs, "Hush-huck" (to get up) and their welcoming shouts, "Chimo—Chimo" is repeated by the women and shrilled by the children. "Philaday—Philaday." The dogs adding their *music* to the sounds, echoed from the little iceberg in the offing.

There she blows!

The shipkeeper calls the next watch of two boats' crews to "take over" deck duties. The captain, with a disc at the end of a short stick, is signalling the two boats to alter course to starboard, but they have already something else in view. Then the "blast" of a fish can be seen—far to seaward—and another; I try to say "There she blows" in an ordinary speaking tone, but it was, somehow, *much too loud* for the old Peterhead harpooner on the bridge, who growled out "Keep yer breath to cool yer porridge." The order is given from the *nest* "Call a fall," and someone, *anyone*, EVERYONE yells down the scuttle, "A fall; a fall." The cook bangs his hand-spike (he keeps it for the purpose) along the decks, and bumps and bawls, "A fall—a fall." A stream of men in stocking feet, with their clothing and boots in a "rope becket," scramble up, and into the four boats, so, amidst the shouts and orders of officers and harpooners, the "chimos" of the arriving Eskimos and the excited

"nankooting" (yowling) of their 24 dogs, the boats were "dropped" and the crews "pulled away" in their underclothes to the insistent orders to "Give way, there," from the harpooners and boat steerers, and "Lay back to it, man," from the nest.

Innuit Eskimo Dogs.

The writer had been, shortly before the "Fall" was called, told to help the steward to hand out some tobacco for Eskimos, four tins milk for the Eskimo women, and a tin of Scotch sweeties for the piccaninnies. Even the dogs were not forgotten, and an ash bucket of very ripe sharks' livers were part of the "job." Interested in this, and excited by the "fish," he just failed to get his place as stroke of the mate's boat. He "scurried about," but failed even to get an "oar." Whilst lowering one of the boats, someone in her—a wag it was—yelled an order from the "Spectioneer" (third mate) to get the wooden toggle for the "cant" tackle and "grease" it well, ready for when they brought the fish alongside. I could laugh with the rest at the "oily" joke, but inwardly promised to get a "boat" next "fall," if I slept in her for a week to do it. Anyhow, the captain, although much interested in the "fish," took pains to explain to the Eskimos that they were welcome, and spoke to them by name, and in their language said "the ship would return." So I had to dump the oily mess of sharks' livers on the floe for the dogs. The savage, hungry pack evidently looked upon the writer as part of the "feast," and—for a fearful minute or so—I felt sure, that—like "Daniel in the den of lions—whoever said grace after the meal it would *not* be me. The whips were brought into play by their masters, and with the women and children shrieking threats at their animals, they were driven off. As ordered, I unhooked the ice anchors, and *shinned* up the "head gear" with the loss of a good portion of trouser leg. The last seen of the dogs was three of them jammed in the ashbucket, evidently eating each other, in the attempt to lick it clean, whilst the rest of them tried to haul them out piecemeal.

The Cant Tackle.

The ship backed away from the floe edge, and the boats having got fast to a fish, those of us who remained on board were bustled about by

The *Grace Harwar* towing out of Campbelltown, N.B., 1924, en route to Australia with lumber. Photo sent by J. R. Whitney Beazley

the captain, the shipkeeper, and one of the extra harpooners in rigging the gear to get the blubber on board. The most important purchase was the "Cant" tackle. Two enormous wood four-fold blocks had a 5-in. rope rove in them; the upper block was lashed round the foremast head, the lower one was fitted with a double strop and toggle, and was over-hauled over the ship's side right down to the whale, which was moored forward by a chain round its tail, and with a couple of grapnels from its lips and "bowsed" tight to abaft the main rigging. The men on the fish, using a sharp spade, cut down through the outer coating of blubber, and its blue covering to the flesh. They lifted up this "flap," which was, say, 3ft. 6in. broad, and cut a hole in it. The lower block strop of the cant was pushed through this hole and the "toggle" put through it. The cant fall, leading from a centre sheave of the upper block, was then led to the windlass and hove on until the upper portion of whale was well out of the water. The whole of this surface blubber having been cut and lifted off by the "after speck" fall and the "fore spec" fall, and were dropped into the between decks to allow the water to get off the blubber and drain away.

The Flenshing.

The top surface having been stripped, the "spade" men cut the "flap" or "strip" of blubber so that, with a good weight being kept on the *cant*, the strip gradually *rolls* the carcase round until the top surface can be again cleaned off. So the cant remains on the turning strip until the whole of the round of the fish is cleaned off. At stated positions of the lips, the tongue, the whale bone and fins are removed, and when all is done, the grapnel is unhooked from the lips and the tail is taken on board—in sections—the chain slips off the stump of the tail and the strip of blubber, which the cant is fast to—sometimes the cant tackle is two blocks (say, 40 feet long)—is cut from the flesh, and slowly the carcase sinks. The tail and fins are used as chopping blocks to cut the blubber small at the "making off."

Making off.

The "flenshing" would take about (on the average) eight hours. The work would probably be much interrupted if there were any fish about. The *Camperdown*, at "Ponds Bay," in the previous year killed 16 fish in three days and decided that they had enough. They, however, lost so much time in getting them aboard, on account of bad weather and in "making them off," that the toll taken by sharks and other sea scavengers reduced the blubber so much, and from other reasons, the ship was far from "full" and she never got another chance to get fast that season.

After the blubber has "drained" for 24 to 36 hours it is hoisted on deck and "chopped up," the outer skin and any adhering flesh has to be cleaned off. The whale bone has to be carefully split and cleaned (a tedious and long job); it is put in a cool and dry place. The blubber is put into tanks and requires to be tended as it swells, or lowers, plugs in the top of tank lids, being adjusted to such conditions. A perfect armoury of long cutters, choppers, forks, slicers, spakes, spurs—to stand on the fish with—blubber hooks, can hooks, etc., etc. The work *itself* takes about nine or ten hours.

The "Fall" may call all hands to the boats more than once or twice in these operations, and probably keep them away for four or six hours without any result.

(To be continued.)

Other Ships and Other Days

The Four-masted Barque *Clan Buchanan*

Having made a trial voyage in the barque *Celurca*, of Montrose, I spent fifteen months in an office, but my health being none too robust, again decided to go to sea. In April, 1887, I joined Messrs. Thomas Dunlop & Sons' fine 4-masted barque *Clan Buchanan*, then on her first voyage, and loading in the James Watt Dock, Greenock, for San Francisco.

Built by Messrs. Russell & Co., of Port Glasgow, she was commanded by Captain Alexander Jack, commodore captain of the Clan Line sailing ships, and for many years afterwards ship's husband. He was a fine seaman and strict disciplinarian, but very good to his boys. He has been dead now for many years, but I still retain very pleasant recollections of him.

Her chief officer was Mr. Harry Treleaven, a fine old sea-dog; her second (whose name I have forgotten), belonged to Montrose; while her third was Archie Learmouth, afterwards one of the best-known yacht captains out of Cowes, captain of the late Whittaker Wright's yacht, and later of the *Narcissus*, which he took out new many years ago. In addition to these officers, we carried boatswain, carpenter, carpenter's mate, sailmaker, cook, steward, about 20 A.B.'s, and six apprentices; so she was well manned.

Discretion, the better part of valour.

Many of the crew were fine shantymen, and as we had no donkey boiler, everything, with the exception of the anchors, was hoisted to the tune of "Blow the Man Down," "Ranzo," etc. Heaving up anchor, we tramped round the capstan to those great old choruses, "Shenandoah," "A-roving," "Rio Grande," and "California," and little did we think then they would in after years become so popular again as they are to-day.*

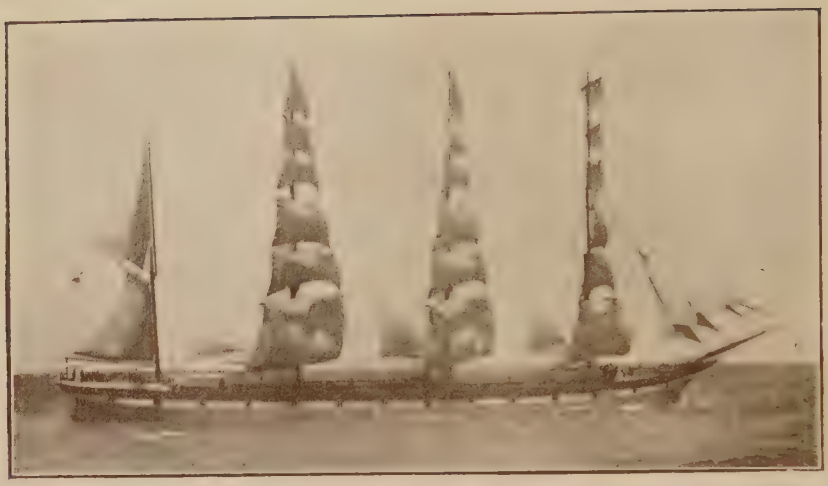
While loading and taking in stores, the officers and apprentices got their meals in a coffee-house in Greenock, and well I remember how we enjoyed the coffee and ham and eggs each morning after working from 6 a.m.

We sailed about May 17th and crossed the line on Jubilee Day. The voyage out was a pleasant if rather protracted one, and there was no trouble of any sort, with the exception of the usual complaints from the men about food. We were 145 days on the passage, and were battling off the Horn for five or six weeks in fearful weather.

One pitch-dark night all hands were called to reef the foresail. While carefully feeling my way along the deck I was struck by a heavy sea and washed aft again, so, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, I went back to bed. There was a great to do when I was missed, as everybody thought I had been washed overboard. The captain and mate were so pleased to find me alive and well they quite forgot to strafe me for this dereliction of duty.

As usual in most ships at that time, apprentices were only allowed tobacco after they were able to steer. We also kept watch on the lee side of the poop, striking the bells every half-hour, and replying to the seamen's hail of "All's well" from the forecastle head. Many variations were put into this, and very fine it sounded on a tropical night.

(* I wonder does he refer to the delightful "Blue Water Evening," provided annually in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, by the P.S.N.C.?—Editor.)



Thomas Dunlop & Sons' *Clan Buchanan*, built 1887; sold to Norwegians about 1907, and re-named *Valerie*. Photo sent by J. H. Binks.

Coffee was served at 5, and we turned to at 5-30 a.m. every morning at sea. We kept a smart lookout on the saloon door, and anxiously watched for the steward to pop out with a slice of pie or cake, left over from the previous day.*

Good old 'Frisco of the eighties. I wonder what it is like to-day! At that time the "Bella Union" Music Hall was a great resort, and the boarding masters were flourishing, getting 40$ blood money on every man shipped, besides either one or two months' advance. All the men saw of the latter was a donkey's breakfast and a suit of oilskins.

Good seed sown upon stony ground.

We apprentices were allowed 1$ pocket money on Saturday nights, and were usually told by the mate not to make beasts of ourselves. How often I have walked to Kearney Street, and for 10 cents. dined sumptuously off a cream cake and cup of coffee, in preference to tea and hard biscuits on board. At that time it was full of religious cranks, who held revival meetings, and even then prophesied the city would be destroyed on account of its wickedness, which, of course, it afterwards was, but I do not know if that was the reason for it.

The mate dragged me up to one of these meetings one night, no doubt thinking it would do me good, and after it was over a dear old lady, who looked like an out-of-work washerwoman, came round to inquire after our souls. I heard her ask the mate about his, and heard him whisper gently, "I am trying to lead a better life." As his language at times left much to be desired, like most mates of that time, I nearly fell off my seat with amazement.

Finally she reached me, and asked how I was. When I replied I felt quite all right, she suddenly grasped my hand and said how glad she was to know I was saved. I am afraid I rather damped her ardour when I told her I thought she was referring to my health.

(*Generally known as "The Gubbins."—Editor.)

Another lady, a doctor's wife, often invited a crowd of apprentices to religious gatherings at her house. As tea and cakes were served I need not say how joyfully we accepted her invitation. We would have gone anywhere and listened to any twaddle in those days, so long as we got tea and cakes.

As usual, a lot of our men deserted, and after completion of discharge we proceeded to Portland, Oregon, to load wheat for home, completing at Astoria. Our new crew came on board there, and very drunk they were. One man had a bugle, which he could play beautifully, and as soon as he arrived on board he favoured us with "Annie Laurie." It sounded very fine, echoing round the hills, but it must have upset him, for immediately afterwards he decided he would swim ashore again and had to be forcibly restrained by the other members of the crew. Being winter time, he certainly would never have reached it.

At that time there was a very notorious boarding master in Astoria, whose name perhaps I had better not mention. The houses on the sea front were then built on piles, over the water. He was reputed to have a trap-door in his office, and when he had a man to ship in any "hard-case" packet, the unsuspecting seaman was called in for a chat and manoeuvred over this, when the bolt was suddenly drawn and down he dropped into a boat waiting to receive him, getting a clout over the head on arrival. When he came to his senses he found himself on a Yankee three skysail-yarder, bound round the Horn.

He also had the reputation of shipping clergymen, doctors, and even dead men. Whenever we got our crew on board at any of these Pacific coast ports, they were always very carefully examined by the mate, to see if they were alive, or dead, for, needless to say, they were too drunk to stand and were bundled on deck like sacks of flour.

We were about 120 days on the passage to Falmouth, for orders, and proceeded to Havre to discharge. From Havre we went to Tilbury Dock to load, and I went home for a month's well-earned rest.

My second voyage I hope to give in another article.

J.H.B.

The P.S.N.C., R.M.S. *Orcoma*, at Juan Fernandez, better known as Robinson Crusoe's Island, whither she conveyed a large party of tourists.

Ceres

A Wonderful Record

The following information concerning the 117-years'-old ketch *Ceres* has been kindly given me by Captain W. W. Petherick, her owner, and he has consented to my using this in writing her history for *Sea Breezes*.

There seems to be no doubt but that *Ceres* is our oldest sailing vessel still in active service, and that after 117 years of strenuous work she is still in perfect condition and good for many more years' service, speaks equally well for her builder and owner.

Ceres was built at Salcombe in 1811, where she belonged until 1830, and while owned there several times crossed the Bay of Biscay to Spain for cargoes of fruit, nuts etc., and in those days was considered to be the fastest little vessel in the three channels. She was then smack-rigged and registered 34 tons, 54 tons burthen.

She first came to Bude, where she is now owned, in 1826 with a cargo of timber from Plymouth, and was first owned in Bude by a Captain Knowles, who in 1830 brought in and discharged twenty cargoes of coal from Wales. In 1842 Captain W. Lewis purchased her and still traded to Bude.

Weathered out many storms.

In 1852 she was purchased by Captain Petherick's father, and has been owned by this family ever since. In 1862 Captain W. W. Petherick took over the command of the little vessel, and found that she wanted dry-docking for repairs. While in dry-dock Captain Petherick was persuaded to have her lengthened, which he did. Fifteen feet was put into her amidships, and she was ketch-rigged. When completed she registered 52 tons, and carried 85 tons. Captain Petherick then took her in the general coasting trade. She carried many cargoes of barley for the whisky distilleries in the Western Islands of Scotland, Campelltown, Troon, Ayr, Ardrossan, etc., and visited almost every port in Ireland from Londonderry south-about to Limerick in the west. From there it was generally oats to the English Channel ports, Channel Islands, London, Malden, Ipswich, etc.

As to the sea-worthiness of the little vessel, I can do no better than quote Captain Petherick's own words. He says, "I have weathered out many storms and hurricanes in her, and she was always all there; everyone who went in her considered her to be one of the best sea boats afloat."

In 1884 Captain W. W. Petherick left the sea to take over his father's business, and he was succeeded in the command of *Ceres* by his brother, Captain R. W. Petherick, who is her skipper to-day, having been in her over 50 years.

On 7th November, 1900 she was caught in Bude Bay in a heavy nor'-west gale. A large Italian barque, the *Congecionne*, who was miles to windward of Ceres, went ashore close to Bude during the night. *Ceres* worked out of the Bay and ran for Padstow. She entered the harbour safely, but with an ebb tide and an eddy wind she had to let go both anchors when under the dangerous Steppet Point. She struck the rocks, but the crew managed to jump ashore. At low water they were able to get aboard again, and that night she was towed to Padstow Pier, where she was repaired.

In 1912 a bold step was taken by her owner, who had the vessel fitted with a semi-diesel engine, and this turned out a complete success. During the war, when Bude Bay was a hot bed of German submarines, and most

A happy little group taken on board our liner *Orcoma*, previous to her arrival at Havana (Cuba).

of the coasters were penned in their harbours, *Ceres*, with the aid of this engine, was able to make regular trips to Bristol and South Wales ports, and bring back cargoes of grain, flour, groceries, etc. Her shallow draft allowed her to keep near to the rocks and sands, where the submarines could not submerge, and she was thus able to successfully evade them.

That *Ceres* is standing the test of time is evident from the fact that in the last five years she has carried over forty cargoes of slag and thirty of flour without damage.

She made the record number of passages for any ships between Bude and Cardiff and Port Talbot during October, 1927. They were as follows :

Saturday, Oct. 8th.—Arrived Bude. Discharged. Sailed for Port Talbot.

Sunday, Oct. 9th.—Arrived Port Talbot.

Monday, Oct. 10th.—Loaded slag. Sailed for Bude.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th.—Arrived Bude. Discharged. Sailed for Port Talbot.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th.—Arrived Port Talbot. Loaded slag and sailed for Bude.

Thursday, Oct. 13th.—Arrived Bude. Discharged. Sailed for Cardiff.

Friday, Oct. 14th.—Arrived Cardiff on evening tide, having had strong wind against her.

Saturday, Oct. 15th.—Loaded flour. Sailed for Bude.

Sunday, Oct. 16th.—Arrived Bude, having made this passage from dock to dock in one tide.

Bude Harbour is 14 miles S.W. of Hartland Point. There is water in for three hours on each spring tide, and those who know the difficulty of a small coaster rounding Hartland Point, with its strong race of tide, will appreciate the last-mentioned passage from Cardiff Dock to Bude in one tide.

I am sure all readers of *Sea Breezes* will join me in wishing *Ceres* a further long lease of active life.

R. P. Hirst.

HOUSE-FLAG.—A diagonal silver bar on a red field.

FLEET.—Mostly named after well-known yachts. The earlier ships were fine and
else. In its palmiest days (1901), the fleet numbered 11 vessels, with an aggregate

Date Built.	Name.	Rig.	Tons.	Length.	Breadth	Depth.	Builders.
1875	*Oimara* ...	3-m. ship (iron)	1354	241·4	37·1	21·4	C. Connell & Glasgow.
1878	*Fiery Cross* ...	3-m. bq. (iron)	1399	248·0	38·0	21·8	do.
1878	*Fiona* ...	3-m. bq. (iron)	1399	248·0	38·0	21·8	do.
1882	*Pinmore* ...	4-m. bq. (steel) (bald-headed)	2286	316·1	43·7	24·7	A. Reid & C Glasgow.
1882	*Vanduara* ...	4-m. bq. (iron)	1916	291·8	42·0	24·0	C. Connell & Glasgow.
1891	*Arethusa* ...	3-m. bq. (steel)	1198	231·0	36·1	20·5	A. McMillan & Dumbarto
1891	*Thistle* ...	4-m. bq. (steel)	2192	284·0	42·5	24·7	C. Connell &
1891	*Calluna* ...	3-m. bq. (steel)	...	...	...	...	...
1892	*Annasona* ...	3-m. bq. (steel)	1372	239·0	36·1	21·6	C. Connell &
1892	*Valkyrie* ...	3-m. ship (steel) (bald-headed)	2270	283·3	42·5	24·5	do.
1892	*Varana* ...	3-m. ship (steel)	1965	272·0	40·0	23·6	do.
1892	*Samoena* ...	do.	1962	272·0	40·0	23·6	do.
1894	*Zinita* ...	3-m. bq. (steel)	1525	251·2	38·1	21·6	do.

s Fleet

sels, but the latest additions to the fleet were well-built cargo-carriers and nothing of 18,285 tons. They all hailed from Greenock. -Rex Clements.

ice.	Captain.	Remarks.
8	Brown (1898)	1898, Gravesend to Melbourne, 74 days. Subsequent voyage dismasted and beat into Hobson's Bay under jury rig. 1903 (Sept. 27), Lost by stranding.
0)	...	1908 (about), sold to Norwegians.
.	...	Sister ship to *Fiery Cross*.
5	Maxwell	1890, Liverpool to Calcutta, 101 days. 1893, 'Frisco to Queenstown, 114 days. Beat *City of Athens*, *Lord Templemore*, *Lochee* and *Bowden*. 1894, Cardiff to 'Frisco, 110 days. 1895, 'Frisco to Queenstown, 95 days. 1901, Sta. Rosalia to Portland, Oreg., abandoned but salved. 1917, Sunk by *Seeadler* (*Pass of Balmaha*) Buenos Ayres to the Channel. Von Luckner had been an A.B. in the *Pinmore* in 1902, and he said she was the fastest ship he had ever been aboard. Then owned by J. Kerr & Co.
5	Carrance ('80's)	1885, Deal to Auckland, 77 days. 1887, Auckland to New York, 71 days. 1917, Sunk by German submarine.
7	Wilson ('90's) Bate (1903-10) Penicuik Findlay (1917)	On maiden voyage lost all hands in Rio from Yellow Jack. 1899, Partially dismasted in cyclone in Indian Ocean. 1902, Chinchas to London, 84 days. 1904, Raced *Glenafton* to Durban. 1912, Stranded on English Bank, but re-floated. 1917 (April 23) Sunk by German submarine off Eagle Island.
5	McNeill (-1905)	1905 (Nov. 8), Lost on Palmerston Reef, S. Pacific, on passage to 'Frisco.
.	Maitland (1895)	Built for J. Carswell; bought by J. D. Clink about 1897. 1905, Held up in Newcastle, N.S.W. by strike; sailed for Puget Sound.
6	Blackstock (-1907)	1906, Liverpool to Moreton Bay, 81 days. Local papers commented on her smart appearance. 1907 (Jan. 18), On passage from Callao to Newcastle, N.S.W., wrecked on Middleton Reef, Tasman Sea.
9	Maitland (1892-4)	1893, Cardiff to San Diego; raced *Sterling*, *A. G. Ropes*, and *Tillie E. Starbuck*, round Horn and up Pacific. 1901, Lost by collision.
8		1900, Went missing.
8)	Boyce (1892-1906) Thompson (1906-1910)	1898, Nagasaki to Astoria, 62 days (65 guineas for re-ins.). 1903, United States to Barbadoes, 114 days (25 guineas for re-ins.). 1908, Caleta Colosa to U.K., 132 days. 1910, Iquique to the Channel, 143 days. 1910, Sold to Russians for £3,250.
6)		1905, Held up for five months in Newcastle, N.S.W. 1907, U.K. to Astoria; put into Bahia owing to trouble with crew. 1908-9, Tyne to Seattle, 276 days (40 guineas paid for re-ins.). 1910, Sold to Norwegians.

(For a number of the above facts I am indebted to Mr. Basil Lubbock.)

A Smart Passage by *Falls of Dee*

A Race with the *Province*

At Newcastle, N.S.W., on May 3rd, I joined the *Falls of Dee*, built at Greenock, 1,845 tons register. As we stood before the "shipping master," the Captain of the *Falls of Dee* said quietly: "Men, I am going to try and break the record from Newcastle to Coquimbo on this passage. If we do so, I will give you £10 between you, and a day's liberty."

An elderly man, Morrison by name, a Nova Scotian, spoke up, saying: "What is the record, sir?"

"Thirty-seven days, four hours," answered Captain Sinclair, "and was made by a vessel named the *John o' Gaunt*. The last time I crossed to Coquimbo I did so in forty-nine days; I hope to do better this time."

"Cracked on."

In due course we sailed, leaving Newcastle at approximately 1 p.m. on May 5th. Rumour had it that we were to race the *Province*, a four-masted barque, of Liverpool; she was sailing on the same day and, like our ship, was bound to Coquimbo; there was some talk of a wager.

After leaving port our Captain decided to make a southerly passage to clear New Zealand; the worst of luck was with us, day after day baffling head winds, with many curses for the seeming stupidity of a southerly passage. At last, after eleven days out from Newcastle, we cleared New Zealand with a following gale.

Captain Sinclair was a quiet man, and a daring seaman; he "cracked on" as gale succeeded gale; as we "smoked through it" he would calmly walk the poop, smiling with delight.

A tantalizing experience.

On the night of our thirty-sixth day, we sighted a light situated some fifteen or twenty miles south of Coquimbo. As it was too dangerous to make harbour that night, the order came, "All hands ware ship at eight bells" (8 p.m.). Everyone was elated, we still had nearly twenty-four hours in hand to make port, and it appeared as though the record was as good as broken. From 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. we stood off from the land, then we wore ship again and stood in; the breeze was still strong. At 8 a.m. we lay in a flat calm, less than twenty miles from our destination. Our racing time would be past at 5 p.m.; how we whistled for a breeze.

That night, at 6.30 p.m., a small coasting steamer drew near, and hailing us in English the master of the steamer warned our captain that he

was dangerously near the land. "I know perfectly well where I am," replied Captain Sinclair, "but I want to make Coquimbo to-night; will you tow me in?"

After some haggling, £20 was agreed upon. The captain of the steamer sent a boat with a light line to which we bent our hawser. In a little while we heard a shout to "make fast." Almost as soon as we could answer "all fast," a shower of sparks flew from our bitts as the wire surged and tore at the steel bollards. It was quite evident that the steamer was not starting off slowly, the hawser slackened, then, as the steamer's stern light drew further away from us, we heard a voice shouting, "I've got nothing to hold you, your hawser's parted."

A welcome consolation prize.

There was nothing left for us to do but to pull in the hawser, and what a job is was, about twenty fathoms of twelve-inch Manilla, and nearly forty fathoms of five-inch steel wire. The Manilla had parted at the eye which was on the steamer's bitts. You may imagine the job we had to haul it in. Again we hauled our yards round, and stood off from the land, and sailed into Coquimbo next day, and let go our anchor, roughly speaking, thirty-seven days twenty-three hours from port to port.

We did not get the £10, but Captain Sinclair sent forward two bottles of the best "Scotch." The *Province* arrived when we were more than half discharged; she took fifty-two days in the crossing.

J. Shields.

The *Falls of Dee*, of Greenock, subject of above article. Photo sent by Mr. J. Shields.

The Landlubbers' Page

By The Editor.

One of our correspondents, who describes himself as a "Landlubber," in a recent letter to me bewails the fact that, by reason of his (natural) ignorance of terms nautical, contained in the majority of articles appearing in *Sea Breezes*, he is "all-at-sea" when perusing them. He concludes with the suggestion that I devote a small space in the Magazine each month to the purpose of alleviating the distress prevalent among our longshoremen readers, owing to that ignorance.

I therefore published the first instalment in the July issue, together with a request that my effort be not to severely criticised by the "shellback" proportion of "Sea Breezers."

Nautical terms and their definitions continued :—

Landlubbers are advised to have their copy of *Sea Breezes* open at an illustration of a ship in full sail, as a reference to the same will greatly facilitate their study of the definitions.

Masts :—	Foremast.	Main Mast.	Mizzenmast.
Sails :—(Standing on deck and looking up) :—			
	Foresail.	Mainsail.	Crojack.
	Fore lower topsail.	Main do.	Mizen do.
	Fore upper topsail.	Main do.	Mizen do.
	Fore lower topgallant.	Main do.	Mizen do.
	Fore upper topgallant.	Main do.	Mizen do.
	Fore Royal.	Main do.	Mizen do.

The foregoing are all square sails.

Staysails (three-cornered), common to main and mizzenmasts—

Topmast staysail, topgallant staysail, royal staysail.

The three-cornered sails which set from the jibboom and bowsprit are :—

From jibboom end looking aft : Flying jib, outer jib, inner jib and fore topmast staysail.

The two sails which set behind the mizzenmast are, respectively—

The spanker, and gaff topsail, similar to those carried by a yacht.

Studding sails (pro. stunsails), auxiliary small square sails, occasionally carried by "clippers" in fine weather to augment their speed.

Skysails—Carried by some ships above the royals.

Moonraker—Have never been shipmates with one, but believe it to be a triangular sail which could be set above the skysail, and can quite imagine it was more nuisance than it was worth.

You may occasionally read of a ship being "hove to" under a goose-winged fore lower topsail; this means that the half of the sail nearest the wind was furled; the remaining portion being the only canvas the vessel dare expose to the wind; usually of hurricane force.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

Foreword.

With a view to preventing misunderstanding on the part of would-be contributors, and also to obviate controversy in connection with their articles, their attention is drawn to the following paragraphs :—

1. All articles submitted for publication are accepted (providing they are suitable) on the understanding that they are voluntary contributions.

2. Contributors are asked to make sure of their facts, as regards their authenticity, as failure in that respect is liable to lead to controversy.

An Appeal to *Sea Breezers*.

The article running across the centre page of this issue, under the heading of " J. D. Clink's Fleet," has been submitted to me for publication, together with the author's hopes that other " Sea Breezers " may be induced to follow suit. The Magazine already has its " Signal Station," which records the movements of sailing ships actually in service; but, how about an antithesis, under the heading of, say, " Windjammers' Roll of Honour," giving a list, similar to that mentioned above, of the sailing ships once owned in Great Britain, and what ultimately became of them? I feel confident that such would be much appreciated by our readers.

Mr. Rex Clements has been good enough to " lead off " with his " sample " article, " J. D. Clink's Fleet." Now, " Sea Breezers !"

EDITOR.

Sofia, ex *Quatro Hermanos*, ex *Cavour*, ex *Commonwealth*.

Built 1875, by Russell, Port Glasgow, and is noteworthy as the No. 1 in Russell's long list of sailing ships. She was an iron ship of 1,414 gross tonnage, dimensions 237.5ft. by 36.2ft. by 21.6ft., poop 41ft. long, forecastle 31ft. She was the first iron ship owned by Stewart & Co., London, and was for a long time in the Colonial and Calcutta trades. Her first captain was Captain J. E. Cooper, who commanded her for the first twenty years of her existence. He was succeeded by his nephew, Captain George Cooper. About 1909 she was sold to a firm in Genoa and was re-named *Cavour*. She was later on sold to a Peruvian firm, her last name being *Sofia*. She finished her career by sinking at her moorings in Antofagasto Harbour in 1927.

S. C. FORREST.

(A picture of the *Sofia* appears on page 196.—ED.).

" Touch and go " with the *Lismore*.

The full-rigged ship *Lismore*, of Glasgow, 1,600 net register, left Hamburg for New York with general cargo in the autumn of 1891, and shortly after leaving she encountered strong easterly gales, which blew away most of her sails, and in this condition she drove down to the westward of the Shetlands. The wind then shifted to the west. The *Lismore*, with what sails she had that were of use, was steered before the wind until, one dark night, land was sighted ahead, which proved to be the west side

A fine painting of the *Lismore* by Mr. T. W. Scott, and lent by him, to illustrate his notes given below.

of Shetland, close to the entrance of Scalloway Harbour. Finding that the ship was embayed, both anchors were let go, she dragged a considerable distance before bringing up, damaging her windlass at the same time. At daylight next morning she was observed flying signals of distress. A large fishing boat, called the Freedom, was got under way, and sailed out to the *Lismore*, but, owing to the heavy sea, nothing could be done. The *Freedom* cruised around in the vicinity of the *Lismore* all day in the hope of the weather moderating, which it did during the evening. The Lismore then got out one of her boats and transferred all the crew, 25 in number, except the captain and first mate, to the *Freedom*, which landed them at Scalloway that night. The mail steamer *Queen* arrived at Scalloway that night also, and a local crew of seamen went out next day with the *Queen*. The *Lismore* had to slip both anchors and chains owing to her broken windlass. However, she arrived at Scalloway in tow of the *Queen* on the 16th October, 1891, where she lay for three weeks, finally leaving for Glasgow in tow of the tug *Flying Vulture*, arriving all well at her destination.

Penrhyn Castle.

Bo'sun A. Kitchen, Wallasey, writes :—Seeing an article regarding some of Robert Thomas & Co.'s ships, I can give the following information of the *Penrhyn Castle*, three-masted barque, having served in her as bo'sun. Left the Brunswick Dock for Melbourne, and anchored in the Mersey, taking in powder for four days. Hove up; got the pilot aboard; and was towed down the river as far as the Tuscar Rock. Made sail and started for Melbourne. Got to the bay, and ran into a north-west gale, where we lost everything—boats, deck-house, binnacles, companion, the wheel, three sets of sail, in fact nothing was left. We tried to make headway to put back to Falmouth under goose-wing main lower topsail; how we got there was more by good luck. Eventually we reached there, dropped anchor, refitted, and proceeded again to Melbourne; the voyage out taking seven months, arriving there all right. From there, we went to Williamstown for a cargo of wheat for Cape Town. When ready for sea, I cleared out.

When she got to Cape Town the second mate, Mr. White, cleared out. And when the ship left Cape Town for Albany, Western Australia, she foundered, 1911, with all hands. This was the last of the *Penrhyn Castle*, the master being Captain Jones, mate Mr. Sinclair. I hope these few lines will interest Captain Saul, who has been asking for ships of his old firm.

The Fate of some Famous Ships.

George Thompson—

Wooden ship, built in 1865 by Hood, of Aberdeen, for the Aberdeen Line, 1,128 tons, 209ft. by 36ft. by 22ft. 4in. She was a remarkably fast vessel, and in 1865 came home from Melbourne in 64 days. She was sold to Australian owners and later to Chilians, by whom she was lost on 13th June, 1902. She held the record for the round voyage, Sydney to Puget Sound and back (1886, Captain J. Barneson), four months two days gross.

Ambassador—

Composite ship, 692 tons, built 1869 by Walker, London, as a tea clipper for Wm. Lund (d., 1928). She was one-hatted, and cut down to a barque. Sold to Norwegians and condemned in 1896.

Mary Mark—

Wooden barque, 258 tons, built by Shuttleworth, at Shoreham, in 1866, for M. Bark, of Liverpool, 125ft. by 25ft. by 12.8ft. Noted trader to Belize, and her commander, Captain E. Pirouet, was well known. Broken up in 1900.

Broughton—

One of Mr. Ismay's early ships. Built of iron in 1868 by Harland and Wolff, 580 G.R., 166ft. by 26.5ft. by 18.3ft. Sold several times and lost in 1902.

Compta—

Transport for elephants in Abyssinian war. Built of iron in 1864 by Duncan, Port Glasgow, for E. Bates & Co., Liverpool, 1,053 tons, 203ft. 4in. by 34ft. 6in. by 20ft. 8in. Missing 1887. Believed to be one of the vessels notorious by Mr. Plimsoll in his campaign against Bully Bates.

Answers to Mr. C. E. O. Uhlenback's queries in the April number.

Sophocles is still afloat under her own name. She was owned by Flli Dufour, of Genoa, in 1923, who may be her present owners.

William Mitchell was sold to German shipbreakers for £2,100 and was broken up at Ostend at the beginning of this year.

Guardadora was built as *Osborne* in 1892, by W. H. Potter, of Liverpool, for Messrs. MacVicar, Marshall, of the same port. She was sold about 1911 to E. C. Schramm, of Bremen, and re-named *J. C. Vinnen*. Interned in Chili during the war, she was bought by the P.S.N.C. and converted to a hulk in Valparaiso Harbour after the Armistice.

Mr. E. McDonald asks about the *Thessalus*. She was built by Barclay, Curle in 1874, for A. and J. Carmichael's Golden Fleece Line. She made two good passages from Calcutta to London in 1875 (97 days) and in 1877 (90 days). Her best passage was from London to Melbourne in 1878. She was then 73 days port to port.

In 1898 she was sold to the Swedes, and for ten years sailed in the Baltic-Australia trade with timber. She was broken up in 1909.

Reply to enquiry by Mr. Fred J. Crate.

Eten, 1,134 tons. Lost 15/7/1877, off Ventura Point, Chili Coast, North of Valparaiso; of her passengers and crew only 35 were saved, 120 being drowned. It was stated at the time that the catastrophe might perhaps be attributed to change in the direction of the currents, as a result of the great earthquake of that year.

C. A. Watters.

Book Review.

A book has now been published under the title of "Nautical Stability," which should prove both a welcome and an essential addition to the library of all shipmasters and officers. It is not a textbook full of formidable mathematical formulæ, but rather, an interesting and profusely illustrated guide for the officer, whose chief concern is to keep a strict eye upon the vertical position of the centre of gravity of his ship, throughout the process of loading; not merely for the sake of eliminating the risk of her capsizing, but also to minimise the discomfort which heavy rolling invariably occasions.

"Nautical Stability for the Use of Shipmasters, Officers and Others," by Thomas Graham, B.Ss., M.I.N.A. Price 2/6. Published by Chas. Birchall, Ltd., Liverpool.

Tragic Fate of the Revenue Cutter *Active*.

The photo of the revenue cutter *Active* shows her acting as flagship at the Scalloway Regatta. This vessel used to be stationed at Shetland every summer in the old smuggling days. The *Active* came to a tragic end, driving from her anchors on to the Granton breakwater, almost the whole of her crew of 26 men being lost.

Thomas W. Scott.

The Revenue Cutter *Active* from a painting by the author of the above notes, Mr. Thos. W Scott.

Reminiscences of an old Sea Captain

My First Voyage to Sea

Chapter II.

As stated in a previous article, I made my first trip to sea in the s.s. *Gassendi*, of the Lamport & Holt Line. She was a flush-deck ship, brigantine rigged, of about 900 tons net register. She was commanded by Captain Armstrong; her officers were Messrs. Glasspool, Talbot and Leary; her engineers, Simpson, Bryant and Jones, "Archie" being the store-keeper and appeared to be the chief's right-hand man. With a little thought I might be able to name the seamen and firemen, "Lamps" and "Chips," but the only man in whom I am really interested in naming is William Code, A.B., who had been shipmates with an older brother of mine, and who taught me to heave the lead, splice a rope, pass seizing, etc., which was more interesting to me than peeling potatoes for the cook, Davy Roose, or assisting the only steward, Abel Leggett, a small but smart man, by the way.

Two celebrated fever ports of the seventies.

We left Liverpool August 10th, 1877, bound for the Plate, calling at St. Vincent, C.V.I., where we saw the old *Chimborazo*, en route for Australia with passengers, who were amusing themselves by throwing coins overboard for the native boys to retrieve, which they unfailingly did. We made the passage to Monte Video in about thirty-one days, proceeded to B.A., discharging part of our cargo into iron schooners. On to Rosario to complete discharge and take on part homeward cargo, then down river to San Nicholas and San Pedro to take on a consignment of hides for Antwerp. It was pleasant to listen to the musical chant of the men who were throwing the hides down the chute, calling the tally, una, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez ta-tra, meaning, I thought, ten and tally. Proceeded to Santos, and while going up the Santos river, able-seaman Code, my good friend, gave an exhibition of artistic lead throwing that was a sight to see, even Chief Officer Glasspool, who was on the bridge with the captain, remarked what a fine seaman Code was. He described two circles with the lead before he threw it forward almost to the hawse-pipe; once he made three circles as an exhibition, droning in his melodious baritone, "And a h-a-a-a-alf eleven" when calling the water, or "By the mark ten," and, young as I was, I was thrilled. Santos was a deadly hole in those days, and we were glad to get away without losing any member of our crew. We called at Bahia for bunkers, the work being superintended by an overseer with a whip, for slavery was still in force. At Bahia, if one did not want to get a shower of refuse over him, he had to carry an umbrella, for garbage was thrown out of windows with indiscriminate carelessness, but on the next and last visit to Bahia, as master of the last sailing ship I commanded, with a cargo of coal for the French Company, in 1912, I found Bahia quite a different place.

The figurehead of the ship *Samuel Plimsoll*. Compare this with the cover picture

We put in at Madeira for bunkers and proceeded to Antwerp, thence to Liverpool, where the writer was "paid off," later to start his real sea career as an apprentice in sail. I cannot conclude this article without paying a tribute to A.B. W. Code, who proved a friend in need. He was a rough diamond but had a kindly heart. I wrote his letters for him, my experience as a junior correspondent in the School Board Office serving me in good stead, as it did in a greater degree in after years. I myself, in later years, practised the two-circle throw of the lead, and quite fancied myself. I have since witnessed the heaving of the lead by men in the P.S.N.C. and C.S.A.V. steamers entering the West Coast ports, but I never met or saw a man who could give the artistic exhibition that "Billy" did when going up Santos river in the old *Gassendi* in 1877.

My next offering will give some of my experiences while serving my four years' apprenticeship in the barque *Gallovidian*, of Liverpool.

Captain J. Jones.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

The heat wave in England seems to have been the turning point in the "Men's Dress Reform" movement which was started quite a time ago by some well-known gentlemen over here. All men interested in healthier and better clothes are invited to join the Reform Party, the purpose of which is to discuss the means whereby men may reform their clothes with as much profit to health and appearance as women have recently achieved. Membership entails no obligation to carry out immediate personal reform, but enables those interested to keep in touch with the movement.

Ideal Dress for Men.

There are actors, authors, artists, and at least one "gloomy dean" on the committee. A physician writing of the reform says: "We want to make men's clothing less ugly, unhealthy and cumbersome. The less clothing we wear the better it is for us. The ideal dress for men is an open-neck shirt and a pair of shorts. I have been playing tennis in shorts for the past fourteen years, and nothing would make me go back to long trousers. Perhaps the first thing to abolish is the collar stud. Then men have far too many buttons to trouble them. If they would take up dress reform they would be able to dress in a couple of minutes."

Now all this is probably true, but the thing wants carefully going into. Of course, we would expect authors, artists and actors to take up such a movement because their professions and their temperaments make the world take a lenient view of their dress. As a small girl I have never forgotten the sight of a well-known playwright and author coming down the street clad in a velvet suit of a yellowy-greeny shade, worn with a flat collar and flowing "Chelsea" tie and topped by a wide-awake hat. Those who knew who he was made allowances for they knew that this man had written a few "best sellers," and those who didn't know who he was simply stared and stared.

The Elusive Collar Stud.

But just suppose you intend visiting your stockbroker, your doctor, your clergyman or any of the tradesmen. What would you think if they turned up clad in an open-necked shirt and shorts? Men always talk of wearing tight collars. Why are they tight? As a school girl I was compelled to wear a stiff white linen collar, but it was never tight and always low enough to allow my ears fair play. Get the measurement of your neck and see the collar is larger. So long as a collar is perfectly clean nothing else is asked of it. And then this stud business; for those men whose arms—and tempers—are short and whose figures preclude grovelling under the bedroom furniture, what about a dozen studs and even two dozen, placed around at convenient intervals? Why this slavish devotion to *one* stud? No gentleman would think of having only one shirt or one hat or one suit—even his trousers are made in duplicate. Why this parsimony over the studs?

As long as one of the objects of the men's dress reform is to make their clothes *less ugly*, they cannot adopt either shorts or an open-necked shirt. The majority are too "knobbly," too bony and too angular. As a matter of fact I like quite young boys in long trousers more than in shorts, and on Sunday last down at our local "Lido," we were all in favour of a long trousered flapper, as she looked far more graceful than her friend who was in white linen shorts. Would women wear any of the things they do wear simply because they are more healthy? The clothes that are in vogue now have truly earned their popularity. Note the girls who adopt the "bare legs" fashion at the tennis tournaments. Are they the ones whose limbs are mottled with scorching before big fires in winter time? Or those whose scars tell of days on the hockey field before shin guards were introduced? Definitely no. Anything, as a rule, that a girl displays is worth looking at and I defy anybody, from Owen Nares downwards (or upwards, for that matter), to look attractive in the proposed clothes. In my opinion dress means far more to a man than to a woman, and anyone who turns up at the office wearing shorts and an open-necked shirt deserves the job they give him!

I notice that M. Andre de Fourquieres, France's "Beau Brummel," considers the following articles necessary for the well-dressed man :— Fifteen lounge suits and dress suits; 15 hats; 20 pairs of gloves of various colours; 15 pairs of shoes; 20 pairs of silk socks; 20 woollen socks; 48 shirts of different colours; 40 ties; handkerchiefs and underclothing in proportion! No man who has to earn his living can afford to trifle with these new ideas.

GWEN.

A once fascinating "Watch below" pastime in sailing ships. This is a model of the *Sir Lancelot*, made and inserted in a limejuice bottle by Capt. J. Jones, while second mate of the *Cadzow Forest* in 1885.

The Men of the Merchant Service

(Copyright.)

Hold your peace, ye fireside praters,
Come and listen to my spiel;
It is easy, very easy, to discuss the common weal.
But ye know not what ye speak of,
Not a tithe what ye should know—
What ye live on, where it comes from,
Makes no difference, on you go.

Sitting round your curtained ingle,
You can laugh, and well afford,
At the cruel winter's storm blast,
For of coals, you have a hoard.
But your thoughts you never centre
On the ship that brings them home,
On the gallant men that man her,
Through the winter's cheerless foam.

Beating up the crowded channel,
But a step 'twixt life and death,
Since the fog, of foes the greatest,
Snatches at their very breath.
They can't tell, when down upon them,
Some big liner, homeward bound,
Cuts into them—then they fathom
Ocean's depths, with scarce a sound.

On the icy North Sea's "Dogger,"
Men of sterling worth are found;
Men to man an Empire's Navy
Toil upon this fishing ground.
Here they slave the months of winter,
Work themselves to skin and bone,
For the means of life demand that
They must think of those at home.

Heaven's great elements defying,
Bridging o'er Life's chasm small,
In their hands their lives they carry,
Chance their souls, their very all.
Many hair-breadth 'scapes their fortune,
And their lives oft pay the toll;
But these things you never think of,
We oft trade with human souls.

See that big four-masted clipper,
Laden to the hatch with corn?
She's been striving, struggling, fighting,
Almost wrecked, to round the Horn.
But she beat up to the nor'ard,
After many weary days,
And again will sail the ocean
South'ard to the Antipodes.

In the dock she looked a picture,
Off the Horn a very Hell;
All her sails to ribbons tattered;
God! we thought we heard our knell.
You, ye landsmen, you can't fathom
What it costs to bring your food.
Do you know your life is ofttimes
Purchased with the Mariners' Blood?

Thus it is on every ocean
Our great Mercantile Marine,
Bearing many precious cargoes,
Every day God sends is seen.
Battleships may hold our prestige,
Backed by diplomatic guns,
But one thing our country's proud of
Is her merchant sailor sons.

J. McMaster.

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

The Alaska Packers' Association has announced that this will probably be the last year of sail in their fishing fleet. The *Star of Alaska* and *Star of Holland* are the only two of the once famous fleet to go North this year. As late as 1922 the Star fleet left San Francisco for the fishing grounds 20 strong, and last year five vessels were sent North, one of them, *Star of Falkland* being wrecked. When the crew of the *Star of Holland* were making sail after casting off the tug *Sea Scout*, one of them fell from aloft and was drowned. *Star of Holland* was originally named *Zemindar*, and was built by Harland & Wolff at Belfast in 1885, for the White Star Line. She is a steel barque of 2,301 tons.

Archibald Russell—Finnish four-mast barque. Sailed Cardiff, 11th July, for the Baltic. 18th July passed Dover.

Beatrice.—Swedish four-mast barque, ex *Routenburn*. Sailed Gothenburg, 22nd June, for Gefle, and arrived 1st July. She is loading for Australia.

Bonneveine.—French barque. Rotterdam, 11th July, for Noumea.

Bossuet.—French barque. Sailed Havre 18th April, and arrived Black River 18th June.

C. B. Pedersen.—Swedish four-mast barque. Sailed Queenstown 16th June, and arrived Rotterdam 23rd June.

Carl Vinnen.—German aux. five-mast schooner. Flushing 10th July for Buenos Aires.

Favell.—Finnish barque. Arrived off Queenstown 17th July, 118 days from Wallaroo. This compares favourably with her homeward passage last year of 200 days from Geelong. Ordered to Birkenhead.

Garthpool.—British four-mast barque, ex *Juteopolis*. Arrived Queenstown 18th July. 130 days from Adelaide. As usual she came home by way of the Cape.

Lawhill.—Finnish four-mast barque. Sailed Havre 18th June for Sundsvall, 2nd July passed Elsinore. 11th July arrived. She is loading timber for Australia.

Loch Linnhe—Finnish barque. Arrived London 9th July, 24 days from Skellelftea with a cargo of "split wood." Except for 12 hours in the Kattegat and 36 hours in the North Sea, she encountered head winds all the way. At times she was in company with the barques *Plus*, *Oaklands*, *Sverre* and *Fred*, all bound for London, and quite a fleet of barquentines and schooners bringing timber to England from the Gulf of Bothnia.

Melbourne.—Finnish four-mast barque, ex *Austrasia*. Arrived Melbourne 12th July, 111 days from Oslo with a timber cargo.

Mozart.—Finnish four-mast barquentine. Sailed Queenstown 13th June for Hull, and arrived 26th June.

Oaklands.—Finnish barque. Uleaborg 20th June for London. Passed Elsinore 29th June; the same day as *Loch Linnhe* and *Plus*. Arrived Gravesend 8th July. Has been chartered to load two more cargoes of "split wood" for London this season.

The *Caliph*, a three skysail yard tea Clipper, built in 1869. She was mysteriously lost on her maiden voyage to China.

Oldenburg.—German ship. The report that this vessel sailed from Bremerhaven for the West Indies on 1st April was erroneous. She is bound for Peru.

Pamir.—German four-mast barque. Sailed Hamburg 23rd April, and arrived Talcahuano 7th July, A smart passage of 75 days.

Passat.—German four-mast barque. Sailed Hamburg 20th June for Chile. On the 25th June she was in collision with a steamer off the Royal Sovereign Light, and had to be towed back to Rotterdam by the tug *Hermes*. She seems unlucky as she was in collision off Beachy Head on her last outward passage and sank s.s. *Daphne*.

Plus.—Finnish barque. Sailed Brennfors 19th June for London, and arrived 7th July.

Prompt.—Finnish barque. Umea 6th June for London, and arrived 22nd June. Sailed London 15th July for Elsinore f/o. She has been unable to get a charter to load "split wood," and will probably have to lay up at Mariehamn.

Shakespeare.—Finnish barque. Sailed London 16th July for Trangsund.

Tusitala.—U.S.A. ship, ex *Sierre Lucena*. Arrived Colon 22nd June from New York.

Winterhude.—Finnish barque. Sailed Guanape Island, prev. 28th May, for London, 14th June, passed through Panama Canal.

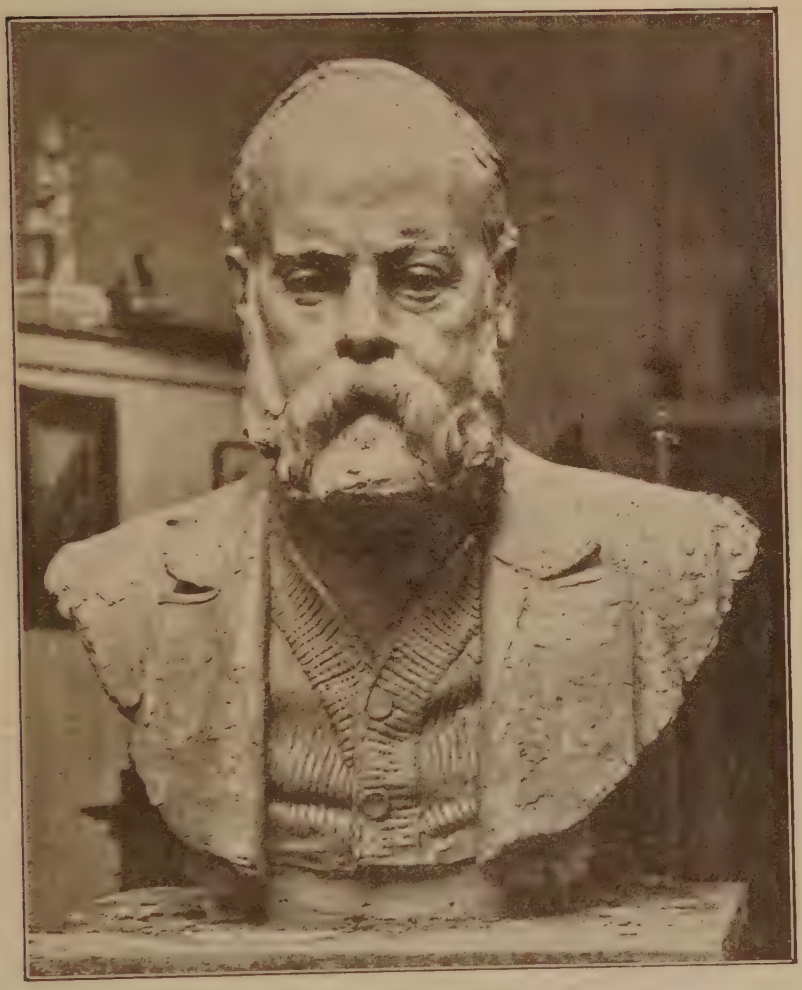
Viking. Danish four-mast barque. The report in the July number of *Sea Breezes* that this vessel had arrived at Gravesend must have been erroneous. After being laid up at Copenhagen for a year and a half, she has been bought by Captain Gustaf Erikson of Mariehamn, and will now fly the Finnish flag. 2,952 tons gross, she was built of steel in 1907 by Burmeister and Wain, for the United Shipping Co., of Copenhagen, who have used her as a training ship until recently. She has a long poop, and is a similar vessel to *Herzogin Cecilie*.

R. H. Swan.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 118, Vol. XII. September, 1929



The bust of Samuel Plimsoll (the Sailors' Friend) now surmounting the bronze Memorial, erected on the Victoria Embankment, London, and unveiled by Sir Walter Runciman, on August 21st, 1929.

The Wreck of the *Amy Turner*

Corroborated by Extracts from Official Log

Chapter I.

Early in May, 1923, the Sub-Editor of the *Melbourne Herald*, with a serious and puzzled look on his face, handed a cable to Hamilton, the shipping reporter. It did not bear the imprint of any regular news agencies, and read as follows :—

> "Four only survivors of *Amy Tucker*, after 1,600 miles' open boat voyage landed at Hinataan, Mendanao, Phillipines. Terrible privations. (Signed) West."

"What do you make of it, Hamilton?" asked the Sub.

"*Amy Turner*?—West?—umph, these names are familiar," said Hamilton, and then, bounding from his chair, he exclaimed, "I've got it, the *Amy Turner* is the barquentine that Captain Charlie West took passage on for Manilla. There's a story in this. Hold the paper till I get back" and he hurriedly left the office to interview the local Marine Department.

The following morning the *Melbourne Herald* gave to the world the first news of this terrible tragedy of the sea, and the relatives of the crew (all Melbourne residents), anxious because of the lengthy passage the *Amy Turner* was making, had their worst fears realised.

Hamilton, of the *Herald*, and the writer of this narrative (Captain Charles West, mentioned above) had been close friends for years, having first met each other when both were young second mates starting out on their careers.

The *Amy Tucker* was a wooden barquentine of 900 tons register, built at Boston, U.S.A., in 1877. She had, like many of her sisters, been seized for debt in Melbourne and put up for sale. Captain Schott, a former Melbourne pilot, purchased her, had her dry docked, repaired, re-surveyed and thoroughly overhauled. She was dispatched early in January, 1923, for Newcastle N.S.W., a charter having been arranged to take a consignment of 1,400 tons of coal to Madrigal Co., at Manilla, in the Phillipine Islands.

The vessel was evidently "hoodooed" from the start. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining a suitable crew, and when finally she got away her first mishap took the form of grounding in the West Channel, and much difficulty was experienced in getting her off. The passage to Newcastle was particularly unpleasant, head winds and hard gales being experienced. A complete suit of sails blown away and one of the crew knocked off the upper topsail yard, the man not being seen again.

Copy of entry in the Official Log of the *Amy Turner*, from Melbourne towards Newcastle, N.S.W. :—

> 18/1/23. 3-15 p.m. Lat. 39 deg. 16 min. S., Long. 148 deg. 2 min. E. When running before a heavy westerly gale, all hands making fast fore upper topsail. After having made sail fast, and the men starting coming down from the yard, Fritz Kollberg, A.B., fell from the port upper topsail yardarm over the side. A life-line was at once thrown towards him, and a man sent aloft to keep a look out for him. The ship was made ready for heaving to. All hands called aft, and after consulting them, all came to the decision that nothing could be done, owing to the mountainous sea and heavy rain thickening.

Finnish four-masted Barque *Pommern*, snapped off Point Lynas, from the Pilot boat. Sent by W. McGregor.

The man was lost sight of about 200 yards astern. The vessel was kept before the gale under mainsail only, it being considered not safe to heave to, on account of being in ballast.

Had the weather moderated, an attempt would have been made to go back and search for him; but the gale increased in force at nightfall, and kept up for 36 hours afterwards.

20/1/23. Signed, Niel Nielsen, master; John de Raupak, first mate; E. R. Fraser, second mate.

The narrative resumed.

Eventually Newcastle was reached, more repairs effected, new sails obtained and a loading berth allotted. The coal being loaded according to regulations, shifting boards surveyed, the *Amy Turner* towed to the farewell buoy, awaiting favourable conditions to put to sea. The writer met the captain at the house of some mutual friends and he was persuaded to take passage to Manilla in the *Amy Turner* instead of awaiting for the Eastern and Australasian steamer, which was his original intention. The captain was taking his young bride with him. The mates were friends of the writer, and the remainder of the crew were all Melbourne men of the better type. Therefore the writer had no compunction in making the trip and eagerly looked forward to feeling the heave of a real ship's keel under him once more.

On the morning of the 28th of January, the tug *Commodore* passed her hawser on board and towed us to sea, the weather being particularly fine, with bright sunshine and fresh south-westerly wind auguring well for a good slant clear off the land. Sail was made quite easily by means of our powerful steam donkey, the tug cast off about two miles clear of the Nobbies, and with the usual dipping of the ensign and a toot on the

Commodore's steam whistle, we said good-bye and commenced our passage in earnest.

"We headed north and all went well,
We ate, we slept and we struck the bell,
And I give you the gospel truth when I state,
The crowd didn't find any fault with the mate."

By the time we had all sail set up to the Royal, we discovered that given good sailing conditions, the *Amy Turner* was no sluggard, and with a smother of creamy foam under her bows, she was soon reeling off a good ten knots with everything drawing.

Everybody was in good spirits when all hands went to dinner, and conversation turned generally on the length of time the passage would take. By four o'clock, everything was secured about the decks, anchors inboard and lashed, cables below, watches set, a glass of grog was served to all hands by the captain's wife, and we settled down as sailors do, into sea routine.

Captain Neïlsen, who commanded the vessel, was a man in the prime of life. Of Danish extraction, he came of a long race of hardy mariners; was a capable navigator and a first-rate seaman. Accompanying him, as before mentioned, was his wife, a young Australian lady, who became very popular with all on board, and by many little acts of courtesy and kindness endeared herself to everybody.

Both mates were experienced in this type of wooden vessel, and had seen naval service during the Great War.

The boatswain, Clifton Cornish (who will figure later as one of the heroes of this story) was one of the finest seamen I have ever been privileged to sail with. He served his time in the famous *Port Jackson*, and had been second mate on big American ships previous to making this voyage. He also had fought with distinction with the Australian Forces and intended to sit for his certificate on the return of the vessel to Australia. A comparatively young man, huge of build, an amateur boxer of repute, long distance swimmer and general all-round athlete, one could not help but admire him, and the efficient manner in which he carried out his duties. To see him gathering up the bunt of a sail, the muscles of his great arms straining like whipcord, and the look of fierce determination on his face, was a sight to be remembered, and his "wire splices" were a thing of beauty to behold.

A typical bird of passage.

Two other members of the crew who stand out in this story were Cornelius Tracy, a typical bird of passage, who had sailed under every flag in existence and fought in nearly every revolution in South American Republics. He never slept in the forecastle, preferring a hammock made by himself, which he slung underneath the foc's'le head, and occupied it every spare moment of his time. Frank Lindholm was the other man of whom you will hear more anon; a splendid seaman and genial companion, who came from a very good Russian Finn family. He had been a voyage or two in the *Olivebank*, and had finally decided to "sign out of Melbourne." A big man in every way. Big of heart and big of body, whose weight was much appreciated on brace or halliards, and Frank was not afraid to use it.

We were a very happy ship and once the coal dust was removed and everything ship-shape and Bristol fashion on deck, work consisted chiefly of sailmaking and getting things into proper trim aloft. New lanyards were

rove off fore and aft, all running gear thoroughly overhauled where necessary, and in all respects everything that a capable master could think of was done to put the vessel in good sound condition as to her gear.

For a wooden ship, the *Amy Turner* did not make a great deal of water, and what she did make was easily got rid of each dog-watch by means of a gasoline engine on the poop with a messenger to the pump-wheel outside the fife rail of the main mast. Exceedingly fine weather conditions prevailed, enabling us to wear the minimum of clothing, and the monotony (if any) was broken by sighting from time to time the various groups of islands that lay on our track. It had been decided, if we made Nauru in daylight, to put in to replenish our supply of benzine. That appealed to us as a welcome break, there was also the probability of fresh provisions and some fruit.

However, in this we were doomed to disappointment, as it was night-time when we passed close to the settlement, and the captain did not deem it advisable to waste the time, so we carried on.

Nothing untoward happened to mar the even tenure of the passage, which had been an exceptionally fine one, until the fiftieth day out. We were then about 300 miles to the southward and eastward of Guam Island, in Lat. 13.26 N., Long. 144.38 E.

In for a spell of bad weather.

Weather conditions now changed rapidly, the wind freshened and the sea began to rise, whilst the sky clouded and dark ominous cloud banks formed all round. Frequent heavy rain squalls broke at intervals and sail was shortened accordingly.

By midnight conditions had become very much worse and the wind was unsteady, chopping about in the squalls from south-east to south-west. The ship was labouring heavily and taking a large quantity of water on board, which made things very uncomfortable, particularly after such a long spell of fine weather.

By this time we were under reefed mainsail, lower topsail and foresail and fore topmast staysail. Later the mainsail was lowered owing to constant gybing and a main topmast staysail set.

At daylight the wind had attained hurricane force and considerable damage had been done by the heavy seas breaking aboard.

One, which seemed to curl up from nowhere, broke right across the long poop, carrying away the rails, gasoline engine for the pumps, harness casks, water tanks, hen coops, etc., smashing in the cabin sky-lights and flooding out cabin and mess room.

The loss of the engine was serious, as pumping had now to be carried out by hand, our efforts to get steam on the donkey boiler being frustrated by the heavy seas breaking across the house, but the well being sounded, it was found that either a considerable quantity of water had found its way below or else the old ship had opened up a seam, due to the labouring experienced, so pumping was resorted to continually, watch and watch, throughout the twenty-four hours.

On the morning of the 21st March, there being no signs of the weather abating, and every indication of a cyclonic storm approaching, it was decided to try and make Guam.

The ship now being in a very pitiable condition, bulwarks gone, spare spars adrift on deck, galley washed away, forward house untenable, and the crew exhausted by their long and arduous labours at the pumps.

No warm food was obtainable, and it was impossible to get at the water tank in the 'tween decks owing to the conditions prevailing. Tinned meat, biscuit, and an occasional glass of rum, kept us going, and it speaks well for the undaunted spirit of the crew when I tell you that we sang chanties as we toiled at the pumps. I can visualise that scene now. The dark lowering sky with great banks of clouds rolling over and over, travelling at a tremendous pace, torrential rain, which sounded like machine-gun bullets and hurt as it struck one; a seething cauldron of foaming water all round, with great white-crested billows towering up out of it, racing on from all directions to overwhelm us, then smashing on board, taking everything before them and licking their chops, as it were, in anticipation of the time when they would engulf us in their capacious maw.

Though bruised and bleeding, still undaunted.

Through all this blackness and turmoil, the old ship staggered under a lower topsail, quivering, shuddering and groaning at every fresh blow. Lashed to the fife rail, up to their necks in water, a forlorn little group of men and boys, cut, bruised and bleeding, hove wearily round on the pumps, their voices at time raised in song. Their stout hearts still undaunted, doing all that men could do to defeat the elements, which every moment threatened to destroy.

Below, in what was once her cabin, a still braver little woman awaited in solitude whatever the fates had in store for her, confident in the ability of her husband (who had not been off the poop for forty-eight hours) to win through, and no doubt looking forward, as we all were, to being safely anchored within a few hours in Port Apra. What that poor soul went through during those trying hours, none will ever know. Her courage was supreme.

At daylight, through the murk and gloom of the depressing dawn, land was sighted ahead, and a cheer went up as with renewed energy we redoubled our efforts at the pumps.

(To be continued.)

A typical four-masted Schooner taken off Mount Desert Island, Main E. (See page 248).

An Account of Bude Vessels lost at, or near Bude

Bude shipping consisted of small coasters of 35 to 80 tons and was a great asset to a large area in North Cornwall—serving the district by bringing coal, fertilizers, building materials and other commodities as the neighbourhood required from Welsh and other ports by these little coasters, one of which was constantly trading to Bristol, bringing a general cargo for the shopkeepers at Launceston, Holsworthy, Stratton and immediate villages round about. This continued for a great number of years until the advent of the railway in 1898.

My first recollection of being on board a Bude vessel was in 1861, viz., a little vessel called the *Fanny*, sometimes called "Fanny-fish," as her owner and skipper was one Michael Fish; she was sold and afterwards lengthened by an Appledore person.

John Booth, a smack, wrecked under Summerlease. Tom Brown, master and owner; coal laden; crew saved; October 8th, 1861. Unfortunately, during the darkness of the night, Coastguard Thos. Dainger, aged 50, accidently fell over the cliff and was killed, leaving a widow and two children.

Mary Elizabeth, dismasted in Bude Bay. Crew saved by lifeboat. Went ashore near Millook; Brown, master and owner; coal laden; November, 1862.

Schooner *Eclipse*. Thos. Brinton, master, was lost when on a voyage with a cargo of limestone, from Plymouth to Bude, in 1866. Nothing was ever heard of the crew, which consisted of Captain Brinton, his son George, Harry Johnson, and a man named Wills.

A few years before this, when this vessel was sailing off the Irish coast, it came on suddenly to blow hard. The then skipper and owner, John Jermyn, ran aloft to help his crew to reef the sails, and lost his hold. He was heard to cry as he tumbled to the deck, "Glory to God, I am off to Heaven." It was so; he was killed on the spot. Being near a small port, his crew, with tears of affection, laid him near the sea, whose lullaby of ceaseless song keeps his slumber, till the Master comes.

Uncle John, wrecked near the Barrel Rock; coal laden. Robert Jermyn, master, and owned by late Oliver Davey; June, 1867; crew saved.

Affo. Barley laden for an Irish port; Goman, master and owner; driven ashore under Hartland. Crew all drowned, which included the captain's son; the captain's body was recovered, and buried in God's Acre at Bude; aged 48; this in 1871. He was the son of John Goman, harbour master, who died in 1859. From this date, I believe, the position of harbour master has been held by the Found family ever since, viz., three generations.

Ellen Martin, wrecked under the Summerlease Point; crew saved by Rocket Brigade; Wm. Maynard, master and owner; January, 1873.

Nancy. John Ridgman, master and owner; driven ashore during a heavy gale at Welcome Mouth, north of Bude; coal laden for Bude. This happened in the night and was not seen; she soon broke up and went to pieces, and crew drowned, who were all related to each other (three); 1874.

It should be added that Captain Ridgman did a gallant act a few years before at the wreck of the *Modeste Eugene*. This vessel was driven on the rocks near the ladies' bathing beach; the crying for help by the unfortunate crew could be heard by those on shore. Nothing could be done, as they

were powerless in the black darkness of the night. She broke up in a very brief time. A number of people were watching in case any of the crew might be washed in.

Ridgman, seeing a sailor clinging to a spar, gallantly swam to his rescue. He found that the man was lashed, and though they were both swept out some distance, Ridgman contrived to cut the rope, set the man free, and then to bring him safe ashore.

Elizabeth Scown, wrecked at the end of Bude Breakwater, laden with stones from Newquay for the enlargement of the Anglican Church. Sluggett, master. A portion of crew saved by Rocket Brigade, the remainder got ashore when the tide ebbed. Meanwhile the lifeboat went out; finding she could not get at the vessel, she endeavoured to turn, and in doing so capsized in the heavy seas. When she righted they found the Coxswain (James Maynard) missing, and regret to say his body was never recovered. The captain was unable to speak as he had placed his watch in his mouth as a place of safety. Mr. Davey, owner; 3rd March, 1877.

Bee, wrecked on entering the harbour on the north side; a smack; Geo. Bate, master; laden with culm. The sea washed over in great force; afterwards, when the tide ebbed, the crew walked ashore. Hockin and Hooper, owners; March, 1880.

Hawk, a ketch, went ashore on leaving the harbour, and became a total wreck on the north side of the harbour. Crew, on the ebb of the tide, walked ashore. Fred Martin, captain and part owner, with Hockin, Banbury & Co., ship owners, Bude; August, 1897.

It was on board this vessel that Captain Pickard died. She was then schooner-rigged and much of a yacht-like appearance, being painted green. Captain Pickard had a stroke while taking in a general cargo in Bristol (she was regularly employed in the Bristol trade). He never spoke afterwards, but lingered for three days. Buried at Arnos Vale Cemetery (Bristol); aged 51. This in February, 1861.

Wild Pidgeon, ketch. This craft was washed out of the canal when the heavy seas burst open the lock-gates, and became a total wreck under Summerlease Point. Owned by N. Tregaskes, February, 1904. There was no one on board.

President Garfield, ketch. Went ashore on leaving Bude. Martin, master and part owner. A total wreck near Half Tide Rock at entrance of Bude Harbour. March, 1906. Crew saved.

She was formerly a schooner, and with full sail forms a pretty picture in numerous carriages of the Southern Railway.

Elizabeth, ketch. Went ashore on entering Bude Harbour (William Brinton, master), and became a total wreck on a range of rocks on the north side of the harbour entrance; crew saved; February, 1912.

Vessels belonging to Bude lost elsewhere.

Seagull. Toms, master. Sunk after being in collision when on her voyage to Rotterdam. Crew saved. Hockin and Hooper, owners. This in the early sixties.

Primrose. Wm. Maynard, master. Ran down and sunk; crew saved. O. Davey, owner. This also happened in the early sixties.

Maggie, brigantine. Hines, master; Hockin and Hooper, owners. Lost on the coast of Ireland; total wreck; crew saved.

It will be interesting to add that in 1866, on leaving Bude Harbour, she went ashore at the then ladies' bathing beach abutting Maer Lake,

A pretty picture of Bude Harbour, the home of the little vessels referred to in this article.

and in order to prevent her driving up under the cliff she was filled with stones. When the weather fined away and tides suitable, the stones were thrown overboard and she was safely towed back into harbour.

The writer well remembers his voyage from Maer Lake to Bude, the shortest he ever made, and that on board the brigantine *Maggie*.

Coronation. Cook, master and owner. Laden with barley from Padstow to Cork, wrecked off Roach Point, near Queenstown. Crew drowned, which included the captain's son.

This early in the year 1872, the captain's and mate's bodies were washed ashore and buried in a little churchyard hard by. This occurred before the sad news reached the relatives at Bude, and before the days of telegraph messages.

Endeavour. Lost at Ilfracombe in running in there for shelter. Sluggett, master. Coal laden for Bude; crew saved; in a few tides she went all to pieces.

It may be mentioned in connection with this craft that in 1865 she came in at the back of the breakwater between Chapel Rock and the Barrel Rock, laden with Delabole slate. After being discharged she was driven by the sea over the breakwater (of course, damaged), but after repairs went to sea again. Long years after, slates could be seen wedged in between the breakwater stones.

Further, the *Endeavour* (on a Sunday) in 1887 got stranded on Bude Sands on entering the harbour. At the time Admiral Tryon, of H.M. ship *Camperdown*, was staying at the Falcon Hotel, and rendered assistance with the Rocket Brigade in rescuing the crew. It will be remembered it was the *Camperdown* that unfortunately rammed the H.M. ship *Victoria*, when there was a great loss of life.

Smack *Hawk.* Hugh Mountjoy, master, wrecked at Tintagel when about to load a cargo of slate.

Faith. Lost in a gale of wind near Godrevy, north of St. Ives, Cornwall. Crew were all drowned. Tregaskes, owner; Stanbury, master. This in December, 1890.

Agnes. Lost in the blizzard of 1891. Captain Rowland; owner, Tregaskes. This vessel was built at Bude.

Annie Davey. Lost off the Sussex coast after being in collision. Master, Philip Horrill; Oliver Davey, owner. This craft was built by Stapleton, shipbuilder, Bute. Crew saved.

Emma. Foundered in the St. George's Channel. The crew, with the captain's wife, Mrs. Drew, took to the ship's boat, and were all saved.

Joseph and Thomas. Shazell, master and owner. Was wrecked during a storm off Saunton, north of Bideford Bay. Only one was saved, after being in the water several hours. This occurred in April, 1899. The captain's body was not found until the 1st June; age 56. Interment took place in Bude Churchyard.

Prior to this, in 1872, the then owner and skipper, Michael Fish, was knocked overboard with the tiller and was drowned, age 65. This happened in November, 1872.

Friendship. Foundered off the Start (Devonshire) when on a voyage from St. Malo to Tralee with a cargo of slate, September 10th, 1908. Cox, master and owner, and then owned by Marwood & Co., Liverpool. Crew saved.

Ant. Was lost through collision (Hines, master), and immediately sank. Unfortunately, a lad named Box was drowned in his bunk. She was on passage from Isle of Wight to Milford with a cargo of cement. Captain and mate were saved. This in 1895. During the awful blizzard of 1891 this vessel was on passage from Sandersfoot to Ipswich with anthracite coal and was blown away down the Bay of Biscay. The crew had a bitter experience. Boy Stapleton died from exposure. A passing vessel found the captain and mate huddled up in the frozen mainsail. With the assistance of a portion of the passing ship's crew she was brought back to Plymouth.

Lady of the Lake. David Stevens, master and owner, was sunk by the Germans during the Great War.

Kindly Light, formerly belonging to Captain Cook, shared the same fate as the *Lady of the Lake*.

The smart sailing ketch *Alford*, was sold during the war and afterwards lost on sandbanks off the coast of Holland.

Names of vessels sold.

Names of a few vessels which were sold and formerly belonged to Bude :—*Catherine*, *Purveyor Boconnoc*, *Jessie*, *Eling*, *Jessamine*, *Florrie*, *Maud*, *Sir Thomas Acland*, *Agnes* (formerly named *Lady Acland*), *Kindly Light* and *Stucley*.

I must mention the little *Mirre*, a household name with the shopkeepers of the district, trading so many years between Bude and Bristol, and bringing their shop goods over a large district. She was sold, and years afterwards was turned into a barge by an Appledore owner to bring stones from Clovelly Beach to Appledore.

Re ketch *Ceres* (Petherick, owner), is the only one left of the old Bude Coasting fleet. She has met with several disasters in her day. She is now laid up in Bude Canal. This vessel was built at Salcombe in the year 1811, therefore 117 years old.

J. W. W. Banbury.

Whaling Stories

After Flenshing and Making Off—The Capture

CHAPTER V (Continued).

About the middle of June we had taken three medium-sized whales, some 52 white whales, one male narwhale with eight-feet horn, four female ditto, three or four walrus, three small deer—on the high table lands—also we had (after making our own nets) taken at various small streams and Clyde river, many salmon and trout; these were dried in the rigging and, like the venison, were consumed as required. Four bears had been shot on the ice and two on the land. The deer and most of the bears had fallen to our chief mate, Mr. J. Fairwhether, a keen gunner and a "merciful" shot.

Our old friend the "shipkeeper" always claimed that the simplest way of tackling bruin was to "gie him the boat hook to chaw," so when a bear "hove in sight" there was an insistent chorus of calls for "Davetie" to get his "hand in" and "finish off" bruinie before there was "onie loss of blud." Small doubt the stout-hearted old lad would —as he had the reputation of having done before (the result being that amongst other dangerous hurts, several splinters of the boat hook had to be extracted from his ribs)—have tackled the job. But the mates and half-deck people, although they and the other after-guards enjoyed the joke, they always kept a watchful eye on him. They no doubt found him more useful as a living shipkeeper than as a "badly chawed up" bear slayer.

About this time, and since getting into the "North Water" our sails had again "come into their own," coal was precious. Less ice and more clear water room meant yard trimming, tacking ship, and work to *do* aloft. On account of an accident to the bo'sun's mate, I had been thrust into the sick man's boots for a week. I admit that I always liked a new job, even when it came as an addition to all my other jobs, so when, whilst lacing a paunch mat over the lanyards of the main rigging I was called away, handed a "fowling piece" and hailed by the mate to go with him "after a bear," I just slung his and my own cartridges over my shoulder and "hopped off" after him. A slight mist on the ice made objects loom up a bit. As we got away over the bow, the second mate from the nest said (in answer to the mate), "There seems to be *three* of them." I ventured to ask Mr. F. as we plodded along "What am I to *do* with a 'shot gun?'" but got no answer. I tried again with "What's to happen if we meet *them*?" He gave a grim chuckle and replied, "Ye'r just to round them up to me, till I'll get a mark on them." Something I'd read of being "butchered to make a Roman holiday," but I pushed desperately ahead of him and stopped to look at his face, saw nothing strange there, so plodded on. After walking in a circle for three or more miles to get to leeward of the bears, we saw a boat had left the ship—as arranged—and it pulled away off and along the floe. So after much sore crouching and scrambling under the lee of the rough overlapping ice—to get cover—we came to a high hummock. I was told to go round one way and he—the mate—would go the other. I had not felt much of the thrill of the hunter up to now, and as he turned away I asked savagely if I was to shoot if I met anything, but with some remark about "keeping out of his line of fire," he trudged off. Angry and sore, I blundered ahead, trailing my useless "Duck blinder," and not much caring whether a bear or a dozen came my way. So I ran and stumbled, and when nearly round the hummock I heard a shot, and putting my best foot forward, was glad to see a dead bear, with two well grown cubs snarling and snapping around the mate and their dead dam. The boat's crew arrived and dragged the old bear to the floe

edge. The mate and I shepherded and prodded the two needle-clawed cubs towards the water. Soon we got the assistance of the boat's crew, and rounded them up and so, after several "break aways," we got them in the water, secured them with an "eye sling" through the bow and stern ring-bolts of the boat, and with their dead mother towing astern, we went alongside. The cubs were hoisted on deck, and hauled down to a ringbolt in the hatch combings. The old bear was skinned. The cooper and his mate were "turned to" and "made up" two large "shakes" (half-tun casks). The rope sling around the necks of the cubs was passed through the bung-holes in the bottom of these casks, and they were hauled in. The cooper then put hoop iron across the open end, and drove hoops over and "on" to hold these bars in position; the ropes were "let go" and bruin was "at home" with plenty of luscious *bear meat* to start with; whale, seal or narwhale flesh, and any old scaps to "carry on" with. Occasionally a bucket of pea soup was squirted through the engine-room syringe into the ever-open gullets, and a good wash with the deck hose every morning to keep them white, clean and healthy.

Chapter VI.

Off "Coutts Inlet," Baffin Land, we had chased a few fish and had lost the run of them in the patches of fog. Three boats were "out," and an occasional whistle fixed their position as about half a mile astern. The ship had been dodging under topsails with a light air of wind. "Forecastle" reported "ice close to;" topsails were clewed up, and the "floe edge" "brought up" the ship. The ice anchors suspended from the end of bowsprit were dropped by the tripping lines and secured in the ice. While clewing up the topsails, and securing the anchors, a whale "broke water" close alongside, and gave a "full-lunged blast." The surprise and tense excitement of the first 30 or 40 seconds was complete. Then everyone rushed to the three boats at the davits—one word from the skipper in the nest—"silence." This was indeed no time for yelling orders—so "Pantomime" and a variegated supply of whispered profanity, plus one's own training, filled up the gap.

The writer had "shinned down" from aloft, and slipping from the fore topmast backstay, scrambled on to the davits and tumbled into the only boat on the port side—where the whale had "come up." I found

The Dundee Sealing Fleet forcing St. John's Narrows, March 9th, 1882.

myself in the boat-steerer's place, and although only a "line manager," and I had no right to the "sweep oar," I was intent on hanging on to the job that would put me in the "killing," and hoped to hold it (in the rush) by right of possession.

"This boat," says the second mate in a whisper (and he indicated ours). *Pantomime*, from the harpooner, *mate* and some by myself. A good healthy "blast" from the fish, which was moving ahead right under the boat's keel, "more panto" to "lower the boat," and so she was quietly lowered, with her bow lower than her stern. "Dinna forget yer pin, Sandy," almost whispered the mate, and then a bit louder, "What say yer, *now*," and, as the fish kept on the move and cleared the boat, Sandy Donald, the "man behind our gun," yelled "Let go all," depressed his muzzle, took out his safety pin and, as the fish made "a back to" sound, fired into it. The great tail "slashed" out of the water and "lashed up" a few inches clear of the boat's bow, half filling us with water. The falls were "let go" and the movement of the fish's "propeller" (tail) and the manner of her going, washed the boat away off. Then pandemonium broke loose, and "A fall, a fall." I cleared the cover off the lines, cut the after davit fall, which had fouled the lower block, and unhooked the same, dropping it into "Davy Jones' locker," while the whale line was screaming out under the men's crossed oars. Meantime, we had (with mad haste and some foreboding) plied the bailers to get the water out of the boat. Someone on deck was bawling to "pass the end of our whale lines to one of the boats who were coming" (to the sound of our gun) from astern. Sandy growled through his beard, "Pump or sink, this is our fish." Then someone warned us that "there was too much water in the boat," and in a roar that drowned the cautious one's voice, Donald ordered us to "Bail awa', ye deils buckies, yons your fush; hey, a bonny fush."

Just as we had made some impression on the water, "the bonny fush" eased her run, and a half turn on the bollard, (I prefer to think by design) whisked us away from the ship. The speed the fish then "got up" rushed the water aft, and after running out another line to lift the stern up, and avoid shipping water aft, we soon dealt with the water, so the worst of our troubles, viz., the ship, the boats, and the question of handing over the fish (the captive of our harpoon). These were *all* now behind us, in the fog. There was, of course, some chance of being dragged into collision with "washed" ice, or of losing the ship in the fog.

The harpooner said, "It's no sounding as it ought till, but it's a bonny fush." After an hour of speed with a couple of lines out, the whale circled back "dipping" and rising to blow every few minutes. Some time later we crossed ahead of our boats, and one of them had a flying shot at her but did not get fast. We now made a drogue with the boat's mast, sail, etc., rigged with a "bridle" to try and reduce the speed. It, however, interfered with the sweep of our steer oar and had to be unrigged. About this time her liveliness began to abate, so we were able to "shorten in" and recoil some of our line, and then found ourselves passing near the ship, they sent the dinghy which fired a rocket that glanced off the fish's crown and exploded in the air. Later on another boat got a chance and a second gun harpoon was planted in her, the "shackle" being "butt up."

Eventually the boats gathered around, and as she rolled and lifted her fins the long (two-way cut) lances, were thrust "in" under them again and again on each side; so the lungs and heart being pierced, the breathing organs spouted great clots of blood, which fell covering the sea, boats and men. That was the end; slowly, with great convulsive "sobbings" the immense body turned "belly up," and the harmless mammal one of the "largest of *all* living creatures"—died.

Landlubbers are informed that this vessel is not in the act of capsizing, but is "hove down" for repairs to the bottom.

We had been over seven hours "wearing her down" and killing her. It was found that "she" had lately suckled a calf, and had evidently "lost it," which might account for her erratic movements. She was 81ft. 6in. long, and her estimated weight (gross) about 74 tons—18ft. baleen (whalebone). We had now five whales on board.

When the weather cleared up, the *Arctic* was sighted with 10 fish, also *Aurora* and three others A few days afterwards we got fast to a fish which "sounded," and was supposed to have remained fast in the mud at the bottom in 150 fathoms. After heaving on the whale line and trying all means to get her up it was decided to risk things by steaming around slowly with the line fast on the bow. The line parted and the fish was given up.

Hobbies.

Some specimens of the "little auk" and "ivory gull," one or two "snowy owls," and also a big collection of mallemucks, dovekies and lesser fry were being preserved and mounted. The latter birds were picked up at each "Flenshing" after they had gorged themselves to repletion on the whale carcase, blubber, &c.

The doctor, an Aberdonian "lad," took to collecting specimens of the whale's "dependents;" thus F. Bullen, in his "Sea Creatures": The right whale is a snug abiding place for outward parasites, barnacles, limpets and lice, also for a whole tribe of suckers who find free quarters in his mouth." Many bottles and much rum were "used up" in the pursuit of knowledge. The writer became interested in the "ear drums" of the fish; careful boiling and cleaning of same was necessary to get lasting results.

Artists we had, who carved ships and boats on baleen (whalebone). Also ships pictured in wool, and in oils barbaric with crimson and greens. Ships in *half* and *full* models, and some in bottles. Mat makers in thrums of manilla, of rags, and of wool, were always with us.

(*To be continued.*)

Other Ships and Other Days

My Second Voyage

In the summer of '88 I rejoined the *Clan Buchanan* in Tilbury Dock, where she was loading outwards for San Francisco. To our great regret Captain Jack left us there, being relieved by Captain George R. Harris, another old captain of the firm.

We heard very disturbing rumours of him long before he arrived, which made us quake, but when we met him we no longer quaked—we shuddered. With his shock of black hair, bushy beard, fierce dark eyes set under shaggy brows, and a great mole on his cheek, he put the fear of death into us apprentices.

Familiar Scenes on Sailing Day.

In the old days, when the big ships sailed, there was always a crowd of loafers, blackguards and frowsy drink-sodden females to see the sailors off after having helped them to spend their hard-earned wages. This voyage was no exception, and while lying in the locks, one of our men, drunk as a lord, who was wearing a bowler hat on the back of his head, and smoking a short cutty clay, in the excitement of bidding farewell to his lady friends fell overboard.

Still retaining both hat and pipe in place, he gaily paddled about, quite unconcerned, although in imminent danger of being crushed between the ship and the quay. Seeing him in the water, another sportsman decided to rescue him and jumped in, too, amid the shrieks of the ladies, and there the two of them paddled about until we fished them out like drowned rats, and they were led on board using the most foul and filthy language.

We had a gentleman passenger with us that voyage, and seeing him off was an exceedingly pretty girl, evidently a friend or relation. She looked like a lily in a turnip field among this riff-raff, but I am afraid the language she heard that day aged her long before her time.

Getting away at last, we towed to the Downs, and it was not long before both the crew and ourselves found in our new captain we had run up against something hard—with knobs on.

"Watch on deck, stop on deck!"

She had two forecastles, starboard and port, separated by a bulkhead, and as soon as we sailed, every night, after the watch came on deck, the door was locked by the second mate, so that if a man forgot his pipe or tobacco he could not get a smoke all the watch.

This was, of course, to prevent the men sleeping there, and so long as we were in the Channel no objection was made; but after we got out into deep water there was a lot of grumbling, but no open revolt.

One night the second mate went forward to lock the door as usual and found the lock had been broken by driving a marlinspike through the keyhole. There was a fearful row, but the culprit was never discovered, and a new lock was fitted.

The next night the same thing happened, and then trouble started. All hands, with the exception of two, flatly refused duty unless the

doors were kept open. This did not seem to worry the captain a little bit. He immediately clapped all hands into irons (in pairs) and locked them up in different parts of the ship, giving them dry biscuits and water only.

Every day, two at a time, they were brought up on the poop for half an hour's exercise, and took that opportunity to tell the captain, in very forcible language, exactly what they thought of him. They might just as well have spoken to a wooden image, for all the notice he took of them.

Had they not been manacled, I venture to say they would quickly have repented their words.

A few days afterwards he found out that we boys, and the two men at work, were passing extra food to them over the doors or partitions, and threatened us with dire penalties if we did it again.

He then changed their diet to water only, and after two days of that they discovered what they were up against, and were compelled to give in through hunger, and turned to again, after which a tot of grog was served round, and everything went on as before.

During the week they were off duty, the six apprentices and two seamen worked the ship. Fortunately we were in the North-east Trades, and there was not a great deal of pulling and hauling to be done.

I recall another incident on this passage, which showed us what sort of man we had to deal with.

We had a dago in the forecastle (Portuguese, I think) who, seeing the mate was getting on in years, was very insolent to him on several occasions, and no doubt thought he was getting very nicely away with it — until he got a rude shock.

Evidently the mate had reported this to the captain, and one morning the former casually asked his man for the loan of his knife. Within two

The Newfoundland Sealer *Glengarry*, noted for the largest trip of Seals ever recorded by a sailing vessel—11,000.

Our liner *Oroya*, entering the Gahun Locks, on her way through the Panama Canal.

minutes (minus a knife) he was told the captain wished to see him in the after cabin.

Not suspecting anything, he came jauntily along, but when he got in, to his great surprise, the door was locked and he got a blow on the jaw which nearly knocked him senseless. We next saw him, battered and blood-stained, shooting head first through the saloon door, the captain, with the light of battle in his eye, giving him a parting kick to help him on his way. We never heard another murmur from this man afterwards, and he was one of the first to desert on arrival at 'Frisco.

The advantage of getting in first blow.

This was the captain's method of settling such characters. A man was seldom, if ever, logged, all disputes usually being settled both by him and his officers with bare fists, and he always urged on us the advantage of getting in the first blow—and getting it in hard.

He was also a great believer in a belaying pin, and did not hesitate to use one if the necessity arose. We had boxing gloves in our berth, and nothing pleased him more than to see us boxing with the boatswain and being able to hit him on the nose. The latter was usually a pretty hefty individual, picked out for his fighting qualities.

It was not long before we apprentices found we were in for a stiff time also. Our morning watch below was a thing of the past, for into the after-cabin we trooped every morning for navigation, blow high or blow low, from 9-15 a.m. to seven bells, with the captain sitting over us.

It was no use making excuses, such as having been out on our watch below, shortening sail, clothes to wash, etc., for he simply eyed us with a stony glare. He always boasted that any of his apprentices, after one voyage, could pass for second mate, and we had no doubts on the matter.

We thought it very hard at the time, but I venture to say we all appreciated it in after years, for personally I never failed in any of my exams., and was master at the age of 26, the credit for which is entirely due to him.

A highly appreciated rule.

There was one rule of his we did appreciate, the only one, I think, and that was two of us were invited into the saloon for dinner every Sunday, turn about. This was, of course, to let us know he considered us as officers and part of the after-guard.

When that eagerly-looked-forward-to day arrived we had our usual good dinner in the apprentices' berth, including plum duff, and half an hour afterwards went into the saloon and had a second meal, much larger than the first.

When we came out we had swelled visibly, and were nearly at bursting point. Ye gods, what would I have given for such an appetite in later years!

Apprentices spent a week with the sailmaker, turn about, and looked after all splicing, service, &c., on the jigger-mast.

We were 127 days on the passage out to 'Frisco, and got the usual dusting off the Horn, washing about up to our waist in water with the snow falling and bitterly cold.

There was no fire in our berth so we slept on our wet clothes to dry them. I shall never forget the delights of waking up, with feet warm as toast, and having to put on wet stockings and sea boots which had been washing about, accompanied by our sea chests in two feet of water. All apprentices who were berthed aft will, I expect remember this dreadful experience.

Believed in the fasting cure.

Doctor Tanner about this time was a well-known believer in the fasting cure, and after we arrived at 'Frisco the men put up a tarpaulin alongside, and on it were the following words, as nearly as I can recollect :—" To be seen alive on board the *Clan Buchanan*, 18 of Doctor Tanner's advocates; never had anything to eat for a week."

This caused a lot of amusement among the people sauntering round the quays, and we boys were kept running taking it down.

The men took action against the captain for starving them, but no one appeared to prosecute and the case fell through. As they were kept working from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. they soon got tired of it and all cleared out.

After discharge, we proceeded to Port Costa and loaded wheat for Falmouth f.o., making the passage in 108 days. Nothing special happened on the voyage home, and we again got our orders for Havre, from which port I went home for a month's holiday.

(To be continued.)

Sandbach, Tinne & Co.'s Fleet

House Flag:—blue, white, blue, vertical; superimposed by the letters S. T. & Co.

In 1782 Messrs. M'Inroy, Parker and Sandbach commenced trading to British Guiana. In 1813 a branch of the firm was started in Liverpool, under the name of Sandbach, Tinne & Co. This Mr. Sandbach was Mayor of Liverpool in 1831. In the '60's the name of the firm in Demerara was changed to Sandbach, Parker & Co.

In a speech given at the Gordon Smith Institute some time ago Captain J. A. Tinne remarked that his great grandfather was hanged in Trinidad for piracy. That may or may not be the case, but all the firm's ships were armed in the early part of last century against pirates, who were numerous round the West Indies.

A story is told of how one of their captains, sailing without a house flag from Jamaica, sewed his white shirt between the legs of a pair of dungaree trousers, thus originating the company's house flag. Sandbach's and Brocklebank's were the only firms to fly their house flags at the foremast head. This was the usual custom of the West Indian pirates. Mr. J. E. Tinne, who died in 1925, was the maternal grandson of the first Sandbach.

The first vessel owned by the firm was the ship *Sandbach*, built in 1828 at Liverpool, of 435 tons. The ship shown on the British Guiana postage stamps was a copy of the *Sandbach*. She was broken up in Birkenhead in 1878.

Their next vessel was the *Demerara*, a snow, of 214 tons, built in 1829 at Dumbarton. She was sold to Hamilton, of Dublin, in the late '30's, and was still afloat in the '50's. Between this date and 1870 they owned the following vessels :—

Johnstone, ship, built 1832, of 436 tons; afloat in 1860.

Leonora, ship, built 1836, of 345 tons; out of register 1860.

Hesper, barque, built 1863, of 395 tons; sold and hulked W. C. Africa.

Fairlie, barque, built 1865, of 599 tons; afloat 1886.

Kiltearn, barque, built 1865, of 599 tons; burnt in the Irish Sea, through the crew broaching the rum cargo.

Rona, ship, built 1867, of 639 tons; in 1886 was owned by W. Cliff and Son, of Liverpool.

St. Kilda, ship, built 1868, of 865 tons; afloat in 1886.

George Rainy, barque; missing on a passage from Demerara to Greenock.

These vessels were of either wood or composite built.

Their earliest iron ship was the *British Nation*, built 1865, of 1,302 tons. In 1902 she was sold to Germany and re-named *H. Hackfeld*. In

1905 she was under the Norwegian flag as *Australia*. Next came the *British Statesman*, built 1867, of 1,260 tons. She was wrecked in the Hooghly River in 1885.

From 1870 onwards the following vessels were added to the fleet :—

Ailsa. Built 1870, of 1,061 tons. She was the last composite ship built for the firm, and was sold in 1904 to Hajee Mahomed Ben Gooloom, of Jeddah, who ran her in the pilgrim trade.

The *Lothair*, of 1871, was bought in the late '70's and re-named *Mora*. She was a composite barque of 620 tons, and must not be mistaken for Killick & Martin's *Lothair*, which was built in 1870.

The remainder of their fleet were all iron ships.

Jura. Built 1875, of 1,199 tons.

Brenda. Built 1877, of 1,200 tons.

Sheila. Built 1877, of 1,198 tons.

Pandora. Wrecked at Trinidad.

Apelles. 1863. Sold to Trinder Anderson and re-named *Baranga*.

Kalmia. Wrecked off Black Pagodas at the mouth of the Hooghly.

Columba. Built 1881, of 1,748 tons. Wrecked on East Coast of Patagonia.

Genista. Built 1882, 1,799 tons.

Godiva. Built 1882, 1,999 tons.

Stronsa. Built 1882, 2,000 tons.

Orealla. Built 1882, 1,763 tons.

In 1879 they bought a composite sloop, *Georgetown*, of 125 tons, built in Amsterdam, and stationed her at Demerara. In 1885 she was owned by the Pilot Board of Demerara.

In 1902 the firm sold all their vessels, the ships under their flag being then *Brenda*, *Genista*, *Godiva*, *Stronsa*, *Orealla* and *Sheila*.

Brenda was burnt at Valparaiso in 1905. *Genista*, sold to Italy, was out of the register by 1917. *Godiva* was out of the register in 1905. *Stronsa* was the last of the fleet to remain afloat. She was sold to Shute, of Liverpool. In 1908 she acted as a coal hulk in the River Plate, being later converted into a training ship by the Argentinos. In 1909 she was sailing as the *Valkyrien*, under the Danish flag and was broken up in 1923.

Orealla was sold to Italy and was out of the register in 1917. *Sheila*, sold to Italy, was re-named *Regina Coeli*, and was out of the register in 1912.

Beginning with the *Ailsa*, all these vessels were engaged in the coolie trade from Calcutta to British Guiana, taking coolies to Demerara for the firm's plantations. From there they generally loaded sugar, rum, etc., for home.

E. A. Woods.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

The Passing of a Famous Old Skipper.

Those of our readers who were acquainted with Captain William Andrew Nelson, noted throughout the shipping world for the wonderful passages he made in sailing ships, will no doubt regret to learn that he passed away at his residence, Eaglesfield House, Maryport, on the 15th of June, in his 90th year. He obtained command at the aged of 25, retired at 67, and enjoyed the fruits of his labours for 23 years; his son, Captain Jas. Nelson, is at present in command of s.s. *Jason*, Blue Funnel Line.

THE EDITOR.

Last of the Fleet, Island Barquentine Burnt.

Apart from the romance of the sailing ship in general there always has been an especial glamour surrounding the wind-borne vessels engaged in cruising among the South Sea Islands. All that has given zest to the life of the windjammer sailors seems gradually—very rapidly, in fact—fading away. This note of lamentation arises out of the fact that the barquentine *Alexa*, the last of what was once a big fleet of sailing vessels trading between Sydney and the South Sea Islands, was destroyed by fire at Butaritari, in the Gilbert Islands, on February 14th. The *Alexa* arrived at Butaritari on January 30th and, after discharging her inward freight, commenced loading copra for the return trip to Sydney. The loading had been half completed when the vessel took fire, and the oily nature of the cargo made the flames burn so fiercely that there was no possibility of extinguishing them. Eventually the *Alexa* was beached.

The *Alexa* (formerly *Voorburg*) was of 286 tons net register, built of steel in Holland in 1904. While still a new vessel she was bought by Hattrick's, a New Zealand shipping firm, and taken out to that Dominion by a young New Zealand master, Captain James White. When the *Alexa's*

The Barquentine *Alexa*, subject of above article. Lent by A. E. Postlethwaite.

rudder was carried away off Cape Leeuwin, Captain White performed rather a remarkable feat of seamanship in fitting a substitute and sailing his ship into port.

The owners of the *Alexa* were Messrs. On Chong & Co., Chinese merchants, of Sydney, who have been engaged in the island trade for half a century, or thereabouts. Formerly they owned the *Loongana*, a Hobart-built barque, which was wrecked in the Gilbert Group in 1912.

A. G. Davies.

Messrs. S. Lawther & Harvey's Ships.

Ann Augusta—Out of register 1882.

Fanny Atkinson—Built 1865 in New Brunswick, 608 tons.

Forest Queen—Built 1862 in Nova Scotia, 549 tons.

Howard—Built 1864 Nova Scotia, 580 tons. Owned by P. Rodgers, of Belfast, in 1882.

L. G. Biglow—Built 1866, Nova Scotia, 560 tons. In 1886 owned by J. Cochran, Belfast.

Lothair—Built 1863, St. John, N.B., 649 tons (ex *Agnes M. Lovitt*).

Savanna—Built 1860, New Brunswick, 749 tons.

W. J. Pirrie—Built 1883. Converted to a five-masted barge and wrecked on the coast of Chile in 1921.

Walter H. Wilson—Built 1882. Sold about 1903 to J. Edgar & Co. and re-named *California*. Wrecked St. Mary's Isle, January, 1913.

G. W. Wolff—Built, 1878. Lawther's first iron ship. In 1902 sold to Simpson Bros., of Swansea. Out of register soon after 1912.

Queen's Island—Built 1885. 1890 sold to Aberdeen White Star Line and re-named *Strathdon*. In 1905 she was sold to A. D. Bordes, of Dunquerque, and re-named *Gers*. Broken up at Bruges in 1924.

Pollok & Gilmour.

This firm was founded in Glasgow in 1804 by John and Arthur Pollok and Allan Gilmour. When they wanted agents for their Canadian timber trade they sent out old school friends and relatives. Altogether fourteen firms rose from the original firm, the chief being :—Allan, Gilmour & Co., of Quebec; Gilmour, Rankin & Co., of Miramichi, N.B.; R. Rankin & Co., of St. John, N.B.; Ferguson, Rankin & Co., of Bathurst, N.B.; Richie and Co., of Montreal; Richie & Co., of Restigouche, N.B.; Rankin, Gilmour and Co., of Liverpool.

Allan Gilmour started a shipyard at Quebec in 1831 and nearly all their ships were built there from that date, until the timber trade declined in the '70's, when they sold all their wooden ships and went in for iron. When they turned to iron for their ships Rankin, Gilmour & Co., of Liverpool, took over that side of their business.

Re A. Chittenden's note on *Jumna*.

Jumna was a brig built at Bombay Dockyard in 1848 of 349 tons. She was built in the H.E.I.C. dockyard for the Royal Navy and carried 16 guns. She was sold to John Willis and went missing in 1882.

John Willis bought four vessels built in this dockyard, namely, *Assay*, *Punjaub*, *Zenobia* and *Jumna*.

E. A. Woods.

Some facts about the *Drumrock*.

1903. Sold, F. Laiesz & Co., Hamburg. Re-named by them *Persimmon*.

1912. Resold Vinnen & Co., Bremen, and re-named *Helwig Vinnen*. Taken by America after the war.

1925. Was registered as a barge, named *Log Tyee*, owned by the Hecate Straits Towing Co., Vancouver. Was re-named by them *Drumrock*.

1927. Went ashore in Tukush Bay, Vancouver, and broke up. Then owned by Pacific Coyle Navigation Co.

CAPTAIN J. BEARD.

A fine picture of her appears below. Kindly lent by Mr. Wm. West.

A Reply to Query by Mr. W. N. Coverly in the May number.

My notebook gives the following details of the three old wooden walls which have served as store and depôt ships on the West Coast of South America.

H.M. frigate *Naiad*. In action at Trafalgar. First at Valparaiso in October, 1849. Transferred to Callao, January, 1852. Sold to P.S.N. Co. in 1865. Broken up in 1898. I find the *Naiad* was a 36-gun frigate, built at Hill's Yard, Limehouse, from the design of Sir William Rule, and was launched in April, 1797; her burden in tons being 1,020. She was the longest lived of the British Trafalgar ships, except the *Victory*.

H.M. frigate *Nereus*, launched 1821, at Pembroke. First at Valparaiso, 1st April, 1868. First at Coquimbo, 1874. Last at Coquimbo, January, 1879, when she was sold out of the Service.

H.M. frigate *Liffey*, launched 1856 at Devonport. Commissioned to relieve *Nereus* on 1st April, 1878. Recommissioned at Coquimbo, 17th November, 1878. Last shown at Coquimbo in Navy List in 1903.

The above dates have been taken from the Royal Navy Lists in my possession.

F. V. LONGSTAFF, Major (Retd.).

A beautiful picture of the *Drumrock* in her palmy days. (See Notes above.)
Photo lent by Wm. West.

News wanted of *John Norman*.

I am sending you a photograph of a typical American four-masted schooner, taken off Mount Desert Island, Maine. These vessels are gradually disappearing; none have been built since the close of the world war.

I have a painting of the three-masted ship *John Norman*, done in Hong Kong about 1860. The vessel was built at Barnstaple, England, in 1855 (513 tons, 150ft. by 27ft. 3in. by 17ft. 5in.), and was owned by Messrs. Hines Bros. in 1882. Can your readers give me any information regarding the ship and what finally became of her? If so, I would greatly appreciate it.

L. J. Brengle.

Note.—A photo of the schooner referred to appears on page 230.

More about *Success*—An Amicable Controversy.

I note with interest the remarks in the June number of F. J. Crate about the old ship *Success*. I am sorry that I must contradict him in his statement that she was built in 1790. Lloyd's Register gives her as being built in 1840 at Moulmein, and not in 1790. In 1790 Moulmein was not in British India, it only became British after the first Burmese War in 1825.

A few ships had been built there for H. East India Co. and native firms before 1800, but they were all built for the country trade. *Success* was built for Phillips, Shaw & Lowther, of Exchange Buildings, London. In Registers previous to 1840 I can find no mention of any *Success* built in Moulmein.

I do not think that the history of her, as given in the catalogue, can be depended on. Naturally she would be made to appear as old as possible by her then owners for show purposes, as very few persons visiting her would be able to contradict their statement or would take the trouble to. Her last voyage was made to Port Phillip in 1852, with Captain Stewart in command. She never carried convicts out from home, and was only used as a prison hulk and not as a convict hulk.

Stanmore, Swanmore—and some others.

I notice in the May number of *Sea Breezes* a Mr. R. Thomas speaks of having made a voyage in the *Deudraeth Castle* ex *Stanmore*. I made the first voyage in her under her new name. Bought from the White Star Line, her tonnage is given as 1,736 tons, her sister ship, the *Swanmore*, being 1,737. An exact model, but of larger tonnage, was the *Strathdon*, owned by Devitt & Moore. The *Deudraeth Castle* never made any noteworthy passages, although I don't think she ever made a bad one, and a finer sea boat never sailed salt water. Our times were: Swansea to Coquimbo 83 days, and Taltal to Rotterdam 75 days. Master, John Jones; mate, Edmund Evans.

My next voyage was in the *Western Monarch*, a photo of which appears in the May issue of *Sea Breezes*. She was a most beautiful model, built of iron, and evidently no expense had been spared when she was built—I believe in 1875, tonnage 1,314. A large saloon, marble fireplace, and stained glass everywhere; the crest of the original company also being in stained glass all over the place, viz., a full-rigged ship in the sea, with, round the top, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and round the

bottom, "The sea is His, and He made it." The figurehead was the late Queen Victoria in widow's weeds. She sailed best when on a wind, as shown in the photo, i.e., with cro'jack made fast; when set it had a tendency to jibe her head up into the wind, requiring weather helm to correct it. Like many other clippers she was dirty at sea, but a grand ship all the same. We left Liverpool 14th November, 1897, with a general cargo of 2,000 tons, lump sum freight £2,300, for Honolulu. Crossed the Line 26 days out, previous to which we had been overhauled and passed by the *Dovenby Hall* and that beautiful old *Harbinger*. On the 26th December we had the misfortune to lose an apprentice overboard. On March 10th, 1898, we arrived at Honolulu, 116 days out, not bad for a distance of 13,255 miles. At that time we were the only British ship in port amongst many well-known three-skys'l-yarders, the *Roanoke*, *Iroquis*, *Henry B. Hyde*, *S. P. Hitchcock*, *James B. Rice*, *Tillie E. Starbuck*, *Jane L. Stanford* (five-mast schooner) and others, all loading sugar for New York. On completion of our discharge we loaded a full cargo of sugar for Spreckles, of San Francisco, the last foreign ship to load for an American port before the Islands were annexed by the States. After discharging in 'Frisco, we went to Union Street Wharf and loaded redwood railway sleepers for Callao. From there in ballast to Lobos D'Afuera, where we took in a cargo of guano for London. Whilst discharging in the home port the ship was sold to the Norwegians. On returning to her a fortnight afterwards to get my gear, I found the glory of the old girl already departed. The skysail mast had been lopped off, the yards taken from the mizzen, and a windmill being rigged on the poop; what for, I don't know, because she was sound as a bell and dry as a bottle. What her subsequent career was I never heard. Her times the voyage I was in her were: Liverpool to Honolulu, 116 days; Honolulu to 'Frisco, 27 days; 'Frisco to Callao, 50 days; and Lobos D'Afuera to London, 118 days. Master, Edmund Evans; mate, Richard Jones; sold foreign April, 1899.

H. P. Hope.

The *Pamir* in a wintry setting, February 16th, 1929. Bound from Iquique to Hamburg, which port she failed to make on account of the ice, she had to be towed to Rotterdam. Photo lent by E. W. Peters.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

Not very long ago a certain theatrical manager, a sort of super showman, announced that he was tired of chorus girls who looked as if they never got a square meal. So he set to work to make a real plump and womanly chorus. The girls were all dieted and fed up like Christmas poultry, but the idea never really caught on. And now a further blow has fallen. The dressmakers of Paris are sending out hundreds of models, which will be copied all over the world, made with standing room only. They are too tight to sit down in and not only are girls to keep slim as formerly but this slimness has to extend nearly down to the knees. To give an idea of the tightness of these garments I may say that some of them are already torn with the mannequin trying them on for a buyers' parade.

I know my readers will hardly believe it, but the fashionable colour is still beige. But be sure the dressmakers and designers will think up new styles and new materials; it would be too much to expect that we should be allowed to wear a last season's costume. Of course, beige isn't the only colour to be worn, and those girls who like to be right in front with any new movement might just note that there are also five other colours to choose from. They are Vieux Bordeaux, a realistic shade of Burgundy; Clair et Noissette, which is a very unusual shade of chocolate; Rouge-Lacque, a bright Chinese red; Vert Boutille, a brilliant emerald green; and lastly, Bleu-Dur, which is a gorgeous mixture of cornflower, clear delphinium and periwinkle. A generous list, I say, as all tastes are catered for. This Bleu-Dur has already got hold of a large following in France, which means that we are certain to see the colour here before long.

There is also a useful stockinette, which is reversible; at first this advantage does not seem to be much until we remember that the wrong side is in a contrasting shade. As garments made in France are perfect on the wrong side, it means you get two Autumn suits for the price of one. Another new material likely to be popular this winter is Jourdelya, which, besides being delightfully warm, is also soft to the touch. The coat-frock is to re-appear, but it is now spoken of as a coat-gown (don't forget this when ordering, if you wish to retain the respect of your dressmaker). There is also a really wonderful imitation of Persian lamb called Frisselya. It is ideal for those women who want a "fur" coat without the anxiety of paying for it.

I had quite a good idea brought to my notice recently. It is a beach suit specially designed for those beachers where there is always a long, long, LONG queue waiting for the bathing boxes. This suit consists of a bathing dress in the American style, i.e., either all white or the upper half white and the pants black. If all white, there is a monogram worked on the left front in black and a black belt. Worn over this swimming suit is a black stockinette skirt, wrap-over style, with just one fastener at the waist, and a white stockinette coat. The reveres are black, like the lining, and the coat has sleeves. So that one minute you are a charming young lady dressed in the regulation fashion and the next minute you are ready for a bathe without the tedium of waiting an hour for a cubicle to undress in! There is not much change in the tweeds for use in Scotland, but there are one or two improvements in the tweeds already in existence. The colours must always remain about the same, as costumes and suits are expected to tone with the surrounding countryside. This year the tailors are introducing a new tweed, which is hard-faced and yet soft to handle.

The Finnish Barque *Oaklands* mentioned in "Signal Station."

The hard-face is to prevent the material catching in the brambles, and the soft touch is to justify the price!

Men who shoot a lot are ordering big armholes and their "fours" have not too much "plus" about them. Shooting stockings can now be combed as some genius has discovered that the mist and damp clings to this hairy surface instead of penetrating the stocking. Special care, too, has to be taken with the tongue of the brogues. The best shoes and boots have a hide tongue, usually double, which prevents the water getting in.

Stripes are quite popular in England for seaside wear, and yesterday I noticed a girl wearing a skirt to match her blazer, which was in inch-wide stripes of yellow and nigger brown. Someone, by the way, has predicted that yellow is going to be worn a good deal later on in the South of France. Many girls are buying beach trousers in "darkie" colourings, red and white stripes as a rule. They look quite well, and are sometimes worn with a white stockinette top dotted with big red spots. The bathing dresses are really brilliant, some of them have zig-zag patterns down them, like the dazzle ships during the war. Others are magpie, black one half and white the other, and others have a chess-board effect.

A few years ago women found that by shortening their skirts they looked more girlish; a little later they shortened them a little more, and after that they cut their hair, only to look younger still. But a new fashion has just come in that ought to put us right back into the nursery. The ankle-band slipper has re-appeared, square-toe and all; I've seen quite a lot about this summer. I wonder what the Jamboree will introduce? As a rule, wherever and whenever there is a large concourse of people all wearing the same uniform, parts of that kit get copied and are adopted for civilian wear, generally by women. The Guides' uniform is quite nice, but it is too useful looking to be taken up by the woman of fashion. It is just possible that their hat may come in in felt for the winter. I was very interested in the curious garment worn by the two Japanese for their single-stick contest. It was a navy blue serge skirt in front but at the back it bloomed out into extra wide "Eton and Oxfords."

The Indian's turban would be a likely thing for women to take up. I had one of the Indian Scouts take his off and do it up to show me how. It is quite an art, but there is no doubt that, copied in crêpe-de-chine or ninon, a delightful effect could be produced in a minute or so. A scarf with batik ends would make a nice toque.

GWEN.

The Landlubbers' Page

By The Editor.

In our August issue we dealt with the masts and sails; we will now descend to the hull of our ship, and starting forward, walk along towards the stern, defining the various objects as we go.

Nautical Terms and their Definitions continued :—

On the Forecastle Head (see July number)—

Cat-Heads—Baulks of timber extending for about three feet, at right-angles to the bow on either side, and usually ornamented on the outer end by an effigy of a cat's head. Fitted with three sheeves, they form the upper part of a huge "tackle" (wire, or rope) with which the anchor is lifted from the water to the forecastle head, and there secured.

Cat-Fall—The rope above referred to.

Windlass—A specially-constructed winch for heaving the anchor chain and passing it into the chain-locker.

Chain-Locker—A sub-divided compartment in the ship's hold in which the chain cables are stowed.

Gypsies—Grooved barrels on each side of the windlass, fitted with a brake over which the cable passes, and is held secure on its way to the chain-locker; this refers to the modern windlass.

Bitts (or *Bollards*)—Low twin iron pillars bolted to the deck, to which the ship's mooring ropes are made fast.

Compressors—Rather difficult to define, but here goes. Bulks of timber (usually Lignum Vitae) bolted to the deck between the windlass and the hawse-pipes on either side, on which are surmounted heavy iron jaws which can be lowered or lifted by a lever. While the chain cable is in motion, it travels freely over these jaws, but, when the vessel is "riding-to-an-anchor," a compression of the lever causes one jaw to rise and take the weight of the chain, and so relieve the strain on the windlass.

Hawsepipes—Have the appearance of eyes in the ship's bows. Through these the chain travels, which is connected to the anchor; they probably derive their name from the hawser, which in by-gone days served the same purpose as the chain cable, to which, in the ordinary course of "evolution," the hempen one gave place.

As most of the foregoing contraptions are necessary to the manipulation of the anchor, perhaps a few words on the latter will not be amiss. We will deal with the old-fashioned anchor as it appears when it figures in illustrations as symbolical of "Hope." Its proportional parts are : The Ring, Stock, Shank, Crown, and Flues (or Flukes).

The Ring—The shackle which connects the chain to the anchor.

The Stock—Baulks of timber bolted to the shank below the ring at right angles to the flukes, to ensure for the anchor lying correctly at the bottom.

The Shank May be described as the "body" of the anchor.

The Crown—The portion resting on the ground when the anchor is in an up and down position.

The Flukes—The spatulated extremities on either arm, resembling in shape the "Ace of Spades;" one of which buries itself in the bottom of the sea, and so holds the ship with her "head" to the tide.

Reminiscences of an old Sea Captain

My Apprenticeship Days

Chapter III.

Before commenting on the days of my apprenticeship, I wish to mention some of the tragic occurrences of the seventies that might well discourage any lad from going to sea, but the call was there strong.

I well recall the loss of the *Atlantic*, and the burning of the Liverpool Landing Stage; then there was the *Northfleet*, run down off the Ness by the Spanish s.s. *Murillo;* the mutiny of the Swansea barque *Caswell*, of which "Big George," the Greek, was leader; the sinking of the *Princess Alice*, in collision with the *Bywell Castle*, in September, 1878; and then the Tay Bridge disaster, 1879; finally, the fatal panic in the old Coliseum Music Hall in Paradise Street, with the loss of over 30 lives.

I have a most retentive memory, too retentive, for the reason that there are sometimes incidents in a man's life that he would fain forget; still, a good memory is a valuable asset. I omitted to mention the saddest tragedy of all, to our family at any rate, for we received the news that my brother Dave, only 21 years of age, had been washed overboard from the *Cassiopæ*, Captain Withers in command, one of Joseph Heap's, the Liverpool rice millers, ships, while on passage to Melbourne.

I was apprenticed to Captain Alexander Rea, owner of the barque *Gallovidian*, Antilles-Annie Fletcher-Craignair, whose sons, Captains John, James and Harry were then in command of the firm's ships, Captain Hugh Hughes being master of the *Gallovidian*, a small barque of 399 tons register. The firm's business was conducted by Miners & Co., Chapel Walks, who also were associated with Messrs. James Sproat & Co., whom I later served as mate and master.

We loaded at Glasgow for Callao, and when ten days out, while hove-to, she shipped a heavy sea that almost swept her clean, the big longboat on the main hatch, the two boats on the skids, stanchions, harness casks and main capstan going over the side, the helmsman unfortunately being washed overboard, together with the wheel box. We put back to Queenstown, and after repairing at Passage West, we started again, and after the usual dusting off Cape Horn, and she proved to be a wet brute, there was not a dry spot in her in bad weather, we arrived at Callao, loading sugar at Chancay and Supe for Liverpool.

One voyage was very much like another, she always smashed something, and it was most disheartening to see one's sea boots floating in the half deck. We worked our own cargo, everything was practically a one-man's job, there were but 12 of us all told. On the second voyage to Callao, while we were discharging, the Chilean Fleet entered the port for blockading purposes, and all foreign ships were ordered to leave, but as some of us had considerable cargo to discharge, the captain of the British gunboat *Triumph*, the only foreign warship in port, asked for an extension of time, which the Chilean Admiral refused, whereupon the *Triumph* lifted her anchor and moored in a direct line between the Chilean flagship and the forts of Callao, so that the Chileans would have to fire across her if they started to bombard; it was a cute trick, the Chilean Admiral took the hint and the notice to leave was extended.

Four years of service in that half tide rock was enough for anyone, and I was glad to get out of her, but those little craft made sailors of those boys who had it in them. My time expiring in 1882, I sat for my examination as second mate under Captain Roe, and having got through, and there being no vacancy available with Captain Rea, I got the second

mate's job, through introduction to Mr. Wakeham, in the old *Arequipa*, with Captain Brown. She was a much better sea boat than the *Gallovidian*, and there was comfort in her down south, but she had many "Irish Purchases," so that she was rather heavy to work. We loaded copper and barley at Los Vilos on the return journey to Liverpool, and on arrival I accepted the second mate's job in the *Bengairn*, of my old firm, under the command of Captain James Rea. I desire to pass my experience in that packet for I never heard of such a skipper, who appeared to pass his waking hours thinking up schemes to annoy his officers and crew, unlike his brothers Captain John and Harry, Captain John being an exceptionally fine shipmaster. Nobody ever made a second voyage with the tyrannical James who, to get away with his meanness threatened his young officers in the matter of a reference, which was required by the Board of Trade from candidates. Perhaps it is but fair to distinguish Captain James (Jimmy) Rea, of the *Bengairn*, from his cousin, Captain James, who was afterwards the James Rea, of John and James Rea, who succeeded Captain Alexander Rea in ownership. I quit the *Bengairn* with much pleasure at Glasgow, went home to Liverpool, and took my first mate's certificate. I called on Captain Alexander at Mr. Miners' office, he used to call me "Jock." "Hoo did ye get on wi' Jimmie?" he asked. "All right, Sir," I replied. "Did ye get a reference?" "Yes, Sir;" but I didn't ask for one, and I was not paid mate's wages coming round from Dunkirk as mate, which I was promised just to get me to stay, for I had my bag packed to clear out in Dunkirk, for one voyage with a man like that captain was enough for any self-respecting officer. Captain Alexander Rea expressed his pleasure that I had got a reference, for he said "Ye ken, few men can get on wi' Jimmie." He was right, but it was not the officers' fault, it was another skipper that was needed, not a change of officers. However, my next ship compensated me for all I suffered in that miserable *Bengairn*; it was like going out of hell into heaven. In my next I shall write of the Glasgow barque *Cadzow Forest*, Captain Alexander Smith, whose memory I salute, and with whom I served as second mate for two East India voyages, hanging on so long as I had been promised the mate's berth, but the mate knew a good thing when he had it, and stuck.

(*To be continued.*)

The four-masted Barque *Olivebank*, discharging at Belfast. (See "Signal Station.")

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

Eight vessels of the 1929 Grain Fleet have so far been chartered to load timber in Scandinavia for Australia. Last year nearly all made the return voyage in ballast, and it is some years since so many have obtained a timber cargo. The chartered fleet includes *Pommern* and *Herzogin Cecilie*, loading in Norway for Melbourne; *Lawhill*, *Mozart*, *Olivebank* and *Beatrice*, loading in Sweden for Melbourne; *Penang*, loading in Sweden for Sydney; and *Archibald Russell*, in Sweden for Adelaide.

With the exception of *Beatrice*, all the vessels are Finnish owned. *Mozart* is owned by Mr. Hugo Lundqvist, of Mariehamn, and the rest form part of the magnificent fleet of 19 sailing vessels owned by Captain Gustaf Erikson, also of Mariehamn. In addition to these vessels, Captain Erikson's four-mast barque *Melbourne* has recently arrived at Melbourne with a timber cargo from Oslo. Although the freight rates for timber to Australia are too low to allow of any profit on the voyage and have the disadvantage that the timber-discharging ports in Australia are rarely the same as those for loading wheat, now that most of the sailers load at Port Lincoln or Wallaroo, still it is more satisfactory than having to send the vessels out in ballast.

It is interesting to note that all Captain Erikson's deep-water vessels are provisioned from England for the voyage to Australia and back again, even if they do not discharge or load here.

Alastor—Finnish barque. Sailed Katka, 6th August, for London.

Beatrice—Swedish four-mast barque; ex *Routenburn*. Gefle, 8th August, for Melbourne.

Elakoon—Finnish wood barque. Sailed Haparanda, 29th June, for London.

Bonchamp—French barque. Arrived Havre, 23rd July, from Black River.

Bossuet—French barque. Arrived Havre, 10th August, from Jamaica.

C. B. Pedersen—Swedish four-mast barque. Sailed Rotterdam, 18th July, and arrived Stugsund prev. 2nd August.

Claudia—Danish barque, ex *Pestalozzi*. Sailed Jamaica, 1st June, for Havre and arrived 25th July.

Discovery—British aux. barque. Sailed London, 1st August, for Cape Town. She is to make a research expedition to the Antarctic, under the leadership of Sir Douglas Mawson, F.R.S., and will probably be away two years, or even longer.

Garthpool—British four-mast barque. Sailed Queenstown, 28th July, for Hull in tow.

Hougomont—Finnish four-mast barque. Sailed Port Lincoln, 3rd April, and arrived Queenstown, 29th July; 118 days. Ordered to Avonmouth. See *Olivebank*.

Killoran—Finnish barque. Santa Rosa Islands, 20th July, for Antwerp.

Kobenhavn—Danish aux. five-mast barque. The search for this vessel, which has not been heard of for eight months, is still being carried on by the motor vessels *Mexico* and *Junee*, but so far without result.

L'Avenir—Belgian four-mast barque. Sailed Antwerp, 18th June, for Charleston and arrived 29th July.

The *Loch Linnhe* loading at Skelletea : mentioned in this article.

Loch Linnhe—Finnish barque. London, 1st August, for Mariehamn, f/o.

Mozart—Finnish four-mast barquentine. Hull, 19th July, for Sundsvall, and arrived 2nd August.

Oaklands—Finnish barque. London, 21st July, for Raumo.

Olivebank—Finnish four-mast barque. Sailed Port Lincoln, 3rd April, and arrived Queenstown, 29th July; 118 days. Ordered to Belfast. See *Hougomont*. Photo on page 254.

Parma—German four-mast barque, ex *Arrow*. Hamburg, 17th August, for Chile.

Plus—Finnish barque. London, 26th July, for Haukipudas.

Ponape—Finnish four-mast barque. Sailed Geelong, 30th April, and arrived Falmouth, 6th August; 98 days. Ordered to Cardiff.

Priwall—German four-mast barque. Sailed Iquique, 14th May, and arrived Dunkirk, 9th August.

Prompt—Finnish barque. Arrived Mariehamn, 26th July, from London.

Pehr Ugland—Norwegian barque. Marseilles, 25th July, for the Skaw.

Padua—German four-mast barque. 6th June, arrived Bruges after a smart passage of 79 days from Iquique. Sailed Hamburg, 25th July, for Chile.

Peking—German four-mast barque. Iquique, 27th July. Channel f/o.

Pommern—Finnish four-mast barque. Oslo, 25th July, for Melbourne.

Sorlandet—Norwegian full-rigged training ship, built in 1927. Has been on a visit to Newcastle. Sailed Rotterdam, 24th July, for Christiansand.

Susanne Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Arrived Rio de Janeiro, 22nd July, from Bremen.

Warma—Finnish wood barque. Arrived London, 31st July, from Nystad.

Winterhude—Finnish barque. Arrived London, 6th August, from Guanape Islands.

The onion and potato trade from Roscoff, in Brittany, to British ports is now in full swing. There are some 35 French sailing vessels engaged in this trade. They are mostly ketches or small cutters, but there are also some fine schooners, such as *Kenavo* and *Araok*. The latter are very distinctive at sea owing to their good sheer and big single square topsail.

R. H. Swann.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

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The British Barquentine *Senorita* in her palmy days (1916). Built in 1893 by Cumming and Ellis, at Inverkeithing, registered tonnage 350, length 144·2, breadth 27·1, depth 11·2, owners, Rosenfeld and Co., Port of Registry, Sydney, N.S.W. She is now a coal hulk in Auckland, N.Z.
Photo lent by Capt. A. E. Postlethwaite.

The Wreck of the *Amy Turner*

Corroborated by Extracts from Official Log

Chapter II.

On approaching the island, we discovered to our dismay that it was the northern end of Guam, and as we passed the Wireless Station on the summit of Point Ritidan, we signalled our plight. It was plain to all on board that we were no better off unless assistance was sent us from Port Apra.

I have never been able to discover from the authorities whether our signals were seen or not, they were certainly never replied to, and it was particularly heartbreaking to be within reach of safety and in sight of land, and be able to do nothing to reach either.

The coast here was particularly forbidding. Great high cliffs—absolutely sheer to the water's edge, while all along the base and some distance from it, great ugly black pinnacles of rock with seas breaking over them and the spray being thrown hundreds of feet up the face.

No boat could have been launched and no boat would have lived in the sea that was running.

Seeing that no help was forthcoming, it was decided to heave to and obtain what little shelter we could under the lee of Guam. The squalls here were terrific, and it was quite evident that the centre of the cyclone was passing across Guam. Never in all my thirty years' sea experience have I known it to blow so hard or so violently, and from so many directions. By superhuman exertions we managed to set the spanker, which immediately blew to ribbons; therefore, we got a sail up from below and let it blow up the mizzen rigging, the boatswain and myself going aloft and cutting the fore topsail adrift.

Her soul crying to us in agony.

The old packet came slowly to, receiving a frightly buffeting as she did so, and one boat was washed away, leaving only the lifeboat on the house, which, fortunately, was not damaged, and a 20-ft. dory-built boat in the chocks on the other side. By this time it was pretty evident that things were very serious and unless the wind and sea abated, that the ship could not last much longer. For three days and nights the water had been gaining rapidly, and in spite of all our efforts, there must have been fifteen or sixteen feet of water in the hold. This with an old wooden vessel laden deeply with coal, did not tend to improve matters, and the very soul of the poor old ship seemed to cry to us in agony at every roll and plunge, and we could do nothing more to aid her. It was pitiful—agonising—heartrending. The end of all our hopes and aspirations. Gone was all the fun and frolic of the dog watches. All the fruits of our labours were no longer apparent. The ship which a few days previously had been a pleasure to look upon aloft and below, with not a rope yarn out of place and the tropical sun shining like silver on her cotton canvas, was little better than a hulk—battered beyond recognition. Bulwarks gone—mainmast tottering, her hull soggy and settling lower and lower in the water, she was enough to make the stoutest heart quail—yet there was no outward sign of fear. Orders were obeyed promptly, and when the job in hand was completed the men returned automatically to the pumps without urging.

Yet all hands knew that at any moment the ship might take her final plunge. She was very much down by the head, and took a long time to rise; when she pitched, her forecastle head and forward portion of the house was completely buried, and it seemed impossible she could lift to it again. Yet she did. As night fell, rockets were sent up, and as each shell burst we comforted ourselves by saying that an American cruiser would not take long to reach us if the distress signals were seen from the shore.

At midnight the captain called us on to the poop, gave us a glass of rum and told us that we had done all that human beings could do. He had hopes of the weather clearing a little and it was his intention, as soon as daylight came, to endeavour to get the boats out and abandon ship. We could knock off the pumps and get whatever rest we could on the poop in turns, whilst others were to do their best to reach the top of the house and provision the lifeboats. No praise can be too great for the work performed by Clifton Cornish during the final hours on board. He it was who, unaided, secured the main hatches when they started to go. Disdaining a life-line, he risked his life time and again, being on more than one occasion washed overboard into the raffle of bulwarks and gear and spare spars, which was hanging to leeward of the ship, entangled in a hopeless mess of fouled cordage of every description.

The quintessence of superb manhood.

It was his efforts that encouraged us to get a purchase on the fore-yard after he had himself secured it to the backstays, so that the lifeboat could be lifted off the house into the water. He was superhuman! The quintessence of superb manhood. His presence dominated all, and he had a joke and smile for everyone.

In reading this narrative, please remember that I have no log book or diary. I am stating the facts as they appeared to me during a period of stress, when vitality was at a very low ebb, and my mind, perhaps, not able to record correct impressions. Some sailor critics may say "Why wasn't this done," or "Why did they not do so-and-so?" We probably did. I do not remember all. One doesn't, any more than I can tell you everything about my first bayonet charge. There are many things which one does not recollect when facing death, for which we may be thankful. One thing I would like to impress upon the reader is—we were no highly-trained and disciplined body of men; we were of different ages, nationalities, temperament. We had no fixed traditions or precedents. We were just a handful of average sailormen doing our damndest to save our ship, and every man jack of us was quite prepared to give his life to save that of the brave woman on board, if that should be necessary, without any thought other than that we were doing what we "signed for."

The *Benmore* in a peculiar setting, being painted on a silver leaf from Table Mountain Capetown. Lent by Mr. James Bews

The captain was satisfied that we had done all that could be done, so the traditions of the Merchant Service were carried out and that is quite sufficient reply to any criticism that may arise.

As it was intended that all hands should get away in the lifeboat, the bulk of the provisions were placed in this boat, with the exception of some tinned meat and a few other articles which were placed in the smaller boat. During the process, the passing from the poop, which was comparatively dry now, to the forward house was fraught with considerable danger, and it baffles my comprehension how it was accomplished at all. However, a fair supply of biscuits, tinned meats, milk and fruit were passed along, and we hoped that at daylight our efforts would be successful.

Lifebelts were served out at dawn, a three-inch line was passed from right aft outside of everything and made fast to the boat, so that if successfully got over the side, she could be hauled under the counter and those remaining on board were then to jump and be picked up by the occupants of the boat. It was at first decided to place Mrs. Neilsen in the boat, prior to it being launched, and we had managed to get her along the deck and on to the top of the house. However, as blocks and other gear began to tumble down from the foremast, and the swinging yards aloft, it was thought advisable to return her to the poop until the boat was hauled close enough for her to be lowered into it. We were quite optimistic about getting the boat out, and I remember giving my waterproof, containing all my private papers, money, medals, etc., to this courageous little lady, before she went aft, telling her she could return them when we got ashore, then making some slight adjustment to her lifebelt, assisted her off the house into the arms of the captain, who managed to regain the poop with her in safety.

Her final plunge.

All was in readiness for launching the boat. The crew were mustered on the house, with the exception of the second mate and a boy stationed aft to attend the boat rope. Oil was plentifully strewn to leeward, and it seemed as if Providence was coming to our aid, as a pronounced lull occurred, and a heavy rain squall beat down the tops of the seas. The boat was slung by a rope bridle from the two ring bolts in the bow and stern, and the boatswain was in her with an axe to cut away as soon as she was swung out board. With a man at each end to fend off as far as possible with boat-hooks. In case of emergency, the gripe lashings of the smaller starboard boat were cast adrift, and I might mention this was my last act on the doomed vessel.

A strain was put on the boat tackle fall. Another pull taken and the boat was lifted sufficiently high to push her outboard. The fall was belayed and we were awaiting the next lee roll to swing out and cut, when the ship gave a sickening plunge. There was a roar like thunder as the coal shot away below. One mad wild rush of water over us all and I found myself, with two others, in mid-Pacific, hanging on to the gunwale of a boat, and my former companions struggling in the water all round me. The *Amy Turner* had taken her final plunge and was no more. The boat was the small one, whose gripes I had cast adrift a moment or so before the ship went down, otherwise I should not be relating this story.

Although right side up, she was full of water, and scrambling into her, I got the sea anchor over and put a steering oar over the stern. Tracey and Lindholm managed to get into the boat and commenced to bale for their lives, and a few minutes later Clifton Cornish swam to us and we endeavoured to get back to rescue our comrades. The captain

and his wife were plainly to be seen, clinging to some wreckage, and we tried to reach them first. The sea, from so frail a craft, was fearful to behold, and I blessed my early *Conway* training in yachts and boats for the knowledge I possessed of boat handling. I marvel to-day to think that any boat could possibly live in such a sea. She would rise up on to the apex of two or three cross seas, balance like a celluloid ball on a jet of water, spin round like a tee-to-tum, and then sink into a great valley of calm water with huge mountains of foam towering above her. Then came the rain. A perfect deluge, blotting everything out, and we knew that our efforts to save our comrades were useless.

The squall passed. Nothing was in sight—not a soul. We four were the sole survivors of the ship's company.

To further add to our misery, we had now the torture of mind due to the loss of our shipmates, for we knew there was no hope for them. Our thoughts were diverted, however, by the necessity for keeping our frail craft afloat, and saving our own lives.

Copy of Official Log of the *Amy Turner*. Deck Log lost with C/O. Extract from memory previous to vessel foundering.

1923. 25th March—Master's position on chart at noon, 13 deg. 48 min. N., 147 deg. 11 min. E. Guam W. and S. 142 deg. approx.; heavy north-easterly gale; vessel making for Guam for assistance; labouring violently, shipping heavy water; leaking badly; pumping continuously by hand, night and day.

26th March—10 a.m. Sighted Reditan Pt. Wireless Station. Hoisted "N.C." at "Peak;" distant signal of distress, at main; fired rockets; received no reply. Sounded; obtained 40 fathoms. Vessel under fore lower topsail, and fore topmast staysail. After-boat washed out of davits by heavy sea sweeping poop. 4 p.m. Cut topsail away, spread tarpaulin on mizzen rigging; pumping continuously; water gaining; vessel breaking up; gale at height; terriffic seas; squalls of hurricane violence.

27th March—8 a.m. Vessel settling rapidly by head, and heeling to port; bulwarks and stanchions gone; main hatches stove in; prepare to abandon ship; place master's wife in starboard boat with lifebelt. Hook on port lifeboat, with line leading aft; Clifford A. Cornish volunteering to go in the boat.

Hands stationed on deck house; mate, Jones, Walhroo, and Holland at port lifeboat; remove master's wife to poop, for safety; West, Lindholm, Tracey and Rich at starb. lifeboat.

Hands stationed on poop: Master, wife, second mate, cook and cabin-boy.

Vessel suddenly took plunge by head, washing boats off house; port boat capsizing, starboard, and only remaining boat, remaining upright.

Drifting rapidly to leeward, unable to save any but Cornish, who swam powerfully to us, and was picked up; the last seen of remainder was that they were clinging to portions of wreckage, and though we endeavoured to keep the boat as close as possible to them, we were blown rapidly out of sight; our efforts then were confined, until the gale abated, in keeping our boat afloat.

True statement as far as memory serves. Signed, Charles West, Clifton Cornish, Frank Lindholm, Cornelius Tracey.

(To be continued.)

A Well-spent Afternoon

A Visit to Three of the 'Old Brigade'

In November, 1928, while in the port of Santa Fé, up the River Parana, there were two "old timers" lying near, named the *El Changador* and *Asia*. Having been in their company on several occasions, I knew them to have originally been the *Montgomery Castle* and *Earnock*, respectively, but had never been on board. So, when a third arrived on the scene, named *Africa*, whom I could not place, I took the first opportunity to stroll round and identify her. As the three were lying together, I was (after running the gauntlet of their watch-dogs) able to board each in turn, the first being the *Montgomery Castle*.

This little iron barque was a contemporary of the famous *Cutty Sark*, although I believe she was a West Coast trader, her lines not being clipper ones by any means. Built in 1868 by R. and J. Evans, of Liverpool, her builders' number being 30, she was owned by Richards, Mills & Co., of that port. Her registered tonnage was 871, and dimensions 190ft. 7in. by 33ft. by 20ft. She was launched in January, 1869, ten months before the *Cutty Sark*. About 1901 she was sailing as the *Fredsael*, of Porsgrund, Norway, and owned by Pettersen & Ullenaess. She was subsequently sold to Spain and converted to the auxiliary Diesel-engined barque *Suarez No.* 1. Re-sold about 1918, she became the *Maria Milagros*, owned by Ampueria Zubiria & Co., of Bilbao, and in 1927 I first met her as the *El Changador* of Rosario, owned by Grambelli & Co., and used by them as a towing lighter on the River Parana. Her name means, I believe, the *Jack of all Trades*, or is equivalent to that, and it seems to be a suitable one. Her appearance is very decrepit, her old plates badly rusted and patched where the worst holes show. Her accommodation is of the barest, and I doubt if she will last many years longer.

Although dismantled, still respectable.

The next in turn, the *Earnock*, was an iron ship, built in 1877 by Birrell, Stenhouse & Co., of Dumbarton—their number 19—and owned by J. Shepherd, of Belfast. Her registered tonnage was 1,133, and dimensions 227ft. 7in. by 35ft. 7in. by 21ft. 5in. About 1903 she was sold to J. A. Henschien of Lillesand, Norway, and converted to the barque *Sator*. In 1917 she was sold for £15,000 to C. Tonne & Co., of Buenos Aires, and re-named *Mariposa*. In 1918 she is said to have been sold to Larrochea, Milaus & Co. of the same port, for £66,250, and again re-sold, the same year, for £89,000, to Garoiba, Oloar & Gonzales; however, in 1921 she was again sold to B. Canale for £2,800, and since then has become the property of the Argentine Navigation Co., of Buenos Aires, who re-named her *Asia*. She seemed in a wonderful state of preservation, and indeed, if re-rigged, looked as if she were capable of again sailing the high seas. Both she and the *Africa* are well kept up by their present owners, and although dismantled and with large hatches cut in the decks and painted teakwood, they look well considering their vocation. The skipper proudly showed me over her cabin, which was spotlessly clean, although the polish showed signs of age and a lot of the fittings had been removed. He pointed out a frosted glass pane in the saloon skylight facing the wheel, which appears to be the original, as although hailing from Belfast she was built at Glasgow, and this glass depicts a knight in armour, with a dolphin at the lower

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Note.—A picture of *El Changador* appears on page 263.—Ed.

The hulk, *El Changador*, ex *Montgomery Castle*, referred to on page 262. Photo lent by Capt. Jas. Beard.

corners, and underneath the words "Let Glasgow Flourish." Possibly some old *Earnock* man may remember it; anyhow, after 51 years it is still undamaged.

The last of the trio had been a steel barque, and for some time I was unable to find any trace of her original name. Builder's plate was missing, as also were bells and plates on capstans, and I began to give it up as a bad job, especially as none of the crew seemed to know her last name; however, as a last resort, I went on the foc's'le head, and hanging on my toes I endeavoured to find the name under the paint on her bows. Taking my penknife, after two or three false alarms, I found a D, and a bit further forward a W. Thus encouraged, I persevered, at the risk of a row with the crew for spoiling the paint, and found some letters intermixed. Eventually I decided an A and an L were the most recent, and working further I got another I and the D. This gave me the clue I wanted, as, thinking over the subsequent names of vessels I knew, I decided on the *Alfhild* ex *Meinwen*, and working on this assumption I verified both names to my satisfaction.

Three Old-timers.

This vessel was another of R. & J. Evans' creations, built in 1892 at Liverpool, and their number was 131. She was of 1,491 tons register and measured 240ft. by 35ft. 1in. by 22ft. 2in. She was owned by J. G. Evans, of Liverpool, but I don't know if this was the builder. She was sold about 1916 to E. Tellefsen, of Christiania, and re-named *Alfhild*, and about 1927 passed into the hands of the Argentine Navigation Co., who dismantled her and re-named her *Africa*. Being of steel, she does not look as well preserved as the *Asia*, but as a lighter she has years of usefulness ahead.

Three old-timers, and of three different decades, ending their days in drudgery, shorn of their lofty spars, and led about by a tug, until eventually they will come to the ignominy of being broken up in a shipbreaker's yard. Almost unrecognisable, and designated "hulks," they still carry on, their names forgotten except by those that knew them in their glory, and even some of those that sailed in them may have passed them by, unrecognised.

Capt. J. Beard.

Whaling Stories

A Clean Down

[*We are indebted to Captain Hector Adams for his breezy "Whaling Stories" which have been running in serial since, and including February; and which are concluded in this issue.*—EDITOR.]

The summer fishing being finished early in August—wherever the Right Whale hid himself during that month, he kept the secret well—and so the ships were obliged to work "South," seek harbour in Cumberland Gulf, or according to the state of the season, the Captains compare notes, and prospects, etc., and await developments. (The writer has in mind an occasion when their fiat deprived one of themselves of his command.) The three-cornered scrapers are used to get off some of the blubber grease that with so much risk and anxiety we had put on.

Boats, and all their gear, are hauled up on the sandy beach, canvas and elbow grease being plentiful. All defects are made good and preparation for the Fall fishing, with its blizzards and darkness, are made. Meanwhile a boat from each ship keeps a lookout for whales about the harbour heads, an officer on some higher ground being in touch with them.

During this breathing space the ships often shift anchorage (or harbour) under sail. Some good-humoured rivalry between our fellows, and the next nearest vessel, *Narwhale* cropped up. Her people (who laughed in derision at our rendering of "Storm Along" while weighing anchor) were promptly challenged by us to "get their anchor," and make sail with a *song*.

Exercise making sail.

"Mak sail with a song," the *Narwhale* replied, in guid braid "Scots." They were no needing to fash theirsels wi' noisy blether o' shanties, but if we would tak tent they wad gie us an eye-opener in a day or twa.

We prepared, and the day afterwards (in the ordinary course) our anchor was "catted," and all plain sail made in twenty minutes. The scorn our "Blow, My Bully Boys, Blow!" called forth from the *Unicorn* was only excelled by the jeers of ribald remarks which greeted our "My Aunt Sal is the Devil's Own Joker," as we trotted aft with the F.T., and back again for'ard with the M.T. halliards, and then "sweated" everything up with our own "Hanging Johnnie."

The "Baazer" had raxed his poetic soul, and his reference to a certain "Horned rake," "Auld Clootie," were rendered con-expression. As we got "under weigh," our skipper "reached" her across under the *Narwhale's* stern, tacked, and then crossed her bow, while all hands "skipped lively" to get the canvas off her, and "brought her up" near our old berth in rattling style.

The "old man" was in "great form" and could be heard joining in our "Away-hey-hey-yaar, We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his Boots." And so we found a cheese and a case of lime juice, plus sugar awaiting us below.

A Piper o' Dundee.

Next morning, bright and (too) early, we found s.s. *Narwhale*, the clank of whose windlass pawls (by all the whalers' "gods" and the muffling of their oars), and the skirling of bagpipes which roused the fleet, and woke discordant echoes from the hills. The "Unicorns" were clattering about (in the ordinary course) and had weighed anchor. The

advantages of the "Pipes" over our song was evident, for when we felt it imperative that *Narvchale* should know our opinion as to the funny way in which they "cockbilled" all the yards with the topgallant sheets, we found that none of our vituperation could penetrate that piper's "melody."

Anyhow, they claimed to have beaten us by a few minutes, but were disqualified for accepting the assistance of a piper from the *Nova Zembla*, which was a *great help* to them. The good piper of that ship was helpful to *all* with his "lead" in our deck marchings and counter-marchings each evening, and his "chanter" and "drone" were welcomed by all the ships.

The Bethel.

During the summer, at the floe-edge, the writer had been able, on a couple of Sundays, to slip along to "Service" on board the *Esquimaux*. Captain Charles Yule (who did not fish on Sundays) and his breezy reading of the sermons of Dr. Talmage, the American orator and divine, were in keeping with the captain's strong personality. So, when the ship hoisted the "Bethel" flag here, several boat-loads gathered on her deck. Both her "Medico" and ours were believers in the virtue of song, so one played the harmonium and the other a violin; thus, we soon all joined in, and our singers (although they failed at praying) enjoyed themselves, and took a bit of stopping. All good things have an end, and, as we left to rejoin our ships, we lay on our oars while a clear baritone voice from the deck, accompanied by a good violinist, sent us away with an "Aberystwyth" (God be with you till we meet again) that lingered like a blessing.

The writer served with Captain Yule in *Esquimaux* 1879, and *Resolute* in 1880. His terse address on the commencement of a voyage is not easy to forget. "Men, I am here to do my duty, and I am going to see that you are helped to do yours." Nor was it easy for a defaulter to face the steady gaze of his questioning eye—long life, and my hat off, to a Christian. In his capacity of Harbour Master at Dundee I have met him on several occasions since.

The *Evelyn*, of Portmadoc, the last brig in the Western North Atlantic Trading to Harbour Grace. She was lost in mid ocean, in 1916. Photo lent by R. S Munn.

During the Fall fishing four boats from various ships were sheltering inside a reef near Eglinton Harbour. We had built a half circular erection of rocks and stones as a wind shield, the boats' sails being utilised to aid our object. Here we heard some of "Robbie Burns," and much of the highly-spiced witticisms of "Fuzzy Gow" (the twopenny gaff comedian and barnstormer), also the jingling rhymes of "The McGonigall of Dundee."

The Spectioneer's Yarn.

Here the Spectioneer of the *Narwhale* told his story of the "Killer Whale":—We lay, said he, with ice anchors out, at the "floe edge" in Ponds Bay two years ago, in company with *Intrepid*. The boats of both ships had driven a school of "unicorns" (narwhale) into a bay, and killed a few of them, one of which was 18 feet long. This giantess—like her sex—was hornless. We afterwards found a whale lying very quietly in a hole about a mile from the nearest "water lead." A party from each ship united, and were working to get the whale lines and a couple of harpoons to the hole with as little disturbance as possible.

After much labour, muleing and dragging, slipping through spongy places and being grabbed out, etc., it was found that the fish in the hole was missing. The remainder of the boats had been spaced off, and along the edge of the floe, in case the fish "came out."

As expected, a whale "breached" about half a mile off, and was seen to be attacked by "Thresher Sharks."

The boats made to the offing in chase. The "Thresher" is a "sea-ruffian" whose job is to torment and distract the placid victim, and he is only able to deal his heavy, numbing blows when the whale is "on the surface." The "Killer Whale," the pirate-in-chief of his kind (an agile, daring and murderous brute), with help from his tribe, and an almost incredible ferocity, will "hang on" to and worry the whale's lips. It is "worry" that kills, so the fish loses hope; the long lower jaw drops and allows the killer and his brethren to dash into the mouth and tear away (in pieces) the tongue.

Having done this they leave the whale to ocean's wolfish hordes. The whale, therefore, tries to avoid the deadening blows of the "Thresher" by *dodging under* the *floes*, where also the "Killer" is said to be much handicapped by the peculiar shape of his dorsal fin in his mad dashes and onslaughts on the "prey."

Vain Attempts to Elude Her Persecutors.

To return to our "chase." The fish doubled back for the floe-edge, and a boat (fresh from the *Narwhale*) now tried to cut the fish off before she went away under the ice, and succeeded only too well. The fish, badly mauled and terrified by increasing enemies, and with the killers around her muzzle, was *in extremis*. As she "dipped," the harpooner, determined to get "fast," could not get the way off the boat in time; some of the crew took to the water as the boat shot ahead; her tail flicked up, and the whale seemed to stop dead, while the great mass of bone and gristle (the tail) smashed down on the for'ard part of the boat.

Under the floe went fish, boat and two of the crew; then the powerful propeller of the fish washed the boat out from under the ice again. The

A fine view from the poop of the main deck of the Grain Racer *Herzogin Cecilie*.
Photo lent by Mr. D. F. Williams.

other boats picked them up. The harpooner (a hardy and reckless whaleman) was killed; another man died shortly afterwards.

The harpoon gun and the two bollards were driven through the boat's bottom. The fish was not seen again; doubtless it became the battle ground for Arctic troops of sea scavengers. So ends the spectioneer's yarn.

Captain K. T. Munn, in "Tales of the Eskimo," says, "But for their six-feet long, curious, recurving and very sensitive dorsal fin, the 'Killer' ('Orca') ('Gladiator') would exterminate large whales in the Arctic; the Eskimaux say that the Fin makes a loud humming noise when submerged."

The Fall Fishing.

With the last day of August the weather has changed; boating is a wet, cold and benumbing job. Gales spring up suddenly, with sleet and snow. High seas are running in the offing. No one seems to take the "fall" fishing seriously. The poor results of the summer season (the *Victor* took only six fish, i.e., 68 tons of oil) warrant us in making an effort and taking some risks to add to our catch. Anyhow, the *Rock Noseing* had towards the end of September yielded the fleet a couple of fish, but neither fell to us.

The young ice had formed in sheltered coast nilets, and on October 3rd a roaring blizzard had raged for a week. While this continued the ships used their engines to *ease* the cables and "ground tackle" during the hurricane squalls. At last, in a bit of a lull, a few days later (while two boats were still at the "Rock Nebbin") the ship steamed out; boats were hoisted and secured, and under small canvas, with a N.W. gale and heavy snow, which lasted 48 hours, we trundled "out of the country," with two "look-out" men on the fore yard.

Among the Dreaded Icebergs Again.

Six hours later "all hands" were "out" making sail, to clear a big berg which roared with "breakers" under our lee. Its terrible thunderings, as the mass seemed to lurch toward us, and our rolling and tumbling about in the backwash of the awful thing, almost rendered us panic-stricken. Things looked fearsome and black, but the frosted canvas was packed on her by the "crowd" (some of us partly naked), and as the reefed spanker was set, and the sheet of the mainsail hauled aft, the engines began to move; she gave a shuddering roll, luffed to the wind, and rammed her bows into the great breaking sea, filling her decks with water and loose "crash ice."

The bentic foresail was then set, and our fight had begun against the high, topping, breaking seas which curled over us, battering the ship with each lurch towards "The Terror" under our lee. How long might the berg be? Would our canvas, engines and gear hold out? "Jock" Mulock and the writer (half clothed from our bunks) had met on the main yard; we had cast the sail adrift, and seen it set; then, at the speaking-trumpet shout of "set main to'gallant sail!" he had—as usual—tried to pass over me at the "Hat Harpins," and I thrust my unbooted heel up under his chin; so—as usual—we met on the main to'gallant yard, panting, and hanging on, as in the quick sickening roll, and the ugly perking pitch we cast the sail adrift.

In the turmoil and roar of the situation the people on deck tried to countermand the setting of the sail, which was now threshing about our ears in a most alarming manner, and had, in fact, battered Mulock off the yard. I missed him in the darkness and snow, and then trod on him lying unconscious in the crosstrees; and he, limply slithering off. My shouts (as I desperately held on to him, punched, shook and screeched at the inanimate form) brought some "hands" aloft, who furled the now tattered sail; and we then handed my man down; the "Medico" attended to him, and some others injured by ice coming on board.

After the "Fecht"? Reconciliation.

The bellowing and crashing of our iceberg could plainly be heard above the gale, "well away" on our weather quarter; so we *scraped* clear, and, reducing our sail, we cautiously "kept away" for home.

Our "touch and go" with the berg, the howling of its caverns, and the roar and reports from its "calvings" in the gale had much impressed most of our people. The doctor had several laid up temporarily, including the writer, with exposure; and with an increasing regard for "that something after death," "Jock" lying in his bunk with (as he put it) "an 'ell o' a dirling, and a gey bit dent in ma lid."

As I poked my head in he grabbed my hair. "Ha! ye wee spunky bitch," he gasped, "yer gaun tae' rin tha raggie doon wi' me; and we'll get keeping ye fou a hail week;" so we "buried the hatchet" with much lurid invective and strange terms of endearment on his part, and a mental proviso on mine, to "ware" his "rendezvous," and the "Holy Land" locale of Hawk Hill when we arrived in Dundee.

The old ship was as tight as a bottle on the passage, but even if she had soaked it in like a sponge, well, the girls "had hold of the rope," and

we got clear of "Davis Straits;" the forecastle "look-outs" were again kept; the engines put out of commission; and the "watch tackle" came again into its own.

The "School" continued to be the target for much wit, and that, had it been supplemented by a "Mutchkin," would have scored; anyhow, its old quadrant had been broken in an accident, but we were able to chalk up an approximate course and distance to Cape Wrath shortly after noon on most days.

We arrived at Dundee on the 9th of November, 1877, and were paid off with an estimated first pay, and about a week later, when the quantity of oil, bone, etc., had been verified in the "boil-yard," we received a second and last pay.

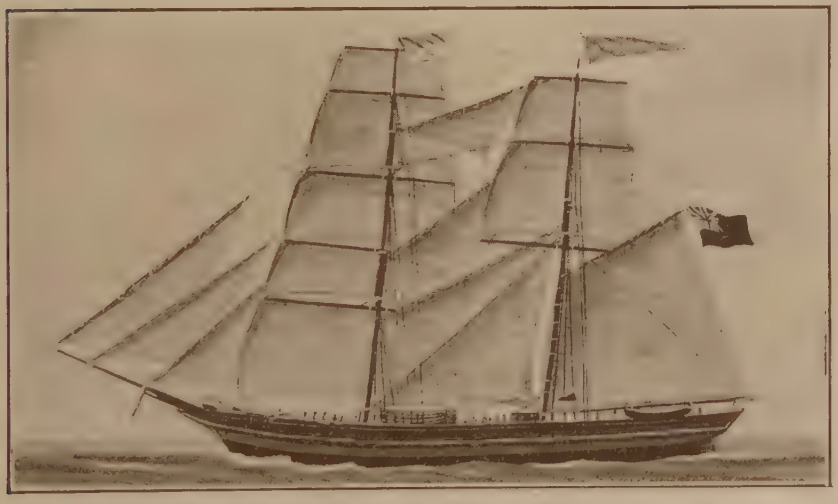
So we parted with a "noggin," and a song; I, to my old "love," *Fortitude* (a Hartlepool schooner) for the winter.

The writer, and Mr. J. Fairwearter, chief mate of the *Victor*, met at Antwerp in 1893; he was then master of a large steamer, and I was chief officer of the s.s. *Alberta*, a 7,000-ton vessel.

I was informed that in consequence of some legal action, as between the managers and shareholders, he had been authorised by the judge to control the necessary expenses for the benefit of the company and all concerned, and to report in regard to the same, to the Admiralty Court; than which (I may say) no greater compliment could be paid to his character and probity as a shipmaster.

During the war he was in command of the Examination Vessel (off the Tay Bar) for Dundee, and barked at the Nation's Gates in good style; my grateful thanks are due to him for what he "unlearnt" me 51 years ago.

Captain Hector Adams.



The Sealer *Atlanta*, of Newfoundland, 143 tons, shown in Summer rig; in Winter the yards on main were removed; she was one of the last of the Newfoundland Sealers, and was built in Nova Scotia, in 1863. Photo lent by R. S. Munn.

Reminiscences of an Old Sea Captain

My Experiences as an Officer

During my years of apprenticeship, and my two years as an officer—second mate of the barques *Arequipa* and *Bengairn*—I had acquired a good working knowledge of the handling of spars and rigging, as I had witnessed the changing of the masts and spars above the lower masts and lower topsail yards of the *Gallovidian*, and became quite handy with a palm and needle and marline spike, both wire and rope, but being desirous of always being able to give efficient service, I decided, after obtaining my first mate's certificate, to make another voyage as second mate of another vessel in order to gain additional experience before offering myself for a chief mate's job.

I ship in the *Cadzow Forest*.

So I looked round the Salthouse Dock, there being no vacancy with either the Raes or Jas. Sproat. I boarded the barque *Scottish Lassie*, but was informed by the grey-whiskered mate that they wanted experienced men as officers, including the second; so I remarked that if they wanted ancient mariners my luck was out. I then went aboard the next ship at the quay, the handsome barque *Cadzow Forest*, of around 1,050 tons net register, and saw the overlooker, the captain and mate not being on board—they were on vacation it appeared. I addressed Captain Pritchard, the superintendent, and remarked "This is a fine-looking barque, Sir, and I would like the second mate's job, if you require one." "Well," he replied, "as I wish to leave the ship for a day on other business, if you can go to work at once, I will engage you, the wages being five pounds a month.

I readily accepted, and here began my happy experiences as second mate of the Glasgow barque *Cadzow Forest*, under command of her kindly and gentlemanly skipper and a dear old affable mate of the Island of Skye, John McInnes. The captain, Alexander Smith, was of Portsoy. We loaded salt for Rangoon, and sailed with a pretty good crowd of Liverpool men, who gave no trouble on that particular voyage, and the voyage proved to be practically uneventful, except for a list she took while lying at Rangoon moored minus a swivel.

Inclined to be a bit tender.

I was lying in my bunk in the evening when I felt her listing, and jumping for the cabin door, shouting to the mate as I passed his door that I was going to open out the windlass as I felt she was perhaps too tightly moored with the crosses in her cables, due to swinging always in the same circle, necessitating clearing hawse every other morning. I raced forward and opened out the windlass, giving her a few fathoms more chain, the mate following, but he was caught under a deluge of mats which had been piled up by the fiferail, and I had to dig him out from under on my return aft, for the ship had righted as soon as she felt the extra cable. This satisfied me that, just as I suspected, she was just a little tender and needed careful watching.

She was an indifferent sailer, and was rather unfortunate in meeting much light weather, 150 days from Rangoon to Falmouth and 145 from Samarang, Java, to Lisbon, but she was a happy ship, the happiest I ever heard of, and the time passed quickly, as it usually does in almost

any circumstances. On the first passage home, the writer spied a leaning column growing out of the southern horizon; it grew rapidly, and in a very short time her hull appeared above the horizon. I spoke to the mate and asked him to come and look at the advancing clipper, for clipper she certainly was, judging by the way she was walking up on us.

McInnes became quite excited, and remarked, "I know of only one ship that could overhaul us in that style, and that is the *Sir Lancelot*," and sure enough it proved to be the famous *Sir Lancelot*. It was a magnificent sight. On she came in wonderful style, eagerly thrusting from her forefoot a broad silvery ribbon of rippling foam, her beautiful lines and the even curves of her well-set sails denoted femininity with every movement and justified her designation of "she," which I accorded to the dear old *Travancore* in my "Mariner's Adieu to His Vessel."

A Magnificent Picture.

Soon the *Sir Lancelot* was abeam close aboard to windward, and the wind being easterly, of course in the South-East Trades, we had an excellent view of her beautiful contour, and she glided gracefully but swiftly ahead and in a couple of hours she was hull down on the horizon. Her old clipper rig had been reduced, but she gave us a practical demonstration of what she could do in her old racing days. I shall never forget that magnificent picture, and the romance of it, and it is a matter for much regret to this writer to realise that these beautiful "Oithonas"—Queens of the sea—have practically passed away. Well, we have to move with the times, and grieving over the lost romance of the sea will not further us much; all the same, it is a pleasant memory to those of us who knew the life in sail with its hazards and compensating pleasures.

We discharged our cargo of paddy rice at Zaandam, where we had a nice time, during the "Karmus," the annual Dutch festival. It was great; everybody danced with everybody else; no introductions were needed; all the boys kissed all the girls in innocent fun; it was great. We loaded a general cargo at Amsterdam, while Captain Smith went home to marry Miss McIntosh at Leith, the mate and myself taking turns on vacation.

"They have all dispersed, and wandered—far away."

Captain and Mrs. Smith returned some days before we sailed, and he stayed behind to finish his business at Amsterdam while the ship towed down to Ymuiden, where we awaited him. Mrs. Smith came along with us and sat on the wheel grating while the writer steered her down the Canal. She was a lovely lady, and it was in keeping that she should have secured such a fine, good-living gentleman for husband, for Captain Smith was the only captain who, in my experience, asked a blessing before each meal. We usually sat together when the weather permitted. He never paraded his religion, he just lived it, and I salute his memory, he crossed the bar but recently, but I had the pleasure of meeting him at Barry Dock with Mrs. Smith and family, when he was in command of the four-masted Roxburgh barque *Carradale*, during the Welsh coal strike in 1900, the writer being also there with the *Travancore*. Chief mate McInnes had succeeded in command, and I also met him in later years at Sydney going down from Newcastle, N.S.W., to greet him, while my ship was lying at Newcastle.

Poor Captain John McInnes. I saw at once that he was still the same kindly man, and it was a great blow to me to learn later that he had

A pretty picture of the Grain Racer *Favell*, crossing the wake of a Liverpool Ferry Boat, on her way down the Mersey in tow. Photo lent by Mr. D. F. Williams.

disappeared with the *Cadzow Forest* while standing off the Columbia River bar with the pilot on board, and I am afraid that the loss of the vessel with all hands was probably due to her "tenderness." The sad incident was again called to my mind when reading the article "The Log of Davy Jones" in my April copy of *Sea Breezes*, where the loss of the *Cadzow Forest* is mentioned. "*Cape Wrath* and *Codzow Forest* took their pilots and were gone," reading which promoted a feeling of emotion for the passing of a dear shipmate. God rest his soul.

He treated me as his right-hand man, giving me the three masts to look after, also giving me the superintending of the rigging in and out of the jibboom, usually the mate's job; but although I enjoyed many privileges in that ship that are seldom accorded to the second mate, where he is often the scapegoat for the mate's errors, I never abused them, for I had the privilege of smoking a cigar on the poop in port when we chatted together, but in thanking Captain Smith for his kindly suggestion, I felt that my training would not permit me to take advantage of it.

What a contrast to the tyrannical captain of the *Bengairn* who, if he saw me enjoying a pipe on the main deck after supper, after a strenuous watch in the afternoon, would give me a "work-up" job, such as "Get a block and line and stretch the foot of the main upper topsail another hole;" an absolutely impossible task, for I myself had bent the sail and the foot had been stretched to the absolute limit; but what did that matter, he had gratified his personal spite without any justification whatever, having previously removed the dessert from the first table so that the second mate should not get any. What a disposition! We burst the block and carried away the tackle that we used in trying to do the impossible by taking the fall to the winch, so we had that satisfaction.

We sailed for Samarang in August, 1885, Mrs. Smith having returned home, with a general cargo and a mixed crew of Dutch, Russian, German, not a Britisher in the forecastle, and I soon realised that I would have to hold my end up in face of the perhaps too lenient chief mate, but I learned to take care of myself and was a fairly good amateur boxer of 145 lbs., all bone and muscle.

A few weeks after sailing, a German youth, Carl, was steering rather wildly, and I checked him quietly, but received an insolent answer that I would not dare to speak to him if he were not at the wheel. "Oh, is that so? All right, I'll come along after coffee and let you see what's what," for I could see that he had been prompted by Dutch Martin, an insignificant Hollander, who was the sea lawyer of the crowd, but who proved, like the rest of the breed, to be a coward when put to the test.

I re-establish peace and discipline.

Being young and active, and perhaps a bit too impulsive in the circumstances, I saw that I would have to assert myself if we were to have peace in that good ship, so I slipped on a pair of slippers after Carl had been relieved from the wheel and went forward where the German was standing. He put up no fight, simply covered his face with his arms, and while I hesitated to attack him under such conditions, I was mobbed by the watch below, the port watch, who had evidently been lying in wait, for they came out of the forecastle fully dressed, and taking me unawares, I received a blow with a belaying pin from behind, which dazed me. the big German sailmaker pulled them off, and I was led aft bleeding from a scalp wound, Apprentice Wallett running aft to call the mate.

Mr. McInnes came out immediately, and later Captain Smith. The crew were called aft, and the mate, kindly though he usually was, drew an iron batten from the cleats of the after hatch and cried, "You pick out the man who struck you and I'll keep the rest off you." Bravo, McInnes! He showed the real courage that was in him, and as I had been told that it was Dutch Martin who had struck me from behind, although he did not know that, I made a feint to attack Carl, the German youth, but closing in on Martin, who was in the front of the crowd, I wheeled unexpectedly and landed a beautiful right swing to his jaw which toppled him into the scuppers. He rose, thinking perhaps that he would be reinforced, but another straight punch to the jaw put him out, and thereafter there was peace and discipline, for I had demonstrated to them that they would not be allowed to impose on good treatment, which they did not deserve.

A further demonstration of her "tenderness."

On the second outward passage, the usual mat making and bottling models, etc., was a feature of the ship, and the writer finally bottled a model of the *Sir Lancelot*, which I still have with me, and of which I have ordered photos, a copy of which will be submitted to you.* We discharged at Samarang with the crew, a hot job, and the writer superintended the stowing of the baskets of sugar by Malays, and although it was a very hot job below in the climate of Java, it was interesting to listen to the musical chants of the Malays when turning and adjusting the baskets of sugar with their handy hooks.

On the passage home the ship lay down off the Cape of Good Hope, the crew, or some of them, got scared, her lee side was under water, and the writer had to put a brace end round his waist to enable him to get at the lee braces to let them go, as we managed to wear her round in order to get below to retrim the cargo. This was the only accident of the kind, but it was, to my mind, a further demonstration of her "tenderness."

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* The model in bottle, referred to above, appeared in the August number.—Ed.

We arrived at Lisbon for orders, discharged at London, and as McInnes was not leaving, as we at first thought, I decided that I now had sufficient experience to fill the mate's job in any ship, and saying good-bye to Captain Smith with much regret, I went home to Liverpool and took my certificate as master under dear old Captain McNab. Reporting at Miner's office in Chapel Walks, I was informed that the *Loch Fergus* wanted a mate, and was immediately appointed, proceeding to London to join her, where I found her lying on the other side of the wharf to the *Cadzow Forest* in the East India Dock, where she was loading for the Colonies.

My next article will relate my experiences as chief mate of the *Fergus*, under Captain Clachrie, a very capable skipper, who never interfered with his mate if he showed that he knew his business. Good old Clachrie; he, like others, has passed away, but while I was with him I gained considerable experience, and we got along fine, and I had some interesting experiences while in her.

Captain Conning was the overlooker, a genial old soul, but holding some extraordinary ideas of economy. He would give me all the rope and canvas that I asked for after cutting down the usual percentage, which, of course, I always provided for, but to ask for an extra packet of sail needles was the very quintessence of extravagance. It had its humorous side, of course, but I soon learned how to handle him after a tip from Captain Clachrie. Good old Clachrie! Another fair-minded and capable shipmaster, who knew the North Sea banks as well as any pilot, the experience I gained enabling me to beat the *Loch Doon* down through the Hasborough Gat on my first—no, my second—voyage with a cargo from Middlesbro for Newcastle, N.S.W., the writer himself heaving the lead while working between the coast and the Hasborough Sand, and down past the Newarp Lightship, where we got a slant to the Goodwins.

(To be continued.)

The full-rigged ship *Larnaca* a description of which is given on page 279.

Other Ships and Other Days

My Third Voyage

I rejoined the *Clan Buchanan* in Liverpool during the summer of 1889, where she was loading outwards for Melbourne. Mr. Treleaven, the mate, left to go master of one of the firm's ships, being relieved by a Liverpool man, whose name I have forgotten.

The latter was a fine seaman and very good to us, but unfortunately fell out with the captain on the outward passage. They seldom spoke to one another, and he even refused to have his meals with the latter, which made things very unpleasant for everybody aft.

The crew were a hard-case lot of Liverpool Irishmen, and they were quick to take advantage of this state of things, the result being a great lack of discipline. However, in the second mate, Mr. Charles Woods, of Hull, we had a man who could hold his own anywhere, and he kept them fairly well in order.

We were 97 days on the passage from Melbourne, and had the usual rough time, running our Easting down, seldom having our sea boots off (in our watch on deck) for five weeks.

Our bo'sun on this trip was rather an amusing character, and sauntered round the decks telling all and sundry that "blood would soon be flowing out of this ship's scuppers," presumably the crew's.

Blood did flow out later but it was his blood, for the men, getting tired of his everlasting jaw, lashed him to the mainmast one night, and later one of them gave him a sound thrashing, which quietened him.

Many fine ships were in Melbourne while we were there, among others the following:—*Miltiades*, *Aristides*, *Salamis*, *Romanoff*, *and Samuel Plimsoll*, of the Aberdeen White Star, *Thessalus* and *Mermerus* of Carmichael's, *Loch Long* and *Loch Ryan* of the Loch Line, and Messrs. Anderson and Anderson's *Harbinger*.

We discharged at Williamstown Pier, but most of the former were at Sandridge. I especially remember the *Harbinger*, as I had a friend serving his apprenticeship in her.

Evidently an old emigrant ship, she had a very long poop, and on Sundays seats were placed there and crowds of visitors were entertained on board, evidently people with their families who had come out in her years before.

All curtains, cushions, etc., in the apprentices' berth were made by the girls of Melbourne and Sydney, and how we envied them, for no girls ever made anything for us, but of course we were not regular Australian traders as they were.

The Aberdeen White Star ships were pictures, and would have gladdened any sailor's heart with their beautiful dark green hulls and white masts and yards, but I have seen them very ably described in *Sea Breezes*, so need say no more about them.

Carmichael's, also with white masts and yards, were very fine vessels, and so were the Lochs. I was very friendly with the boys in one of the latter, the *Loch Ryan* I think, and have very pleasant recollections of two charming Scotch ladies, friends of theirs, living at St. Kilda, who frequently invited us to tea, and regaled us with Scotch bannocks and buns.

From Melbourne we proceeded to Newcastle, N.S.W., to load coal for 'Frisco. I do not remember much about Newcastle, except that the coal tips reminded me of the coal loading ports at home. We were 56 days on the passage, and discharged at Oakland railway pier.

A sonny climbing, in a sunny clime: an incident on board our motor vessel *Loreto*, in the Panama Canal.

Lying on the opposite side to us was the Nova Scotian four-masted barque *Swanhilda*, which I have not as yet seen mentioned in *Sea Breezes*. Trim as a yacht, and beautifully kept, she was commanded at that time by Captain Meikle, his two brothers being mate and second mate respectively, and those of your readers who knew the Nova Scotian ships of that day can well imagine with such a combination aft she was no home for invalids, as the following incident will show.

One Saturday afternoon, the third mate, while washing down decks, had some words with one of the crew, which quickly led to blows. The second mate, a hefty, fair-haired young giant, was on board our ship having a yarn, but when he heard there was a "scrap" on, he skipped joyfully over to join in the fray. Some more sailors took a hand, and it was not long before both the mate and second mate were also engaged, and finally the three officers were fighting about ten of the crew. Evidently the former came out on top, and when the battle was over those of the crew who did not feel like getting up were very forcibly lifted on to their feet.

Although it was then long after five p.m., we shortly saw all hands painfully wending their way aloft, each with a tar-pot in his hand, and there they remained till long after darkness set in.

All sailing ship mates of that day had a mania for lifting anything that would be useful on their ships, and I often think the porters at Oakland station must have missed many a grass broom, for we never passed through, with our officers, without walking off with all we could lay hands on. We loaded up river at Port Costa, and again made the passage to Falmouth for orders in 108 days. I think it was on this passage the Captain decided to have the skylight on the poop French polished, and, needless to say, we boys had to do it. We were weeks over the job, for he stood over us and made us rub on the same old spot for what seemed hours until it shone again. It looked very fine when finished, and was very carefully nursed during the rest of the passage, being washed over with fresh water every day and covered at night.

I think we again discharged at Havre this voyage, from which port we all went home on holiday, rejoining again at Barry Dock, which had not been long opened at that time. J. H. B.

(To be continued.)

The Landlubbers' Page

In our September issue we explored the forecastle head, and inspected the essentials in that vicinity; we will now descend to the main deck, and proceed with our observations. Let us pause for a moment at the foot of the Foremast and gaze into the dizzy heights, from whence descend a bewildering number of ropes of varying thickness, some of which are made fast (each to its own "belaying-pin") to a heavy teak-wood rail round the mast; while others are led down the rigging shrouds on either side and are secured to pins in the broad rail which runs the whole length of the bulwarks.

Every rope has its name and its particular use in connection with the sails; and the sailor can put his hand on any individual one of them on the darkest night.

I have used the word "rope" in a general sense, but, as a matter of fact, from a sailor's point of view, there are only four or five ropes, so called, on board a sailing ship. These are known as—

(1) Man-rope—The handrail on the gangway ladder.

(2) Foot-rope—Slung under the yards for the men to stand on when making fast the sail.

(3) Bell-rope—A short length, having an "eye" (loop) at one end to slip on to the handle of the pump when extra hands are required for "pumping-ship."

(4) Heel-rope—Used for sending masts up, or down.

All the other ropes are termed "lines," and are hyphenated (as it were) to their own particular function, as :—

"Clew-line"—For hauling the clew (bottom corner) of the sail up.

"Leech-line"—For bunching up the leech (side) of the sail.

"Bunt-line"—For bunching up the bunt (middle) of the sail.

"Tripping-line"—For tripping up the foot of a sail.

When all these have been handled, the sail is ready for making fast, or furling; it is secured by other lines, called "gaskets," being wound spirally round the yard and sail.

Mention has been made of "belaying-pins," to which the various lines (or running gear) make fast. These pins are usually constructed of "Lignum Vitae," but are also made of brass or galvanized iron.

They are about eighteen inches in length, and one and a half inches in diameter. In shape, they much resemble the ornamented end of an ordinary household broom-handle; and when dropped into the pin-hole in the rail the upper (ornamented) half is prevented from falling through the hole by a shoulder.

I am afraid some of our readers will exclaim, "What a long rigmarole about a belaying-pin." I apologise for my long-windedness, but the foregoing definition is for the benefit of the landlubber who, having read a thrilling yarn in which a "hard-case" second mate administers "belaying-pin soup" to members of his watch, is in the dark as to what sort of implement was used with such effect.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

Another veteran skipper who has "Crossed the Bar." Some facts about him.

On May 20th I attended the funeral of Captain John Henderson, who died at the age of 92; and I believe that he was genuinely the last link of the real tea clipper days.

He was born in the year Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and went to sea in a little brig lying at the foot of Marischal Street, Aberdeen. On his second voyage he went to Australia and arrived there during the gold rush. He did not go chasing gold, that is, mining, but made big money there for a boy on the coast, crews being practically unobtainable. He then shipped home, and he used to relate to me how he poured his well-gotten gains into his mother's hands, for he was from first to last always a credit to his parents, and a glorious example to his progeny, being a that old-fashioned Scottish type, honest to a degree, unswerving in loyalty to his employers, and incidentally a great seaman and navigator.

The cutting from the *Aberdeen Press and Journal* enclosed, does not give the facts quite in order, and omits one important detail at least.

In the first place, he made one or two passages in the *Samuel Plimsol*, of which he was master for many years, with much bigger days' runs than he did in the *Thermopylae*.

Secondly, his first command was a wooden barque, and while in the vicinity of Java with her he touched an uncharted rock in those seas, but eventually, after the greatest exertion, brought her safely to Australia very badly holed. This episode was a thorn in the flesh with the captain to the last. He seemed to have been terribly put out over this, happening as it did on his first command, and it was his information to the Admiralty regarding this rock which resulted in its being put on the chart thereafter.

Of the list of ships he commanded it should read, firstly, the above-mentioned wooden barque (I forget her name), then the *Wave of Life*, then the *Moravian*, *Thermopylae*, *Samuel Plimsol* and *Pericles*. After he gave up the *Pericles*, and when he was really retired, he took command of the four-masted barque *Loch Carron*, after her accident, in which she ran down the *Inverkip* and cut her in two, with all hands lost with the exception of two. This happened to the southward and westward of the Fastnet Light. The captain took the *Loch Carron* successfully to Australia and home.

I was an apprentice on the *Loch Carron* when the *Inverkip* was lying alongside her in New South Wales, and a most peculiar incident happened, and a remark passed between the two captains which was prophetic, but this is another story.

After his command of the *Loch Carron*, and being then quite an elderly gentleman he took several trawlers out to South America for Aberdeen builders, but he used to say to me that he had little use for "steam," although apparently these trawlers behaved exceedingly well.

A party in Australia, "J.B.," by initials, will now prize the captain's autograph, which he was so anxious to obtain last September, and did get it from the captain himself in his own house, and perhaps this party will now favour us with his long-delayed epic on the sailing ship. It is time

Sea Breezes got a good article from Jim, and I think when he reads this we will get it.

The old captain had a peaceful end, the forerunner of which was a chill, and at his advanced years, the slightest accidental "luff" is apt to put the ship flat aback, which, in this case, it did and this afternoon he set out, not on a "round" trip, but towards the last port. He was a great "Old Man," both in the nautical sense and in the actual, and we of the younger generation I doubt knew very few of them.

J. Elrich.

Reminiscences of a First Voyage.

My first voyage to sea was made as boy in the full-rigged ship *Larnaca*, owned by Messrs. Johnson, Sproule & Co., Liverpool, and commanded by Captain W. S. Giles. I joined her as boy in the Morpeth Dock, Birkenhead, and after working on board about three weeks we hauled to the tips and loaded coal for 'Frisco, and sailed on the 13th July, arriving at 'Frisco on 4th November, 114 days out. This was the fastest passage for that year, but the next day the *Ross-shire* arrived, 109 days from Glasgow, and on the day after the *City of Delhi* arrived, 108 days from Antwerp.

We discharged at Green Street Wharf, in company with the *Buteshire*, and among the ships in the port at that time that I can remember were the *Waterloo*, *Falls of Foyers*, *Glenafton*, *Bessfield*, and the famous American wooden ships, three skysail-yarders, *St. Paul* and *St. Charles*.

Shanghai-ing was in full swing at that time, and we lost all our crew, as the boarding-house runners were stowing the sails with the men even before the anchor was down, as Jack couldn't resist the grog, or rather "dope."

After discharging and ballasting, we proceeded to Portland, Oregon, to load for Channel for orders, and one character in the new crew was a Londoner, who claimed to be the sole survivor of the crew of the barque *Royal Tar*. According to him this vessel called at Christmas Island (?) and beri-beri broke out after leaving, and took away all the ship's company except this shipmate of mine; the *Royal Tar* being reported derelict, one of the Spreckles tugs was despatched, picked her up and towed her to 'Frisco.

Now, perhaps some "Sea Breezer" can give us the full history of this incident and the vessel concerned.

On this, my first voyage to sea, we boys were lucky, for Mrs. Giles and her sister were on board, and their baby boy then, I think, about three months old.

"Bob-Stay."

Re *Husvik*.

In your issue of *Sea Breezes* for July, 1929, I was pleased to see a photo and notes by E. J. Wylie, regarding the schooner *Husvik*, which is at present fitting out at Leith. Leith is now her port of registry, so I presume she is owned locally. The plate fixed to the poop shows that this vessel was built in Kobenhavn in 1919, and, I understand, for a Tonsberg firm.

Since Mr. Wylie's photo was taken, engines and upper works have been placed on board the *Husvik*, so that she is now entirely a power vessel.

I enclose a pen-and-ink sketch—which you may find of use for reproduction—of the *Husvik* lying at the West Pier, Leith. The background of

the sketch shows the buildings of Ramage and Ferguson's yard, where the missing Danish five-mast barque *Kobenhavn* was built.

WM. MANSON.

Information wanted concerning *Lancing*.

Mr. James Burnie writes :—

I wonder if any of your readers could give me any information concerning the four-masted, full-rigged ship *Lancing*?

I understand she was at one time a steamer, but would like to have this corroborated. Also, I would be very pleased to see a photograph of her, and to have any details of her owners, passages and speed.

I am a regular reader of your most excellent little journal.

NOTE.—An excellent picture of the *Lancing* was reproduced on the frontispiece of the November, 1923, edition of *Sea Breezes*, and an interesting account of her appeared on page 307 of that number. The August, 1926, edition gives another picture of her on page 33.—EDITOR.

An English Sailor's Grave.

I have read the article in this (April) number of *Sea Breezes*, under the heading of "The Foreign Sailor's Grave," which has much interested me. There must be the graves of many thousands of English sailors scattered over the surface of the world in peculiar or remote places.

One such grave which I came across has always remained in my memory, and it may interest many of the "Sea Breezers," particularly those who are well acquainted with the West Coast of South America, where the P.S.N.C. flag is so well known.

It was about Christmas time in 1882 when I happened to call at Corral, the port for Valdivia, on board the s.s. *Chiloe*, of the P.S.N.C., Captain Clayton, on which ship I was serving. The second officer was Mr. Frank Tonge, a Birkenhead man, and he and I got permission to go ashore for a few hours, pending the arrival of the lighters from Valdivia, with our cargo of beer in barrels, leather, &c.

The re-conditioned *Husvik*, lying at the West Pier, Leith. See note on previous page. From an etching by the author.

At the entrance of the beautiful Bay of Corral, on the southern side, is an old fort, erected by Don Pedro de Valdivia, one of the Lieutenants of Pizarro. This great man had forced his way as far south as Valdivia, to which place he gave his name in 1550, time of our Queen Elizabeth.

We made our way to the deserted fort and examined it, noticing the small cannonades firing a ball of a couple of pounds or so, the guns of the period. We then continued our walk through dense forests on each side of a path, and eventually came across a slab of wood fastened by nails and pegs to a tree. The slab bore the following inscription, "Beneath lie the remains of John Smith, a native of Devon, aged 20, an able seaman on H.M.S. *Beagle*, who died at this port on 8th February, 1835, and was here interred."

This man, therefore, must have been a member of the crew on H.M.S. *Beagle* during the voyage made by the great scientist Darwin. No mention of his death is made in the book, "The Voyage of the *Beagle*," by Professor Darwin, but, as the book was a scientific record of the voyage, the death of a member of the crew would not be noted therein.

Perhaps this may catch the eye of some relative of poor John Smith, who may be remembered as having been a sailor on H.M.S. *Beagle* during the voyage.

Don Pedro's Terrible End.

Valdivia was killed in a battle with Arancanian Indians, led by one Lantaro, who had formerly been his groom. Some say that they cut off his arms with marine shells, which they used as knives, and devoured them in his presence. Others say that they poured molten gold down his throat!

TEANA TAMAITI.

The Liverpool Whalers, a once flourishing Industry

In a recent number of *Sea Breezes* there has appeared a most interesting account of the last of the north country sailing or auxiliary whalers. It is not generally known that Liverpool once held a very prominent place in this industry, for both Baffin Street and Greenland Street are relics of the trade. The old shipbuilding yards were situated on the site of the present King's Dock, and during the years 1758-1781 some 15 men-of-war and the same number of privately-owned ships were laid down there.

One of the earliest recorded Liverpool whalers was the *Golden Lion*, a captured French sloop-of-war, which had been taken by a Liverpool privateer. She was sold in 1749, and fitted out as a whaler by a local syndicate. In 1753 her master (Captain Metcalfe) was presented with a punch bowl by his owners as a mark of their appreciation of his services. This blue bowl is in the Liverpool Museum, and has upon it a representation of the ship. I have been unable to obtain a photograph of this or any other of the nautical exhibits, as my daughter was informed that none are published nor allowed to be taken, when she went there on my behalf for photos of the models of the Liverpool slavers.

The *Golden Lion* was allotted a special berth in the Old Dock (opened in 1721 by the *Tabitha Priscilla* being carried over the piers during a very high tide), which was filled up in 1826, and was the site of the Custom

House. She was afloat in 1778 as her unfortunate master (Thomson), with several of his crew, was released from H.M.S. *Vengeance*, where they had been impressed (*Liverpool Advertiser*, as quoted by Sir James Picton, in "Memories of Liverpool").

In 1764 Liverpool possessed three whalers, engaged in the Greenland fishery. Mr. Sutton, of Mersey Street, in 1775, built a vessel specially for the trade, and Mr. Richard Kent also launched one called the *William* from his South Shore yard during the same year. Until 1850 the last-named ship was the floating seamen's chapel in the King's Dock, when she was condemned. These vessels were built of English oak, but as coppering was first introduced into the Navy in 1762 (H.M.S. *Alarm*) they were not metal sheathed. The early docks were merely tidal basins, and vessels were caulked or pitched at low water.

The trade reached the zenith of its prosperity in 1788 as there were then 21 vessels, averaging 310 tons burden each, engaged in the whaling industry. Next year, however, four vessels were lost, and the trade steadily declined from that date until in 1823 the *Baffin* was the only Liverpool-owned whaler. This vessel was commanded by Captain Scoresby (born at Whitby, 1789), who retired from the sea and took Holy Orders to become the chaplain of the mariners' floating chapel, alluded to above. After acting in this capacity for some years from 1825, he became vicar of Bradford and died at Torquay in 1857.

Until 1816 vessels sailed out of dock, as there were no tugs. It is related that the ship *Harriet* left the Brunswick Dock for Barbadoes at the same time that another vessel left the Queen's Dock. The *Harriet* drifted and beat out but the other vessel anchored for a fair wind and was still at this anchorage when the *Harriet* returned from the West Indies.

ARTHUR E. ROBINSON.

Brocklebank Line Sailings from Liverpool, in 1828—over One Hundred Years Ago!

Who, among our readers, have recollections of any of the following?

Month.	Vessel.	Rig.	Tons.	Destination.
January	*Grecian*	Brig	235	Monte Video and Buenos Aires.
January	*Globe*	Brig	212	Valparaiso and Lima.
February	*Irton*	Brig	200	Montreal.
February	*Oberon*	Brig	150	Valparaiso.
March	*Crown*	Barque	297	Valparaiso and Lima.
May	*Herculean* (new)	Barque	317	Calcutta.
June	*Dryad*	Brig	231	Maranham.
June	*Irt* (new)	Barque	217	Valparaiso and Lima.
June	*Shannon*	Brig	162	Quebec.
July	*Hero*	Ship	388	Quebec.
July	*Gazelle*	Brig	242	Monte Video and Buenos Aires.
July	*Bransty*	Schooner	130	Tampico.
July	*Jamaica*	Brig	215	Pernambuco.
August	*Swallow*	Brig	142	Valparaiso, Arica and Lima.
September	*London*	Brig	357	New Orleans.
September	*Mary*	Brig	144	Maranham.
October	*Buoyant* (new)	Schooner	130	Tampico.
October	*Perseverance*	Ship	513	Calcutta.
November	*Ariel*	Brig	156	Valparaiso, Arica and Lima.
December	*Balfour*	Brig	310	New Orleans.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

There have been so many peculiar happenings in England this last month, that I really feel at a loss which one to tackle first. But perhaps we had better give the dress controversy the premier position. Of course, it is the old, old story. A learned professor and a few titled lady friends have come to the conclusion that there is a great rivalry among women over their clothes. It appears that these people are in congress in London in connection with the World League of Sexual Reform and, according to them, clothes are responsible for much that the average decent citizen knows nothing whatever about. The professor says . . .

"Towards the end of the Middle Ages a bold step was taken in the introduction of the first décolleté. Women thereby introduced the principle of the deliberate mutual reinforcement of the attractions by clothes and nakedness. That principle had to some extent guided women's dress ever since! Man abandoned his claim to be considered beautiful. Henceforth he aimed at being useful . . . At the ordinary social function to-day the men were dressed in a dull uniformity of black and white . . . But if there was a lack of romance there was also absent the envy, the jealousy, the petty triumphs, defeats, superiorities and spitefulness engendered by details of women's clothes. One woman could humiliate another to the point of lasting bitterness by being more effectively or fashionably dressed on some important occasion.

"Women's costumes needed above all things a severe purging from the elements of plutocratic snobbery, which put more stress on costliness and novelty than on suitability or beauty and, in consequence, fostered extravagance and jealousy." Any reader is, of course, free to analyse the professor's statements and then draw her own conclusions. As far as I can see, every word he says is quite true, and at the same time every word is also equally useless, since there will always be jealousy, just as there will always be some women who look better on special occasions than others. But what I resent is that these learned speakers overlook the fact that it is by no means either the "costliness or the novelty" of a woman's dress that causes jealousy and hatred among the other women present. I will give a typical illustration of what I mean.

When the late Lily Langtry first came to this country she had only the one black evening gown. In it she went out to a different party every evening. History has it that this frock was not expensive originally, neither was it even new, and yet the wearer was the outstanding personality at whatever function she attended. The appeal she made had nothing whatever to do with her clothes. She wore no jewellery, and even her hair was always very simply dressed. What would the professor suggest doing in a case like that? Short of covering the lady up like the women in the East or the nuns, the lady would always be a danger. The Marchioness of Queensberry speaking on this subject says. ". . . As everybody knows, there has always been a certain amount of rivalry among women, and it cannot be denied that to some extent a long purse gives a woman an advantage, which cannot very well be helped. But it is most unfair to attribute this to modern fashions. . . ." Never did the Marchioness make a bigger mistake.

A long purse has nothing whatsoever to do with a woman's "chic" at a party. The only advantage money gives a woman is in the case of furs, and as these can easily be dispensed with when indoors, a lady can "humiliate another to the point of lasting bitterness," while wearing only

The steamer in the background was originally the famous *River Clyde*, of the Gallipoli landing of 1915, and is depicted as discharging coal in the Cattewater, Plymouth; now Spanish owned, her name is *Angela*. In foreground is the Russian barquentine *Hercules* discharging timber. Photo by G. B. Nicholson.

a few pounds' worth of clothes. Two of the worst-dressed girls I know spend far more on clothes every year than either myself or many of our mutual friends. So what do they gain by being unspeakably dowdy? It is true that they could go to a party without engendering any spitefulness or hatred, but it is also true that their frocks cause much comment and, in my view, lessen the status of their menfolk. Girls who are badly dressed (the two I have in mind look like respectable housemaids) give the impression that they do not have much money to buy any pretty things, whereas in reality they have quite a lot more than most people. To a person with a healthy mind, a well-dressed, smart-looking girl ought to be a tonic, and I fail to see why there should be any "lasting bitterness," etc.

There is an impress current in England that the women of a century ago were not up to much generally—futile, anæmic, useless, timid creatures. I quite believed this myself until I read Mr. Richard C. McKay's book, "Some Famous Sailing Ships and their Builder, Donald McKay." Now I am sure every reader of *Sea Breezes* is familiar with the name of Donald McKay, who had only to launch a new vessel to set up a new record. But who would have thought that his wife (the daughter of John Boole, a shipbuilder) helped McKay and *taught him* much that was useful to him in his work. The author says, "Albenia Martha Boole was an unusually talented, energetic young woman, possessing a good education. Brought up in a shipbuilding atmosphere, she not only understood much about ship construction but could draught and quite expertly 'lay off' plans for a vessel. This capable woman became the mentor and teacher who imparted to Donald McKay not a little of his knowledge of marine architecture at the beginning of his career." The author, I notice, has also dedicated this exceptionally interesting volume . . .

"To the Memory of Albenia Boole McKay and Mary Cressy Litchfield McKay, who both gave Donald McKay every evidence of love and affection, and made possible much of their husband's success, this volume is dedicated." A fine tribute and one which many other husbands forget to give at the close of a successful career, I am sorry to say. But it is a curious fact that women have always been a success in the draughtsman's department, and to this day an architect prefers them for colour washing the plans of a vessel.

"Gwen."

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

With the arrival of the Finnish ship *Grace Harwar* at Queenstown on 3rd September, 138 days from Wallaroo, it is possible to give a complete list of the passages of the 1929 Grain Fleet. This is subjoined below.

It seems likely that most of these vessels will soon be outward bound again, and some of them have already sailed. In addition to the eight vessels previously reported in "The Signal Station" as being fixed to load timber for Australia, *C. B. Pedersen* is loading in Sweden, *Favell* has sailed from Antwerp for Adelaide with a cargo of silver sand, and *Viking* is to load at Mo and Hernosand for Melbourne. *Hougomont* has sailed for Port Lincoln in ballast after being for some time in dry dock at Avonmouth, where most of her yards were sent ashore for overhaul. It will be remembered that she was partially dismasted in the North Atlantic in October, 1927, and was towed into Lisbon with the loss of her topgallant masts. *Winterhude*, now lying in the London River, will probably also be sent out in ballast.

The Finnish four-mast barque *Ponape*, which has been in dry dock at Cardiff for survey and repairs, has been bought by Captain Gustaf Erikson of Mariehamn. His fleet now consists of 20 sailing vessels and a motor ship.

Passages of 1929 Grain Fleet :—

Archibald Russell—Melbourne to Queenstown, 93 days.

Ponape—Geelong to Falmouth, 98 days.

Herzogin Cecilie—Port Lincoln to Falmouth, 104 days.

C. B. Pedersen—Melbourne to Queenstown, 107 days.

Hougomont—Port Lincoln to Queenstown, 117 days.

Olivebank—Port Lincoln to Queenstown, 117 days.

Favell—Wallaroo to Queenstown, 118 days.

Mozart—Wallaroo to Queenstown, 119 days.

Penang—Wallaroo to Queenstown, 120 days.

Pommern—Sydney to Queenstown, 122 days.

Beatrice—Adelaide to Falmouth, 123 days.

Lawhill—Port Lincoln to Falmouth, 130 days.

Garthpool—Adelaide to Queenstown, 130 days.

Grace Harwar—Wallaroo to Queenstown, 138 days.

Australian trade :—

Beatrice—Swedish four-mast barque, ex *Routenburn*. Gefle, 8th August, for Melbourne.

Favell—Finnish barque. Antwerp, 1st September, for Adelaide.

Beatrice ex *Routenburn*, from Adelaide, lying off Falmouth, August, 1929. See "Signal Station." Photo lent by Contributor.

Herzogin Cecilie—Finnish four-mast barque. Fredriksstad, 30th July, for Melbourne. Spoken 26th August, 34.24 N., 20.24 W.

Hougomont—Finnish four-mast barque. Avonmouth, 15th September, for Port Lincoln.

Lawhill—Finnish four-mast barque. Hudiksvall, 5th September, for Melbourne.

Penang—Finnish barque, Skonvik, 3rd September, for Sydney. September 9th, anchored off Copenhagen with slight damage to rigging. September 14th passed Elsinore.

Pommern—Finnish four-mast barque, ex *Mneme*. Oslo, 25th July, for Melbourne. Captain de Cloux, of *Herzogin Cecilie*, has a bet with the master of *Pommern* that he will beat his passage to Melbourne by 15 days.

Ponape—Finnish four-mast barque. Cardiff, 17th September, for Port Lincoln.

Nitrate :—

Bremen—German barque. Sailed Hamburg, 18th May, and arrived San Antonio, 26th August.

Pamir—German four-mast barque. Iquique, 29th August, Channel f/o.

Passat—German four-mast barque. Sailed Rotterdam, 18th July, for Valparaiso. Passed Finisterre, 26th July; Teneriffe, 31st July; Fernando Noronha, 18th August; Bahia Blanca, 6th September; Magellan Straits, 11th September.

Parma—German four-mast barque, ex *Arrow*. Hamburg, 17th August, for Chile. Passed Dover, 23rd August, Canary Islands, 12th September.

Peking—German four-mast barque. Iquique, 27th July. Channel f/o. Passed Falkland Islands, 26th August.

Priwall—German four-mast barque. Sailed Dunkirk, 29th August, for Hamburg, and arrived 2nd September.

West Indian Logwood :—

Forest Dream—Swedish five-mast barquentine. Sailed Jamaica, 15th May, for St. Louis, Rhone, and arrived 30th August.

General de Sonis—French barque. Havre, 23rd August, for the West Indies.

Baltic timber and split wood :—

Alastor—Finnish barque. Kotka, 6th August, for London, and arrived 29th August. Sailed for Kotka, 12th September.

Elakoon—Finnish wood barque. Sailed Haparanda, 29th June, and arrived London, 4th August.

Loch Linnhe—Finnish barque. Kemi, 3rd September, for Bordeaux.

Lingard—Finnish barque, ex *Wathara*. Sailed Raumo, 24th August, and arrived London, 6th September.

Oaklands—Finnish barque. Sailed Kemi, 16th August, and arrived London, 10th September.

Plus—Finnish barque. Uleaborg, 6th September, for London.

Prompt.—Finnish barque. Arrived Brennfors, 1st September, from Mariehamn.

Shakespeare—Finnish barque. Arrived London, 6th September, from Trangsund.

Rolf—Swedish wood barque. Arrived Bologne, 9th September, from Skelleftea.

Warma—Finnish wood barque. London, 18th August, for Haparanda.

Carmen—Finnish wood barque. Kemi, 12th September, for Yarmouth, Norfolk. Built since the war, she is one of Captain Erikson's fleet.

Sverre—Finnish barque. Sundsvall, 6th September, for Lerwick. Composite built in 1872, she is only 349 tons net register.

Other Movements, Casualties, etc. :—

Af Chapman—Swedish ship. Arrived Plymouth, 21st August, from Algiers. Sailed for Malmo, 31st August. Built of iron at Whitehaven in 1888 as *G. D. Kennedy*, she is used as a naval training ship.

Carl Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Sailed Flushing, 10th July, for Buenos Aires, and arrived 20th August.

Christel Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Hamburg, 23rd August, for Buenos Aires.

Coriolanus—Portuguese barque. Spoken, 8th August, 31.11 N., 39.43 W., by s.s. *Rotorua*.

Claudia—Danish barque. Sailed Havre, 27th August, for the north of Sweden. September 9th, was in collision off Gotland with s.s. *Fagervik*, and had bowsprit and stem damaged. Put into Oskarshamn for repairs.

Kobenhavn—Danish aux. five-mast barque. The search for this vessel, which has not been heard of since she sailed from Buenos Aires for Melbourne on 14th December, 1928, has been abandoned. It has been established that the sailing vessel which passed Tristan Da Cunha on 21st January, and was thought to be *Kobenhavn* was the Finnish four-mast barque *Ponape* on passage from Sundsvall to Melbourne.

L'Avenir—Belgian four-mast barque. Fernandina, 25th August, for Malmo.

J. and C. Llusa—Spanish barque. Arrived Savona, 31st August, to be broken up. Built at Glasgow in 1886 by Messrs. A. Stephen & Sons as *Kinfauns*, she was 902 tons net register, and for some years had been one of the fleet of sailers owned by Llusa y Cia of Barcelona.

Golden Gate –U.S.A. four-mast barque ex *Lord Shaftesbury*. Has been damaged in a fire at Oakland Greek, California, where she is laid up. The ship *James Rolph*, ex *Celtic Monarch*, was also partly burned.

Star of Holland—U.S.A. barque, ex *Zemindar*. This vessel was built by Harland & Wolff at Belfast in 1885 for Thos. & Jno. Brocklebank, and not, as stated in the August "Signal Station," for the White Star Line. Another of Brocklebanks' ships which is still in service is the iron barque *Chinsura*, built at Birkenhead in 1868. She is now the Polish Government training ship *Lwow*, and is fitted with auxiliary oil engines.

Pehr Ugland—Norwegian barque. Arrived Fredriksstad, 27th August, from Marseilles.

Susanne Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Sailed Buenos Aires, 5th September, for Hamburg.

Werner Vinnen—German aux. five-mast schooner. Sailed Buenos Aires, 30th July, and arrived Brunsbuttel 11th September.

Sea Breezes

The P.S.N.C. Magazine

No. 120, ends Vol. XII. November, 1929

In the July number we gave a picture of the once famous ship ***Antiope,*** still doing duty as a hulk, in Zambesi River. She is here depicted in her former glory, under full sail; a picture of her sister ***Benmore*** was given in the October issue (on page 259). Photo lent by Mr. Forbes Eadie.

The Wreck of the *Amy Turner*

Corroborated by Extracts from Official Log

By Captain Charles West.

Chapter III.

Nothing could be done until the weather abated except to "bale," "tend the anchor," and endeavour by means of the steering gear, to head the confused pyramidal sea as far as possible.

All through the long day and far into the night we toiled. Wet to the skin, tired, hungry, utterly broken in mind and body, not knowing the direction in which we were being driven, nor even the extent of our food or water supply.

Long after darkness fell, physical fatigue conquered, and one by one we collapsed across the thwarts, waking later to find the wind and sea going down and a watery sun trying to burst through the clouded sky. We decided to step the mast, make sail, and hold a consultation.

A disappointing discovery.

After we had taken stock of the contents of our boat, particularly the water breaker, setting half of the spritsail and reefed jib, we sailed with the wind on the quarter and found that the boat made fairly good weather of it. Cornish made an inventory and found that we possessed 10 tins of Angus Australian boiled mutton, two tins of milk, one tin of pears and about two-thirds of a four-gallon breaker of water. No biscuits were found, much to our disappointment. A sextant, chart of the North Pacific, boat's compass, Nautical Almanac, a few exercise books and a pocket wallet, belonging to the second mate, were also discovered, wrapped up in canvas, also an axe, knife, fishing line, four blue lights in watertight tin, piece of soap and a few odds and ends of clothing. The compass was immediately brought into commission, and after reckoning as far as possible our drift and the position (which would be a mere approximation) of the ship, when she foundered.

It was then decided to set a course and try to pick up Saipan Island if possible. This was done, and spirits were somewhat raised at the faint hope of "picking up something," by the weather clearing, sun coming out, and by our first meal of tinned mutton and a little milk and water.

Cornish showed what a splendid calibre of a man he was by asking me to take charge of the boat, and the others expressed their confidence in my ability to bring them finally to safety.

On the long, long trail.

The next day the sea had gone down completely, the sun was shining brightly and the boat making good progress through the water. Having run our distance down and no sign of land being visible, it was thought prudent to waste no more time in searching for mythical islands, so decided that we would shape a course for the Phillipines, running our distance down about the 8th parallel of Latitude, which would not only enable us to keep the North-East Trades and give us the benefit of the stronger counter current setting to the westward, but might reasonably be supposed to give us rain later on, which surmise proved correct.

Chart of Western Pacific Ocean, showing the track of the survivors' boat. Lent by Capt. Chas. West.

There was also the chance of picking up the McKenzie Islands *en route*. We figured the distance to be eighteen hundred miles, and realised that we must ration out the food and water very sparingly. Cornish assuming charge of the stores, we estimated that we would be three weeks in covering the mileage if my calculations were anywhere near correct, and thoroughly understood that we might be mighty hungry and thirsty before the journey's end.

However, all hands were full of grim determination, and there was always the possibility of being picked up by an American transport bound for Guam.

We celebrated the squaring away on the long, long, trail by opening the tin of pears and dividing them equally between all hands.

As there was no dipper for the water breaker, one was fashioned out of a sextant telescope case, the end being plugged up with rag, and each man was in turn given the rag to suck in addition to his whack of water, which consisted of about two full tablespoons each day.

Watches were kept, two-hour tricks being taken at the tiller, and whilst our strength lasted during the first fortnight, one hour's look-out was kept during the night by each man, not only in case of sighting anything, but for company to cheer one another up.

Great joy was experienced about the fifth day out, by our hooking a splendid specimen of a dolphin on our fishing line.

Oh, those never-to-be-forgotten moments of anxiety as we hauled him alongside, got the boathook firmly embedded in his gills, and finally had him floundering and kicking in the bottom of the boat.

How eagerly we drank of the warm blood and relished the strips of flesh cut from the quivering fish, until we had eaten our fill, and could

feel new life being instilled into our famished bodies. The remainder was cut in strips and hung up in the rigging to dry, and after the tropical sun had played on it for a day or so it was really quite palatable, but greatly aggravated our thirst.

This, and the heat from the sun during the daytime, was our worst form of torture. To alleviate the pain of our scorched and blistered skins, and diminish the horrible craving for water, we kept our heads and bodies saturated with sea water, chewed pieces of rag and ends of rowlock lanyards, and at noon each day, when the tiny portion of water was served out, kept it in our mouths as long as possible before swallowing it.

So the deadly monotony went on. There was not much in the way of conversation, and any attempt at a joke fell flat. The two things for which we lived daily, were water, and the noon position.

From bad, to worse.

Lindholm—"Frank," as we called him—became very sick. He must have been hurt internally and weakened rapidly. We had to reeve him under the thwarts, and make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and doctor him the best way we could, giving him the jelly from the meat from time to time, and occasionally a double ration of water. He became covered with septic sores, which were washed with salt water, lancing them with the fishing hook, and his condition caused us great anxiety.

Tracy bore up remarkably well, although a very poor helmsman and unable to steer at night. The most terrifying episode of the voyage was the appearance early one morning of a monster shark, which came close alongside the boat and kept us company all day, rubbing his huge body against the planking, occasionally swimming underneath the keel, during which operation we could feel the boat rock and vibrate, and then circling round it. It was horrible to contemplate. One switch of his tail and this story would never have been written.

"And sweet, refreshing rain."

This was the only occasion on which I saw outward evidence of fear. Yes, we were scared, and there was no relief until the hideous monster disappeared in a flurry of phosphorescent foam, long after night had fallen.

This episode greatly upset Frank, who, being a Finn, was highly superstitious. He made up his mind that he was going to die, and all our efforts could not convince him to the contrary. He must have suffered agonies during our "surgical operations," but bore it all uncomplainingly, and frequently asked in feeble tones if land would soon be in sight.

Our good friend the North-East Trade wind stuck to us faithfully, and we were bowling along about four or five knots an hour, the boat for her size, having a good spread of canvas, and sailing well.

On the 20th day out the breeze fell light, and at sunset died away, altogether the sky clouded over and about midnight it was a flat calm with a long oily swell and considerable lightning. We lowered sail, unstepped the mast and hoped for rain.

Our hopes were soon realised, first a shower or two and then a deluge. No pen could describe the joy of being able to drink one's fill without stint. We filled our breaker, the empty meat tins, two sou'-westers and washed our blistered bodies to our heart's content.

All night it poured down in torrents, necessitating frequent baling, and when it cleared, and the breeze came again, we knew that, as far as water was concerned, we had an adequate supply.

The next day we sighted outlying islands, and I am sure that each man, deep down in his heart, thanked God for His deliverance.

It had been our intention to make land, if possible, in the vicinity of Suragao, where we knew we would be hospitably received and not run the risk of encountering any of the Moro tribe, who were distinctly hostile, and to whom, in our weakened condition, we would have been unable to offer any resistance.

On the morning of the twenty-third day out we had the land close aboard right ahead, and the wind falling light, we endeavoured to get the oars out and row.

Not until that moment had we any idea how pitifully weak we really were.

The combined efforts of three of us could scarcely get an oar outboard, and realising it was useless to try, we sat and patiently waited for a breeze.

The gods were kind. Towards sundown, we saw the ripple of a catspaw coming over the water, and the breeze, which gradually freshened, took us right into the beach. Negotiating the reefs safely, we landed on what we later discovered to be Mawish Island.

Terra firma at last.

Scrambling out of the boat and assisting Frank, we managed by dint of superhuman exertions to crawl up the beach where, hidden from view by masses of cocoanut palms, we discovered an empty native hut.

Making several trips to the boat for our belongings, we improvised an anchor out of a large stone, then returning to the beach, lit a fire with a blue light and warmed up our last tin of mutton.

Nero's banquet was as nothing compared to this. Later we managed to secure a few cocoanuts that were within reach, and returning to the hut, slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Next day, rested and refreshed, we took stock of our surroundings. It was plain to be seen that the island had not been immune from the devastation of the cyclone. Vast numbers of trees of all descriptions had been uprooted, and tall cocoanut palms were laid flat as far as the eye could see.

The hut we occupied was the usual type of native "casa," made of interlaced bamboos, and this was covered with a thatch of dried leaves. There were some cooking pots, a few pigs in a pen at the rear, a well of sorts, and some cultivation. Also, to our intense delight, we discovered several chickens. These soon went the way of all good fowl, and a most savoury stew was made, which included cocoanuts and a sort of root like a sweet potato.

There was also a goodly supply of shell-fish to be obtained on the beach.

Some time during the afternoon a native outrigger canoe arrived, attracted by the smoke of our fire. In it were a man, a boy, and three women, and to our surprise the boy spoke perfect English, having been

educated at an American Mission School. They were the owners of the hut and used it when engaged in copra drying.

After we had explained our predicament, they suggested that as soon as we felt equal to it, we should proceed with them in their canoe to the municipality of Hinatuam, where assistance would be given us by the provincial president and transportation arranged to take us to Surigao, and thence to Cebu and civilization.

These good people were more than hospitable, doing all in their power to succour and help us. Very speedily the women-folk had a blazing fire and a most appetising meal under way. We sat down to roast pork, chicken, fried bananas, coffee, lemons, and ate our fill, topping it off with what we longed for more than anything else, a smoke.

Copy of Official Log of the barquentine *Amy Turner*, which foundered off Guam Island on Tuesday, 27th March, 1923.

Hinatuang, Phillipine Islands, 20th April. 3 p.m.—Certifies that on this date arrived at this Municipality, Charles West, Clifton A. Cornish, Cornelius Tracey, and Frank Lindholm, seamen from the above vessel.

They were brought across from Mawish Island in a local boat owned by Nipomocino Morio, after navigating over 1,200 miles in ship's lifeboat. This boat was left to the afore-mentioned man and family, whose kind hospitality and resourcefulness probably saved our lives.

We have stated our needs to the President here, and he is using every endeavour to return us to our home port, Melbourne, by means of passage to Suragao, Ceba and Manilla.

Signed, M. Sano (?), Mun. President, Hinatuang, Suragao, P.

***Grace Harwar*, at the end of 138 days' passage, from Wallaroo to Queensland. Contrary winds forced her to change her course, and pass through Cook Straits. When she crossed the Equator after three months at sea, provisions were running short, and the crew endured much hardship. Lent by Capt. A. J. Villiers.**

Last Log of a Western Ocean Schooner

The Abandoning of the *General Trenchard*

By Robert S. Munn.

Some very interesting facts have been given by your correspondent, Mr. Leclercq, to all of us readers concerning the little Western Ocean packets of the present day, many of which are well known to me. The *George A. Wood* for one is at present lying in our harbour (Harbour Grace); the *Ada Westhaver*, the *Linda Tibbo*, and the *Gaultois* were here a few days ago.

It is of the *General Trenchard*, however, the first ship mentioned in your May issue, that I am going to write. Her last run has been made, and it was my good fortune a few days ago to get the story of her abandonment, as related by her master, Captain Williams, and knowing it will interest many of your readers, will give it in his own words :—

We left Grand Bank, a port on the South Coast of Newfoundland, on the 16th day of February last, bound on a voyage to Oporto, Portugal, laden with a cargo of dried codfish in bulk. Our vessel, *General Trenchard*, 149 tons, built at Allandale, Nova Scotia, in 1920, and owned by Geo. C. Harris, Grand Bank, was tight, staunch and strong, and well manned and victualled—in every way fit to perform her intended voyage.

At the time of leaving Grand Bank, which was 9 a.m., the wind was very light from the North-East and remained so during the day.

February 17th—Day begins with light winds about East, and at 4 p.m. same day came from the North. At 8 p.m. a strong breeze was blowing N.N.W., cold, but the vessel was not making much ice as the water was smooth. Day ends fine; pumps, lights and look-out carefully attended to.

February 18th.—Day begins with a fresh breeze from the N.N.W. and continued so with the vessel making good progress until noon of the 19th, when wind veered from W.S.W. and kept veering from the South. At midnight wind still freshening.

February 20th.—Day begins with a fresh breeze from S.S.W. All light sails were taken in as well as the mizzen and jib as the sea kept increasing. At noon on the same date all sails were down, with the exception of the foresail, stormsail and jumbo. At 8 p.m. a heavy sea boarded the vessel, flooding her deck with water. At midnight, wind moderating a little with occasional rain squalls, and continued so until 4 a.m. of the 21st, when in the midst of heavy lightning and thunder the wind veered from N.W. and we were compelled to run vessel before wind and sea. At 1 p.m. on the same date, a steamboat was sighted bound West. At 8 p.m. wind was moderating with occasional hail and rain squalls, no observation being taken during this day.

February 22nd. Day opens with strong breeze from N.N.E. At 7 30 a.m. wind moderating a little and we put more sail on the vessel. At 4 p.m. wind was from the S.E. with light breeze, and continued so until midnight, the pumps, lights and look-out being at all times attended to.

February 23rd.—Day opens with South wind and rain squalls. At 6 p.m. the wind veered from the N.W., blowing a gale, and all sails were taken in with the exception of the foresail and jumbo. At 4 p.m. wind moderated a little but the decks were continually flooded with water

owing to heavy seas. At 10 p.m. the foresail gave out. At midnight all sails lowered down and with such heavy sea the vessel's deck was continually flooded with water.

February 24th.—Day begins with a strong breeze from the South and continued so until 8 a.m., when a gale sprang up from S.S.W., and vessel had to lay-to under stormsail and jumbo. At noon on the same date vessel still running before wind and sea in order to make better weather. At 4 p.m. the wind was blowing a hurricane, and at 4-30 p.m. the vessel shipped a sea over the stern, smashing in the cabin door and windows, leaving about two feet of water in the cabin; vessel was then brought to under stormsail and jumbo, after which all the crew were engaged bailing water out of the cabin and effecting repairs to the damaged part of the vessel. At 11 20 p.m. another sea boarded the vessel, carrying away the bowsprit, cathead, and smashing up the dory and opened the vessel so that the water poured through her forecastle deck; the vessel was then kept away before the wind and the sea in order for the crew to cut away the broken bowsprit, which was beating against the bow and feared might make a hole in the vessel, also fearing that the jumbo stay would give out and the masts would break off. At midnight the vessel still running before wind and sea, the helmsman being lashed to the wheel and the rest of the crew still endeavouring to cut away the wires attached to the bowsprit and trying to secure the masts. On trying the pumps during the night it was discovered that the vessel was leaking badly.

February 25th.—Day begins with storm still raging from West, and vessel running before the wind with one of the crew being lashed to the pumps and continually pumping. At 6 p.m. the crew again started sawing off the wires which were attached to the bowsprit, and at 10 a.m. everything was cut clear, and it was discovered the vessel's plank at the water's edge was nearly cut through, the stem had started, and oakum hanging out of the seams in several places. At noon wind moderated a little, but the vessel was still running before the sea with a man lashed to the wheel and another to the pump; this continued, and at 8 a.m. on the 26th we started to jettison cargo into order to lighten the vessel, and continued doing so until 8 p.m.

While jettisoning cargo, water was coming down the companion-way, and one of the crew had to keep pumping continually. At 11 p.m. wind moderated a little and veered around from the South with strong breeze and rain, vessel then laying to under stormsail and jumbo with decks continually awash and crew unable to do anything around decks.

February 27th.—Day opens with a Southerly wind, strong breeze, the crew, with the exception of the men at pumps, clearing away the decks and setting down rigging in order to save the masts. At midnight wind still south, vessel still laying to. The pumps, lights and look-out at all times attended to.

February 28th.—Wind still from the South with heavy rain. At 8 p.m. set reefed mainsail. At 5 p.m. sighted steamship bound East, but did not signal, as thought if crew kept fit and vessel did not get worse we might get vessel to land.

March 1st—Day opens with light South wind and heavy swell. At 7 a.m. wind sprang up from S.S.E. and kept continually increasing, crew still manning the pumps and cook complaining of being sick. At 3 p.m. a German naval yacht passed close, bound East. We tried to make a signal, but she was too far away to see us, and at 7 p.m. we wore the vessel and headed for East; the cook at this time gave up, which became serious as we need all the crew to keep the vessel afloat as she was leaking more than before.

The *George A. Wood*, of the same type, and in the same trade as *General Trenchard*.
Photo lent by R. L. Sedly.

March 2nd—Day begins with strong breeze from S.S.E. Wind and sea still increasing. At 8 a.m. wind abating and veering from S.S.W. At noon increasing a gale—vessel's position then 44.41 N. and 23.52 W. Crew still at the pumps and finding vessel leaking more. At 6 p.m. blowing a hurricane and discovered mast working loose. At 8 p.m. vessel shipped another sea, which again strained her and water poured through her decks. Fearing that she would go down and take the crew with her, it was decided to seek assistance from some passing ship and abandon vessel.

March 3rd.—Day opens with strong wind, vessel laying under reefed mainsail and piece of jumbo. During the day one of the sailors became exhausted through pumping. This weather continued, and on the 4th, at 4 30 p.m., a steamboat was sighted, but did not see our signal. At 6 p.m. sighted another steamer, which came up to us, but owing to high seas was unable to take us off. At daylight next day, March 5th, to our surprise the steamer was not in sight.

March 6th.—Day opens with light breeze. Crew engaged repairing lifeboat, so as to make her fit to get in if we had to do so. Day ends with lights, pumps and look-out continually attended to. Nothing unusual happened until 4 p.m. on the 8th, when we discovered a stern plank started and water was heard gushing in. On the 9th it became calm at noon and remained so until 7 a.m. on the 10th, when the steamer *Merchant* hove in sight and came to our assistance, taking us on board in an exhausted condition from our sinking vessel—position then 44.13 N., 24.14 W.—and landed us at Barbados, March 21st, where we left for home port, Grand Bank, via Halifax, where we arrived April 7th, all pleased to be safe back again.

So ends the story of the three-mast schooner *General Trenchard*. There are quite a number of these little schooners in the land of the living, and still making good in the Western North Atlantic facing up to the North-Westers, crossing the Banks summer and winter, regardless of seasons and weather; but sad to relate, as one passes out it is but seldom she is replaced, and in a few years these, as well as their larger sisters, will be but a memory.

Reminiscences of an Old Sea Captain

Experiences as an Officer—*continued*

By Captain J. Jones.

Having obtained my Master's certificate at Liverpool, I was appointed by Jas. Sproat & Co. as chief mate of their barque *Loch Fergus*, and I proceeded to London to join her, where she was lying in the East India Dock loading for Nelson and Timaru, New Zealand. She was a fine vessel of 845 tons register, under the command of Captain R. Clachrie, who was a competent shipmaster, and we got along together fine; a good skipper, and a reliable mate, and we took great care of the ship, for Clachrie gave me practically *carte blanche* in working the ship, and I gained much more experience in shifting topmasts, topgallant masts and yards, and, as he remarked, an expert in "running the stage" when taking in nitrate, for, in those days, mates were usually very versatile and enthusiastic.

We sailed from London towing to the Ness, and meeting with a fine free wind, she romped down Channel in great style, being a good foot light, and we crossed the Equator on the 20th day out. She kept on through the S.E. Trades at a good pace, but here our good luck ended, for the wind, light and variable, persistently held to the S.E. quarter, and added to this we found very moderate winds running (?) the Easting down. However, we made the passage to Nelson, "Sleepy Hollow," in 82 days.

Completed discharge at Timaru and loaded cereals and honey at Lyttelton for London. Out from London again for Sydney and loaded coal for Valparaiso, going north to Caleta Oliva—a hole in the coastline eight miles north of Tal Tal. We carried away our stern moorings twice, but my luck was still with me, and I grabbed them almost at the first attempt on both occasions.

We discharged our cargo of nitrate at Hull and loaded there for Antofagasta with a cargo of building material. We had a bit of a tussle off Cape Stiff, but the old *Fergus* could stand a drive, and "being well found," she got it. At Antofagasta, besides working cargo in between launches and on "surf" days, I sent up a new main topmast, and did several other jobs. I recall quite well how Bolderstone, the capable mate of Lockett's *Bandeeth*, used to try to beat us taking in a lighter of nitrate, and I'll be hanged if he didn't sometimes do it. Smart chap he was, afterwards commanding Newton's *Borrowdale*. We were great friends.

There were several comments on the friendly rivalry between the nearby moored *Bandeeth* and *Loch Fergus*. We shipped a cargo of nitrate at Iquique, discharging at Dunkirk. Towed across to Hull, where I left her to spend Christmas at home, for I had stayed by the ship at London on a previous voyage so that the captain could get a vacation, the first he had had for five years. I also had the idea of getting a command with Sproats.

It might be in order, before closing my career as an officer, to relate several incidents that occurred while I was in the *Fergus*. On one occasion, after passing through Bass Straits with northerly winds, I relieved the second mate at midnight, but the course he was steering and had been given to him when the wind changed to the southward did not agree with my own reckoning, for I had her not so far east, and as Captain Clachrie and myself had always compared positions and observations, he was not one of the "one-man navigators," I decided to call him, but before I quite made up my mind, I noticed on the starboard bow what was certainly a bush fire, so I hesitated not a moment longer. I hauled her out to due East and jumped down the companion stairway and made for the captain's room. "Jump out and look at your chart, Sir; there should

be no bush fires on our starboard bow, steering for Gabo Island, Cape Howe," and sure enough Clachrie had marked her too far East on the chart.

I had heard of another competent captain doing this. We all make mistakes at times, and we were steering for the low-lying sandy beach S.W. of Gabo Island. We almost hugged each other, and he remarked "It is lucky that you had the deck instead of the loyal but inexperienced young second mate." Clachrie came on deck and set a correct course for Gabo, and we arrived shortly after at Sydney, the southerly wind holding.

The next incident was drifting to the northward for eight miles trying to get into Iquique after sunset in spite of my respectful protest, for we always brought the ship to, some few miles south of the nitrate ports, if we could not reach the anchorage before sunset, to avoid losing the wind and drifting to the northward. We were nine days beating back the eight miles to Iquique. Clachrie was an experienced West Coaster, but on that occasion he took a chance, and missed.

The last incident was "ship visiting," but this was the fault of the other ship—not ours. We had been in company with the *Ken* for several days in the S.E. Trades, so Captain W. decided to pay Captain Clachrie a visit. He left the *Ken* with her main yards aback. We did the same, the ships being about 1½ miles apart, the *Ken* dead astern of us. I was on the poop, the watch tarring down the mizzen, when I noticed the *Ken* filling his main yard and coming straight for our stern. I waved to her to keep to leeward, but perhaps the foresail hindered the mate's view. Anyway, he kept on and backed his main yard again not more than a good ship's length from our stern. I had already shouted through our skylight, and Captain W. came on deck and yelled curses at his mate, but she carried her way until she poked her jibboom over our taffrail, scraping clear of our port quarter, Captain Wilson jumping on the forecastle head of his ship from our taffrail.

The language he used to his mate, "Swift," was bluer than the sea, for it certainly was a "bum" piece of ship handling. This should have ended the "visiting," but it didn't. Captain W. was known as the "Commander," and was a character. He came back to us and insisted on Captain Clachrie going aboard the *Ken* as Mrs. Wilson was on board, and when Clachrie demurred, W. said "You haven't got a fool mate like I have, so come along," and Clachrie went, and this hombre kept the *Fergus* in a fairly close but quite safe position.

As a last word, you can curtail this effusion at your discretion. A few days after my arrival home, I received a letter from Captain Foreman, of the fine barque *Earl Dunraven*, lying at Middlesbrough, offering me the mate's job at £7 per month. Captain Clachrie had evidently mentioned my name to him at Hull, but I had decided to spend Christmas Day at home, and it was drawing near, so in order to settle that point, I wrote Captain Foreman thanking him for his offer, but adding that if I had to sail longer as mate I wanted £8 10s. per month. This should have settled it, but it didn't. I received a telegram, "Join ship immediately; I accept your terms. I am leaving for a vacation; report to the office." There was nothing else to do, of course, so I packed a suit case and beat it for Middlesbrough, but Lady Luck never deserted me, for I had a hint that I was to be appointed master of the *Loch Doon*, so when Captain Foreman returned I told him the position, but offering to stick by my bargain, although I had not signed articles, but he very generously released me, saying that he would not stand in the way of my promotion, so after another mate was found I returned to Liverpool, called on Mr. Sproat, and was instructed to proceed to Ostend and take command of the *Loch Doon*, and so ends my experiences as an officer; they are pleasant reminiscences, with the exception of that miserable eight months as second mate of the *Bengairn*. Nobody ever made a second voyage in her.

The Last Trip of the *Glenard*

By Captain Hiram P. Bailey, F.R.G.S.

Chapter I.

"*Glenard.*" *Steel barque. Built* 1893 *at Port Glasgow, by Messrs. A. Roger and Co. Gross tonnage* 1,905; *net tonnage* 1,610; *length* 265 *feet; beam* 40.1 *feet; depth* 22.9 *feet. Classed* A1 *at Lloyd's.*

Officially she is that. But to a deep-water sailor, to a lover of sailing ships, to a lover of the sea, she is much more than that.

But to her Finnish owners she was much less—a debit. She was sold for the price of scrap, like an old negro auntie in the by-gone slave market at New Orleans, to fetch what she will. The twin vipers, steam and speed, had, at last, stung her to death. Beauty destroyed by a soulless modernity.

I went to her funeral.

* * * * *

Alexandra Dock, Hull, May 1st, 1925.

There, painted white from topgallant yards to keel, spotless, without even a speck of rust, her brasswork glittering in the morning sun, she lay—a thing of beauty; like a dove sitting deep down upon its nest.

Many-fingered cranes upon the East Quay of "B" Jetty were beginning to relieve her of 3,200 tons of nitrate which, starting her voyage from Iquique (Chile) in December, 1924, she had brought safely around Cape "Stiff" without "vomiting" a single bag.

Captain Ohlfors, whose home the *Glenard* had been for several years, is silhouetted clearly in the light of a cold blue-grey sky that pours its silvery ore upon her spotless poop—the poop from which her mate, like a match, had been washed resistlessly forrard by a heavy sea as far as the after-deckhouse; whilst the same sea, in some mad eccentric whirl best known to itself, had washed clean overboard a chubby apprentice from the deckhouse top, and had, curiously enough, washed him back on board again, landing him upon the identical spot upon the poop which the mate a moment ago had vacated. The sea has strange unaccountable ways. Seemingly it has no use for chubby apprentices. They float too easily.

From my point of vantage upon No. "C" Jetty I eye, with my soul all agog, this spidery, delicate mass of towering cordage—so neat, so beautiful, so fascinating. Suddenly, I heard Neptune's reveille: the call! Something within me long dormant stirred and reasserted itself. Vividly my own days at sea flooded into my mind. Concentrate as I would upon my shore job, my eyes inevitably lifted and wandered to her.

Years ago I had sent the sea and all its ships to Hell—many times. But neither the sea nor the ships went. They just ignored me, for they knew that some day I would come back of my own accord. . . All forgiven for their rough usage of me.

And, true enough, here was I coming back. Gradually my steps, somehow, as in a hypnotic dream, were drawn close to her lofty bows, thence to her great, towering white sides. Then somehow to her bo'sun's ladder. I touched it, merely, of course, for old time's sake—enough: I felt her spell. Up the ladder I went. Aboard. Curse it! *She had me.*

Messrs. Logan and Son, ship-breakers, of Sunderland, the new owners of the *Glenard*, are aboard. I arrive at a sudden determination. Mr. Logan, Senr., having patiently and sympathetically listened to my suggestion, said, "Well, Mr. Bailey, if you want to have a trip around to Sunderland in sail again- it's her funeral trip- you may; that is, if you care to join her crew. The crew, all Geordies, are coming down from Sunderland to-night. Make your own arrangements with Mr. Murray, my representative, over there on the poop."

I did. And that is how I became a sailor once more.

Early on the morning of June 10th, the crew came aboard—sober. I glanced about the ship and from an overheard colloquy between Mr. Murray and Lieutenant-Commander Martin, D.S.O., who had been sent down from Sunderland to join and command us, learned that we carried 280 tons of untrimmed sand ballast in the fore-hold not the best place to carry it; especially untrimmed.

The weather, however, by observation and ship's barometer, augured fair, else had there been any indications of wind about, her premeditated sea passage would have had to be postponed. A large empty barque, capable of carrying 3,200 tons of nitrate, but containing only 280 tons of untrimmed sand ballast in her fore-hold, is, to say the least, in a stiff blow of wind, no game of tiddeywinks. She would spin like a pudding-bowl. Any sailor knows this. Indeed, with the meagre number of her

Steering the *Glenard* to her doom. The author of the article takes his "trick-at-the-wheel."
See next page.

present crew or runners she would prove utterly unmanageable. But it did not blow, so—

8 a.m., Lieut.-Commander Martin comes aft and calls me to the wheel—he says I have a nautical look, and suggests I know the Hull docks better than he. Our bronzed, well-set-up Humber pilot, Mr. George Berry, confirms, and straight away leaves me to the wheel and proceeds to his duties upon the fo'c'sle head.

I notice we have a local tug astern, whose duty it is to steady us through the lock-pit. Her hard-bitten skipper makes no fuss, except with his propeller. Anon his shovel-like hand pulls the siren cord. He toots enterprisingly, and confirmatory to the whistled orders from our pilot. Gliding slowly down the lock-pit I observe over the side, among many people who have gathered to see the last of a gallant sailing ship, the barque's late master—Captain Ohlfors. He has come down like the rest, but impelled by a much deeper feeling, to see the last of his ship—his only real home : that sailor home of many a silent watch, and many an awful night upon the mighty deep.

Very wistfully the evening before, as he strolled the deck for the last time, he had said to me : " I wouldn't mind, Mr. Bailey, if someone was going to sail her; but to break her up, breaks me up. A beautiful vessel like this : sails her 13 knots when strong breeze abaft the beam. She is a seabird, a noble thing—well, well." And he sighed deeply.

Perhaps no one but a sailor can appreciate this depth of feeling as signified in the eye of the captain and the resigned " Well, well " from his lips. For a moment I hated this modern commercial, money-mad world : a world that sent such things of beauty to their doom.

As down the outlet from the docks we slowly passed I saluted him as he stood silently erect with his wife upon the quay. She had sailed with him, too, and had also shared his hardships.

" Good-bye, Captain Ohlfors," I called; " Good-bye."

But he could only lift a listless hand in such a way as to suggest the words : " There goes my home—all I love." He had no real words.

He was indeed overcome, so I turned away.

" Hard a starboard !" volleyed Commander Martin.

" Hard a starboard it is," I returned.

Over went the wheel, and gradually her late captain and his wife upon the quay, now standing together and all alone, faded away from my sight. As they saw their erstwhile floating home gliding away for ever, what were their feelings? Perhaps no word of mine, nor any other man's, can tell.

Such is the sea.

And then the Humber : a river that holds more material in suspension than any other river in the British Isles. If one takes a handful of Humber

The *Glenard* lying in the Mersey, outward bound, in 1923, to Australia.
Photo by Mr. M. R. H. Cooper.

one cannot tell accurately whether one holds a handful of sand mixed with water, or a handful of water mixed with sand.

So out into the brown, silt-laden Humber, like Robinson Crusoe of old, and the Pilgrim Fathers, of earlier date, we passed—raising Salt End off the port bow; and the flat, and almost treeless Lincolnshire coast lying all along our starboard side.

After an hour's run down with the tide we notice alongside Immingham Quay a large holiday liner with two expensive funnels. They smoke languorously. We note that John Bull and his theatre-worn wife are swarming aboard to take this natural cure to disperse last winter's indiscretions. White-jacketed stewards dodge in and out of the dark swarming mass like dogs in a fair.

Surely the preference lies in visiting Father Neptune under sails? Conventional dressing for dinner, and trying to be ashore when afloat is too irksome. But where can a sailing ship be found?

With such a thought our minds reach an *impasse*, so we turn and view the open sea: the vasty space off Grimsby. The sun shines above. Diamonds flash below. From the open myriads of sparkling wavelets heiligraph to us a myriad pressing welcomes. We approach.

Twenty-six miles down the Humber, keeping the two Killingholm lights in line astern, we arrive off Spurn Point, and the Humber pilots' cutter. And here we drop our pilot.

This bronzed young-faced man will not see Hull again for some days—according to his turn, and the number of vessels entering port.

"Chin-chin!" we cry as he drops into the bobbing motor-boat alongside, "Chin-chin!"

"Horni-Swat!" he returns merrily. And away we go.

(To be continued.)

Sailing Ships' Roll of Honour—

HOUSE FLAG.—Square, red, white, and b

Built.	Name.	Rig.	Tons.	Length.	Breadth.
1879	*County of Aberdeen* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1865	281·0	40·4
1865	*County of Argyle*	3-m. ship (iron) ...	699	182·5	30·0
1863	*County of Ayr*	3-m. ship (iron... ...	499	170·0	26·5
1868	*County of Berwick* ...	3-m. ship (comp.) ...	996	208·0	34·7
1866	*County of Bute*	3-m. ship (comp.) ...	793	187·0	31·9
1876	*County of Caithness* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1636	266·4	38·8
1878	*County of Cromarty* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1644	266·4	38·8
1878	*County of Dumfries* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1640	266·2	38·8
1885	*County of Edinburgh* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	2078	285·6	42·5
1867	*County of Elgin*	3-m. ship (comp.) ...	796	187·6	31·9
1869	*County of Forfar*	3-m. ship (comp.) ...	997	208·3	34·6
1878	*County of Haddington* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1865	281·0	40·4
1877	*County of Inverness* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1636	266·6	38·8
1878	*County of Kinross* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1641	267·0	38·8
1870	*County of Lancaster* ...	3-m. ship (comp.) ...	999	208·9	34·7
1887	*County of Linlithgow* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	2122	286·9	43·5
1869	*County of Nairn*	3-m. ship (comp.) ...	999	206·6	35·0
1875	*County of Peebles*... ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1614	266·6	38·7
1886	*County of Roxburgh* ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	2121	285·6	43·5
1878	*County of Selkirk*... ...	4-m. ship (iron) ...	1865	281·0	40·4
1868	*County of Stirling* ...	3-m. ship (comp.) ...	999	207·5	33·5
1873	*County of Sutherland* ...	Auxiliary bq. (iron ...	1743	333·8	38·3

J. Craig's "Counties," Glasgow.

ul: red St. Andrew's Cross superimposed on white.

Builders.	Remarks.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	Sister to *Selkirk* and *Haddington*. 1884, Went missing on 5th voyage, Cardiff-Bombay.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	1888, Sold.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	Pioneer ship of the Line. 1884, Sold to Ward & Co., Hobart, Tasmania.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	1888, Owned by Hajee Mahommed Avonjee, Jeddah.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	1888, Sold.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	1903, Sold to M. Olsen, Porsgrund, Norway and Fremantle, renamed *Sofie*. Converted to a Hulk at Fremantle.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	8.8.78. Went ashore, while on her maiden voyage from Rio Janeiro-San Francisco in ballast, all her officers being down with smallpox.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	1906, Sold to Russia and renamed *Sorinto*.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	1903, Sold to A. Witte, Bremen, and renamed *Frieda*. 5.7.16, Washed ashore at Mobile in a hurricane, together with *Grace Harwar*. Refloated later.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	Abandoned 20.2.80.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	Sold 1885.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	1901, Went missing on voyage New York-Shanghai.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	1899, Sold to Shaw, Savill & Co., London, and converted to a 4-m. bq. 1911, Sold in River Plate and renamed *Dora*. 1916, Was owned by R. Boussac, Bordeaux, and named *Carmen*, later converted to a motor-ship. 1925, Owned in Kasmu, Esthonia, and named *Nemrac*.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	About 1906, sold to K. Bruusgaard, Drammen, Norway, and renamed *Marpesia*. In 1927, was a Hulk lying in The Boca, Buenos Aires, named *Salinera Espanola*, owned by the Spanish Salt Co.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	1886, Sold to Gooloom & Suliman, Muscat, and renamed *Futtel Rahaman*. 1892, Owned by Salembin Abdullah, Muscat, and named *Fathal Rahman*.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	1906, Sold to Chile. 1919, was owned by Philippine Tobacco Co., 'Frisco, as Aux. Schr. *Katherine*. Subsequently owned by Malsysian Nav. Co., Manila. In 1928, she was re-sold for £10,500.
Connell & Co., Glasgow	Craig's first 4-m. ship. 1898, Sold to Chile. Disappeared from Register, 1899.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	8.2.05, Driven ashore on Takaroa, during a hurricane, while on voyage from Caldera-across the Pacific.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	1895, Went missing while homeward bound from Calcutta.
rclay, Curle & Co., Whiteinch.	
Connell & Co., Glasgow	
Connell & Co., Glasgow	1886, Sold to B.I. Co., and renamed *Roma*.
	All these vessels were built for the Calcutta Jute trade.

Capt. J. Beard.

The Landlubbers' Page

By The Editor.

(Conclusion.)

In the October issue I conducted my imaginary party of ship visitors from the forecastle head to the main deck, and paused them at the foot of the foremast, in order that they might gaze aloft at the numerous ropes, which I explained (rather to their mystification, I suspect) were not "ropes" but "lines." There is a saying, "All horses are animals; but, all animals are not necessarily horses." In this instance, all lines are ropes; but it does not follow that all "ropes" are "lines"; Q.E.D.

Having discoursed on the individual functions of the various "lines" and "ropes," I concluded my lecture with somewhat lengthy remarks on one of the belaying-pins, to which the lines aforesaid are made fast, and mentioned another use to which they were often put by, for instance, a "hard-case" second mate. I omitted to demonstrate, however, his mode of possessing himself of this weapon at the psychological moment, which is as follows :—

Hard-case second mate raps out an order to would-be "Sea Lawyer" : "with trimmings."

Would-be sea lawyer invites hard-case second mate to "go-and-fry-spiders" (or words to that effect).

Hard-case second mate, singling out with lightning glance a spare belaying-pin from a row of them set equi-distant in the bulwarks, rushes to the ship's side, strikes the underneath end of the pin with the palm of his hand, catches it deftly in mid-air, and then the fun starts!

The mainmast and mizzenmast of our full-rig ship being fitted precisely similar as regards "running gear" (as the ropes, i.e., lines, are termed), it will not be necessary to spend time on them; nor is there much else to see which requires explaining. I will, therefore, in conclusion, apologise once more to my fellow shellbacks for the amount of valuable space I have monopolised in their cherished magazine, at the same time assuring them that the Landlubbers' Page was not instituted as a "fill-up" (the space in *Sea Breezes* being too much in demand), but in consequence of a suggestion made by a longshoreman reader of that publication, who, I trust, will be able in future to "coil down" in his mind (with a little more understanding of the nautical terms contained therein than formerly) the lines which have been "spliced" and the ends duly tucked in by a

"Marlinespike."

A War-Time Passing
The Sinking of the *Arethusa*

The name of the barque *Arethusa* has been made familiar to many people as that of the—shall I say?—heroine of Rex Clement's "Gipsy of the Horn." As I was in command of her on her last voyage when she succumbed to a German submarine, it occurred to me that a note from my log on her sinking might be of interest to "Sea Breezers."

We sailed from Gulfport on March 18th, 1917, and made a very fair run to the Irish coast in 36 days, overhauling two vessels on the way that had left before us.

At daybreak on the morning of the 23rd April—St. George's Day—we sighted Eagle Island right ahead. The Admiralty instructions given us before sailing had been to get, if possible, into the latitude of Tory Island before making land. We were in a fair way to do so when the wind dropped to light westerly airs.

The courses had been reefed and the boats swung out in the davits in readiness for an emergency. Throughout the morning all hands were on the look-out. I went up to the crosstrees and spent all the forenoon there, spying out the land and incidentally seeing in every ripple on the long oily, westerly swell, the track of a periscope.

I had just come down to dinner when a small steamer was reported on our port quarter. I gave orders to hoist the Ensign to let her know we were an English ship. As the flag fluttered out at the peak, I heard the sound of a report, and rushed up on deck as another crash woke the echoes.

"What's that?" I asked.

The second mate, who was on duty, replied he thought it was a destroyer firing at a submarine somewhere in the vicinity.

There was the thud of another shell, and I realized the situation in a flash. It was a submarine firing at us! And she had just about got the range, too.

"Tumble into the starboard lifeboat," I ordered. Shouting to the second mate to let me know when all was ready, I rushed down below. I had hardly time to grab my valise and cram the ship's papers, etc., into it, when through the porthole came the cry: "All ready, Sir."

As I mounted the rail—"Are we all here?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Catch these!" and I slid down the falls and the men shoved off.

The shots from our unseen enemy were coming thick and fast as we pulled away from the ship's side. One brought the main topsail yard down with a run, another hit her in the waist, a third raised a cascade of water under the bows. Then two or three crashed in between the davits, in the very place we had been standing a couple of minutes before. At every shot we thought the boat would be hit.

We had got about ten or twelve yards from the ship, the shells coming clean over our heads so that we could feel the wind of them, and some water being splashed in the boat.

At this moment somebody gave a shout. We turned to look, and there was our old French sailmaker standing on the topgallant rail of the barque, dressed in his shoregoing best.

The air turned red and blue with curses, as we turned and pulled back to the ship. The cook, a brawny Irishman, lost his nerve and howled to the oarsman to keep on.

"Drag him down in the bottom and sit on him," I shouted.

A couple of the hands took the hint. I pointed out to the men that, as the shots were then falling, it was probably the best thing we could do, and afterwards it was agreed that pulling back to the ship saved us.

We rescued "Sails," and then began to pull in the direction of the shore, keeping the ship between ourselves and the submarine.

Altogether he must have fired 25 to 30 shots. A few minutes afterwards we saw the hull of the brute appear round the barque's quarter and sheer in alongside. There he remained for a few minutes, then he laid off some distance and we saw and heard two or three explosions. Following them we saw the good old ship slowly settle down to starboard. She settled and disappeared "with all sail set," as Mr. Clements says, "the Red Ensign of England a-flutter at her peak and our old shark's tail pointing bravely to the stars."

The submarine hung off till he saw his handiwork complete, then submerged, heading north. Next day he sank one of Hardie's barques at 1 p.m. In their case he gave them time to get their bag and baggage out of her—but then they did not hoist their ensign to him.

We were six hours in the boats, when three armed trawlers came out of Broad Sound, picked us up and landed us at Killibegs, in Donegal. We were eight to ten miles off Eagle Island when the barque was sunk; the coastguards and lighthouse people saw it all.

They treated us right royally all along the line to Belfast, where we took the night boat to Liverpool and paid off. I arrived in the office before the owners had received my telegram from Killibegs. The Admiralty were slow at dispensing bad news.

So—game to the last—passed out another of the "white wings" of old England—the windjammer that flaunted her flag to a submarine.

A. A. Findlay.

The Barque *Arethusa*, built in 1890, subject of above article.
Photo lent by Capt. E. A. Woods.

Notes From Everywhere And Everybody.

"An honest tale, plainly told, speeds best."

The Loss of the *Lord George Bentinck*.

Taken from official documents by kind permission of the Hon. J. M. Ellis, Colonial Secretary for the Falkland Islands, the following notes may be interesting to our readers :—

The British ship *Lord George Bentinck*, owned by Fisher, of Liverpool, while on a voyage from South Shields to San Francisco, turned turtle and sank some 700 miles to the north-west of the Falklands on Saturday, the 22nd of November, 1856.

On Saturday morning, the 22nd November, 1856, with a S.W. gale and heavy sea, the ship was found to be very tender, and at 2 a.m. was bowling along rail under. A sudden squall striking her she went on to her beam ends and there remained. The carpenter's tool chest being under water, an axe was not available to cut away the masts, and it was decided to abandon the ship. The only remaining boat was the pinnace, and into this crowded sixteen men, leaving the captain, John Irving, with three others. All oars and provisions had been washed out of the boat and when, after much difficulty, she was got clear of the semi-submerged rigging and sails the crew found it impossible to get the boat back to the ship to pick up the captain and three men.

They were carried by the wind away from the ship in spite of their efforts with paddles made of the thwarts and bottom boards, and about five minutes after they had cleared her, the ship went down. They were now at the mercy of the wind and waves in a small boat without food or water, oars or sail. Making a sail with their coats they steered to the north-west in the hope of picking up some passing vessel.

On the following Wednesday they came across part of the poop of their late ship. The compass had gone and everything else movable, and all they saved therefrom was a small piece of lead piping which was carefully cut into sixteen pieces. By this time they were all suffering greatly from hunger and thirst and were very sick with drinking sea water. One of the men knocked down a cape pigeon with a piece of the piping, but when shared out this only amounted to a small piece about the size of one's little finger. On Thursday they were in such a condition that they drew lots to see which of their number should be eaten, when fortunately a vessel hove in sight, which proved to be the brig *Cuba*, of Whitehaven (Captain Gray), who brought them to Stanley.

The Wreck of the *Leopold*.

In February, 1858, there left Ostend a young sailor named Peter de Clerck, in the Dutch ship *Leopold*, 1,200 tons, of Amsterdam. Her crew consisted of 21, including the captain, Mons. Consezeman. From Ostend they went to Swansea, from which port they sailed with a full load of coal for Callao on the 1st of March.

On the 12th of April, at five in the morning, after a remarkably quick passage of 42 days, while running a good ten knots, steering south with a strong north-west wind, the ship struck on the Grand Jason, it being dark and raining heavily.

The heavy sea soon made short work of the boats and strained the ship, and it was evident that she would soon go to pieces.

What is this, the end of a pier, or an isolated fort? No prize will be given for a solution of this picture, as same is given below. Photo lent by J. H. Owen.

A young seaman named Leopold de Jong attempted to swim ashore with a rope in his mouth, but was drowned, as was another seaman who did likewise. Everyone was now out on the jibboom when suddenly the ship went to pieces and Peter was washed on his hands and knees on to the rocks. He was the only one saved and not a sign was to be seen of the remainder of the crew.

For twenty-three days he remained on the island, all alone except for seals and penguins, upon which he subsisted. His matches were damp, but he succeeded in generating sufficient heat to ignite them by rubbing together a piece of wood and rope for five hours.

On the twenty-third day his smoke signals were seen by Captain Smyley, of the American schooner *Nancy*, and was taken off the island. During his lonely sojourn he saw no sign whatever of the bodies of his late shipmates.

Bo'sun.

Explanation of above picture.

At the head of this page is a picture which no one may recognise as such, but which is, in fact, all that remains of the once-famous tea clipper *Norman Court*, which was wrecked near Rhosneigr, Anglesey, in 1880. Her exploits will be found recorded in the first six volumes of *Sea Breezes*, by the late (and well-famed) Captain Andrew Shewan, who so ably commanded her for years, and was responsible for the wonderful passages she made under his skilful management.

For the benefit of those of our readers who may not be in possession of these volumes, I give the following details.—Ed.

Launched from Messrs. Inglis's Yard in July, 1869, for Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co., of London. Tonnage, 834; length, 197ft. 4in.; breadth, 33ft.; depth, 20 ft. Barings sold her to a Glasgow firm for the Java trade, and she was wrecked on her first homeward voyage. Her figurehead is still preserved in a garden in Holyhead.

Useful Information asked for.

Can any of our readers give the year when the under-noted Liverpool firms started in shipping, and if possible the name and tonnage of their first vessel :—Bates, Beazley, Bowrings, Cotesworth's, Fernie's, Gladstone's, Horsfall's, Rathbone's, Royden's, Singlehurst's, Tobin's.

The Editor hopes that in due time a synopsis of the fleet of each of the above firms will be forthcoming, to swell the (destined to be historical) Sailing Ships' Roll of Honour.

A candid admission.

In justice to Mr. George Irvine's candid admission re *Thornliebank*, I publish the following.—Ed.

Captain J. Mason is perfectly right about the *Thornliebank* in Fremantle, which was scuttled a while back.

She was a barque of 1,492 tons gross, built by Russell & Co., of Port Glasgow in 1886, for the Bank Line of Glasgow. I have turned up particulars of her, and she was destroyed by fire in Fremantle in February, 1891, and thereafter did duty as a hulk.

The ship I referred to was of 2,105 tons gross, built by Russell & Co., in 1896, so I was under a misapprehension, as I did not know there had been two ships carrying the name of *Thornliebank* until I looked up the necessary particulars, so there will now be no need for any further controversy on the subject.

Mr. E. A. Laing is asking for information about the *Guy Mannering* in the July number.

She was an iron barque of 838 tons gross, built by McMillan & Son, Dumbarton, and launched in February, 1878, for Mr. J. Dickie, of Glasgow, and was commanded by Captain G. McLaren from 1879 until 1891-92. She loaded in Lyttelton, N.Z., on two occasions. On the 16/4/81 she arrived with a load of coal from Newcastle, N.S.W., and left again on the 20/5/81 for London.

She then arrived the following year on the 16/3/82 again from Newcastle with coal, and after loading grain left on the 1/5/82 for Cork or Falmouth for orders.

I think she was lost on Staten Island in 1891, but where she was bound from or bound to I am unable to say, so I hope the above will suffice.

Geo. Irvine.

Reply to query re *Quathlamba*.

On page 26 of No. 111 (February, 1929), Matthew E. Mabbitt enquires re Rennies' *Quathlamba*. The following may interest him. She was launched in 1879, and was a renowned South African trader. In 1895 she was sold to Captain Francis, who sold her in 1901 to J. J. Craig, of Auckland, N.Z. She was re-named the *Hazel Craig*. She was in the inter-Colonial timber and coal trade. In 1908 she was sold to G. T. Nicol, an Australian resident, who changed her name again to *White Pine*. In 1922, alas, she went the way of all flesh, and was converted into a coal hulk at Melbourne. I believe she was considered, in her early days, as one of the best models afloat of a three-masted barque.

Wm. McGlashan Smith.

Boudoir Breezes

"Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."—COWPER.

Of all the four seasons I always think Winter is kindest towards those girls who make their own clothes. You see there is so little of an evening frock nowadays. Not much front, no back, short skirts and no sleeves! Practically no talent is therefore required. Given an optimistic outlook, a length of good material and a pair of sharp scissors it is comparatively easy to produce a passable effect. And yet it is curious to find girls making such an attempt, really. No girl has a home-made watch, or even a pair of leather shoes for that matter. She realises that these things are too technical and is content to leave them to those who understand the work. This winter two rather strange colours have come into favour for evening wear: bottle green and a deep tobacco brown. Dahlia and gladioli pink are two more favourites that look well in tulle or flowered ninon.

The Cryséders! I cannot let this month go by without mentioning the very lovely Cryséde silks, particularly those with the designs hand-block printed on pure silk crêpe-de-chine. For this original work we all owe a vote of thanks to Mr. Alec Walker, who hit upon the novel idea of transposing his pictures into designs suitable for reproducing on silks. No woman who has seen this exquisite material could forget it, and even if she did, the quaint names bestowed upon the different designs would jog her memory. Five of the fabrics are christened as follows: "Cornish Farm," "Lobster Supper," "Hound and Tree," "Ding Dong," and "Gaiety."

First we will take the "Lobster Supper" design. I don't want my readers to get the idea that the picture is there in its entirety (complete with insets of the traditional nightmare and the morning-after headache), but by subtle treatment with his brush, Mr. Walker gives quite enough of this tempting shellfish on a rich lobster red silk to justify the title. "Cornish Farm," too is easy to pick out. With a few deft strokes we are shown the latticed window, a tiny gable and more than a hint of a flower-strewn path.

The colours are indescribably lovely, obviously only an artist could have blended the shades, now delicate, now daring, now dainty. I cannot help feeling that this work will give a big fillip to the silk industry in this country (the Cryséde silks are made in St. Ives), and money that previously went to France will now be spent in England. Also I foresee a new game for the winter afternoons, to relieve the monotony of the everlasting bridge. Deal out a book of patterns of the Cryséde silks to each girl and the one who correctly names the largest number of designs in the shortest time is the winner. (And let us hope the prize will be a length of the material!)

I see the manufacturers are still hoping against hope that the coloured shoes for men will catch on. Well, they never will; of that I am confident. At the Shoe and Leather Fair in London there were models in bright blue and pink leather and boots in black and white stripes and check designs! I am glad to report that high heels are now dead, being replaced by a really serviceable heel of about $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches high.

Coloured Wellingtons with shaped heels and high legs are to take the place of the Russian boots. Gone, too, are those "Hollywood Bootees;" there were none on exhibition, and I saw some quite nice ones offered for 5s. in a big Liverpool shop, at which price they would be useful for pottering about the garden, etc., etc.

Readers may remember my mentioning that beards were coming into fashion. I don't mean for ladies, but for *young* men. A hairdresser, interviewed on the subject, said: "The most popular type of beard is the one

with a sharp point, but a young man came in here the other day with a beard like a hatchet. We get young men with beards in almost every day. Nobody seems to know who set the fashion. It has just happened."

That hairdresser practises in London, of course. I am thankful to say I've not seen any young beards in Liverpool to date, but I notice lots of men with elongated side pieces of hair cut square by their ears, right down to the cheek. These are not too bad, and in dark hair they look quite attractive. Everybody wants to know where the young men go to grow their beards, as they are always in full bloom when first seen in public. Women are still very down on the idea, and one girl said she wouldn't even speak to a man with a beard!

I noted rather a new touch in the bride's toilette at a recent wedding. She carried a prayer book covered with pale blue moiré and ornamented with a striking silver cross. A wide satin book-marker hung from the book, which was finished with silver tassels and orange blossom. This moiré, by the way, is the rage just at present and is used for day and evening gowns, cloaks and linings.

Which reminds me that there are hardly any cloaks this winter; coats in bright colours with deep fur collars and cuffs seem to have replaced them. Many of the coats have the backs long and pointed to cover the frocks, which are down to the heels at the back. There is a new tweed, too, though beyond being fashionable, I cannot say anything else for it. The texture is so loose that it looks like a dishcloth or a schoolgirl's darn. When made up it is lined with a contrasting kasha, so that we have to pay for two lots of expensive materials for this suit. Only the sleeves are silk lined in order that they will slip on easily.

Readers of *Sea Breezes* will be specially interested in the second volume of "Sail," for on page 117 there is a superb coloured plate of the *Norman Court*. She was, of course, commanded by the late Captain Andrew Shewan, who contributed a series of stirring articles on the China tea clippers in the earlier numbers of *Sea Breezes*. Mr. Lubbock and Mr. J. Spurling (always a powerful combine) have produced a work which will revive memories among those men who regarded the sea not so much as a calling as a romance.

G. H. E.

County of Linlithgow on passage from Vancouver, B.C. to Valparaiso, Sept., 1913.
See Synopsis of R. & J. Craig's Counties, on pages 304 and 305.

The Signal Station

It is proposed to give, each month, as many of the reports of movements of sailing ships as can be ascertained. Readers can assist by supplying such information as comes to their notice, particularly interesting details of rigging, passages made, etc.

The report of the British Sailing Ship Owners' Association for the year 1928-29 makes interesting, if somewhat melancholy, reading. At 30th June, 1929, the world tonnage of sailing vessels of 100 gross tons and upwards, apart from auxiliaries, dumb barges and similar craft, was about 906,000 tons, of which only 17,800 were owned in Great Britain and Ireland. During the same period 108 sailing ships of 12,538 gross tons were added to the United Kingdom Register, including 54 new vessels with a total gross tonnage of 7,450 tons. On the other hand, 196 sailing ships of 20,336 gross tons were removed from the Register for various causes, 96 being broken up.

The membership of the Association for the year totalled 642 ships of 48,018 net tons, belonging to 325 owners. With only one deep-water sailing vessel owned in this country it follows that the Association is mainly concerned with conditions in the coasting trade, and takes an active part in protecting members' interests through its representation on the Council of the Chamber of Shipping and its various committees. Among points of interest in the report it may be mentioned that the Committee of the Association consider it desirable to discontinue using the words "port" and "starboard" when the new helm orders come into force at midnight on the 30th June, 1931. They favour the use of the words "steer left" and "steer right." It also appears that there is increasing railway competition in the carriage of china clay from Cornwall to the Potteries, which has always been a sailing-ship trade. It is to be hoped that the Association will be able to counter this successfully.

Italy is also in the position of having only one remaining deep-water sailer. She is the 1,295 tons steel barque *Letizia*, built at Kiel in 1889. She is owned by Mr. Coduri, of Milan, and after being for some time in dry dock at Genoa has sailed for Jamaica in ballast. She is fitted with wireless. There are still many Italian sailing vessels in the Mediterranean trade, but these are mostly small barquentines and brigantines. An exception is the steel ship *Bice*, ex *Antonio Padre*, 1,373 tons, and now fitted with an auxiliary engine. Up till recent years a considerable number of Italian sailing vessels used to load china clay at Poole during the summer months, but this trade has practically died out. In 1928 only four vessels, the brigantine *Emma*, two barquentines, and an auxiliary schooner loaded for Italy, and this year only one, the iron barquentine *Marinin*.

The six-masted schooner *Katherine*, ex *County of Linlithgow*, a picture of which appears on page 313

Norway, too, has only the barque *Pehr Ughland* still in service, but she has several training ships which are seldom heard of. The most modern is the ship *Sorlandet*, 576 tons register, built in 1927. There is also the barque *Tordenskiold*, 243 tons gross, the brig *Statsraad Erichsen*, of 119 tons gross, and the barque *Stratsraad Lehmkuhl*. All these vessels are used for the training of sailors for the mercantile marine and not specially for future officers. No cargo is carried, and they usually make a five-months' cruise in the North Sea and adjacent waters during the summer, after which the boys have to pass an examination. The results are said to be very satisfactory.

Captain Erikson has been fortunate in getting charters for three of his ships to load patent fuel at South Wales ports for Colombia and Venezuela. They are *Winterhude*, *Grace Harvar* and *Killoran*. On the other hand, he expects to have to lay up *Loch Linnhe* and *Lingard* at Mariehamn this winter as there are no logwood cargoes to be had from the West Indies to Havre. It might be possible to get a cargo for St. Louis (Rhone), but the vessels would then be in a very bad position for next season's Baltic trade. So far no sailing vessels have been reported as being fixed to load new season's wheat in Australia for the U.K.-Continent, and the outlook for this trade is uncertain.

Australian Trade.

Archibald Russell—Finnish four-mast barque. Hernosand, 22nd September, for Adelaide.

C. B. Pedersen -Swedish four-mast barque. Stugsund, 13th September, for Melbourne.

(NOTE.—Those of our readers who have been mournfully anticipating the "scrapping" of the *Garthpool*, will no doubt be glad to hear that she is expected to sail for Australia on 19/10/29, having replaced with new spars the fore lower topsail yard, mizzen upper topgallant yard, and bowsprit.—EDITOR.)

Mozart—Finnish four-mast barquentine. Skonvik, 26th September, for Melbourne.

Loading in Sweden.

Olivebank and *Viking*.

On passage.

Beatrice, *Favell*, *Herzogin Cecilie*, *Hougomont*, *Lawhill*, *Penang*, *Pommern*, *Ponape*.

In port, Australia.

Melbourne.

Nitrate and Guano.

Killoran—Finnish barque. Sailed Santa Rosa Islands, 20th July, and arrived Antwerp, 5th October.

Oldenburg—German ship. Sailed Bremerhaven, 1st April, and arrived Callao, 18th September.

Passat—German four-mast barque. Arrived Talcahuano, 1st October, 74 days from Rotterdam.

Priwall—German four-mast barque. Hamburg, 23rd September, for W.C.S.A.

West Indian Logwood.

Bonchamp—French barque. Sailed Havre, 24th September, for the West Indies.

General de Sonis—French barque. Sailed Havre, 23rd August, and arrived Fort de France, 7th October.

Germaine—Danish barque. Black River, 21st September, for Havre.

Jeanne D'Arc—French barque. Black River, 15th September, for Havre.

Letizia—Italian barque. Genoa, 26th September, for Jamaica.

Suzanne—Danish barque. Sailed Montego Bay, 27th August, and arrived Havre, 6th October.

(Other movements held over owing to lack of space, owing to the presence of the Index, which signifies the end of Vol. 12.—EDITOR.)

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